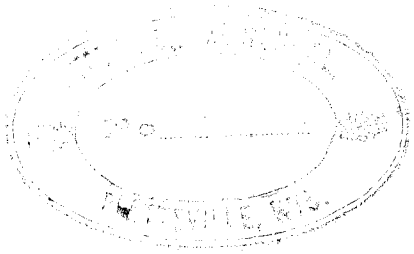


# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

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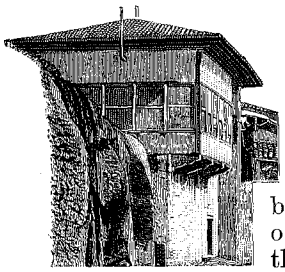
## SCENES IN CYPRUS.

*By W. H. Mallock.*



CYPRUS is a country which in my early youth always excited my curiosity and imagination; and several years before the British occupation was thought of, I had, being then an undergraduate at Oxford, entertained a project of spending one of my vacations there. That project, however, eventually came to nothing; and it had long ceased to occupy a place even among my fancies when it was revived last autumn in a very unromantic way. I was given to believe that there was certain property in the island which might possibly prove a profitable investment; and I started at Christmas for the region of my forgotten dreams, with the dull, practical object of ascertaining if this were so. I calculated that a fortnight's visit would be amply sufficient for what I wanted; and as I intended to finish the winter in Italy, was looking forward, during the first part of my journey, less to the visit itself than to the day when I should be able to end it.

Gradually, however, as I drifted southward and eastward, as I left behind me the squalid skies of England, the snows that down to Brindisi made Italy hideous, and the deluge of gray rain that obscured and chilled Alexandria; as the air grew clearer, the breeze warmer, and at last the blue dome opened and expanded over me; as the British tourist utterly disappeared—for the time of tourists in Syria was not yet; as the deck of the steamer, which, touching first at Jaffa, was presently from Beyrout to take me across to Larnaka, showed me nothing but veiled or turbaned figures, some crouching in prayer, others babbling unintelligibly; as waking one morning I saw that a mile away from me were the brown sands and the tufted palms of Palestine, and inland the violet lines of the hills about Jerusalem;—as I underwent this gradual change of experience, a corresponding change took place in the color of my own expectations. Something began to stir in me of my former sentiment and curiosity; and I found myself once more looking forward to my destination as a land of romance and wonder rather than of profitable investments. Nor was this change transient: on my arrival it developed and completed itself. With regard to investments, I made all inquiries that were necessary—with what result it is needless here to mention; but having made these, and indeed whilst I was making them, the imaginative interest of the scenes and the life surrounding me threw more and more the material interests into the background, and made me feel, like Saul and like Wilhelm Meister, that having gone out to seek for my father's asses I had found a kingdom.

Many books have been written about Cyprus, historical, archæological, statistical, political, and scientific; and some of

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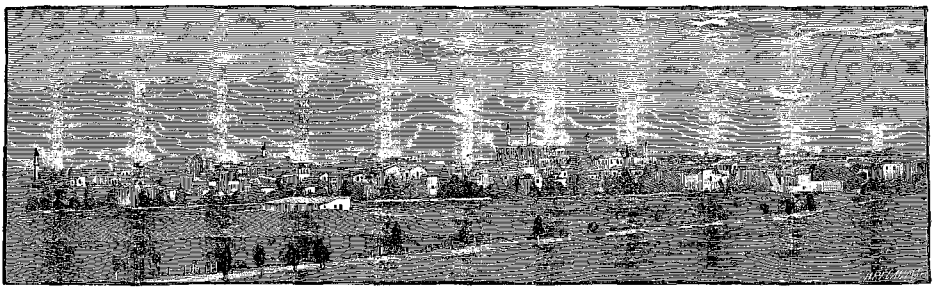

General View of Nicosia.

them are full of accurate and valuable information: but in no single one is there any adequate tribute to its general charm and fascination, or apart from its specialized interests. A distinguished savant, whom I met there engaged in excavating, and who grubbed for his antiquities as eagerly as a pig for truffles, let fall in my hearing that he was daily longing for the time when the tale of his treasures should be completed, and he might quit the soil which yielded them. There is a specimen of the temper in which Cyprus has been studied and visited! What wonder then that it has never had justice done to it? Countries are like women. Any careful observer may take stock of their ornaments, worm out their history, and even arrive at the amount of their debts and income; but those only can do them justice in some ways who, in addition to observing them, end by falling in love with them. This process, equally delightful and unexpected, I myself underwent with reference to Cyprus; and I gradually began to contemplate a short book about it, in which the wrongs done to its beauty might be atoned for. Meanwhile I am glad to have an opportunity of describing a few of its chief scenes and characteristics, especially as it gives me the privilege of committing some photographs taken by me to the permanent keeping of the unrivalled wood engraving of America.

Cyprus is, in some ways, unique among historical countries, not indeed in the antiquity of its earliest civilization, though even in this point it yields only to Egypt, but in the strange variety of races, of rulers, of religions, and famous names, which have made or colored its past, which its own name still calls back to us, and whose influences still linger in its aspect and in its life to-day. Egypt and Tyre, Greece, Rome, and Byzantium, feudal England, Jerusalem, feudal France, Genoa, Venice, and Stamboul—the mere recital of the empires and powers connected with it comes to the ear like a passage out of Paradise Lost. Other names, too, it claims, which are even more suggestive—Aphrodite and Adonis, who met on its sleeping hillsides, Balaam and Ezekiel who sang of its power and riches, Solomon, Solon, and Alexander, St. Paul, St. George, Richard Cœur de Lion of England—again, Othello and Desdemona, the Sultans Selim and Mustapha—time would fail to fill in half the catalogue, or do more than allude to the pageant of images evoked by it. Further it must be added that this land of unnumbered memories has been also a world's proverb for its own unrivalled loveliness, for its groves and fountains, for its plains of fabulous fertility, and the magic of its enchanting air.

So many interests almost confuse the imagination; but the interest which, if not the greatest, is at least the most peculiar is to be found in its history during the Middle Ages. In Cyprus it was that with the most enduring results the armed chivalry of the West wedded the luxury of the East, and gave birth to an entirely strange civilization. The Gothic doorway, native to France and England, and crowned with the very shields peculiar to Western heraldry, there gave access not to the stern courtyard, but to gardens of palms and oranges, and murmuring marble fountains. The

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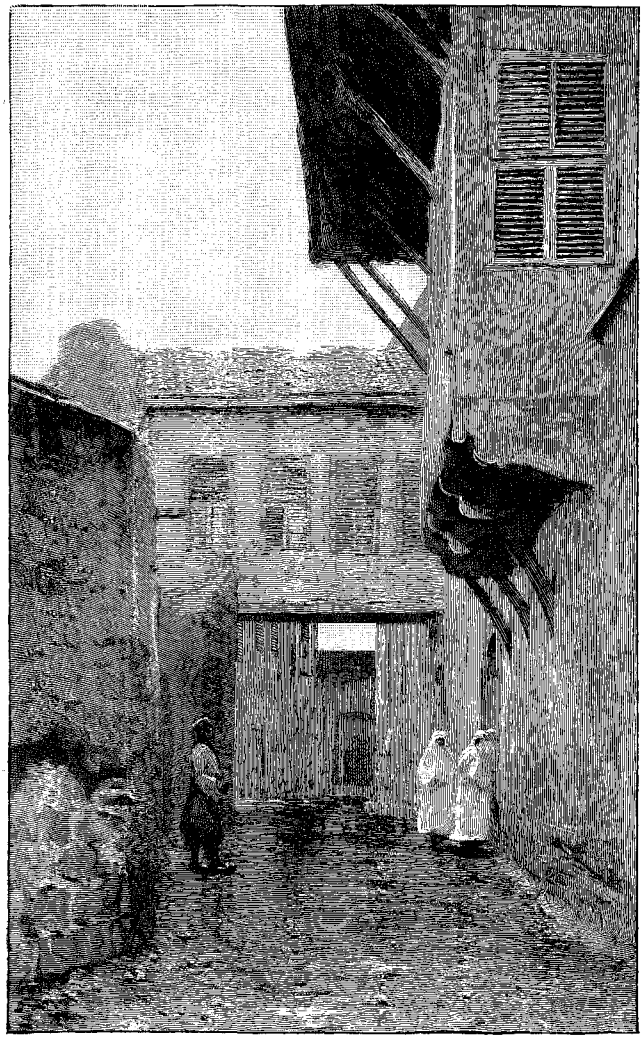
towns were thronged with nobles as well as burghers; the narrow streets were bright with the movement of gorgeous retinues; the markets were filled with rare and costly delicacies, with choice wines, with ice in the heats of summer, and with fish and game from a distance; in the merchants' shops were jewels, unrivalled in the world. Castles assumed the aspect of country houses, embowered in verdure and watered by long drawn aqueducts; or even where, perched on some lonely mountain pinnacles, they still retained the air and the reality of fortresses, the courts were filled with a pomp of slaves and camels, and silken hangings flickered at the carved windows. And what is Cyprus now? What traces are left in it of all this storied past? And how does it justify the old renown of its beauty?

I will speak of the last point first—of the character and disposition of its scenery. Oblong in shape, the island may be said, roughly speaking, to consist of an immense plain which runs lengthways through the middle of it and is bounded on the north by a continuous range of mountains, and on the southwest by an entire mountainous district. In former ages mountain and plain alike were covered with luxuriant vegetation. Forests of pines and processions of spire-like cypresses climbed literally into the clouds; while the level roads below wandered through one great garden, by lines of poplars, olive groves, and clusters of date palms. This is no fancy picture: what has been is at once evident. But the Cyprus of to-day is greatly changed from this. For centuries and centuries the axe has been at work upon its timber; and its forests in most places have now utterly disappeared. Not only is this an incalculable loss in itself; there has in consequence of it been a great diminution in the rainfall. The extraordinary qualities still possessed by the soil, far and wide, are imprisoned in it simply for want of water; and the lower lands like the mountains have been comparatively treeless.



Street Scene in Nicosia.

But though the ruthless improvidence

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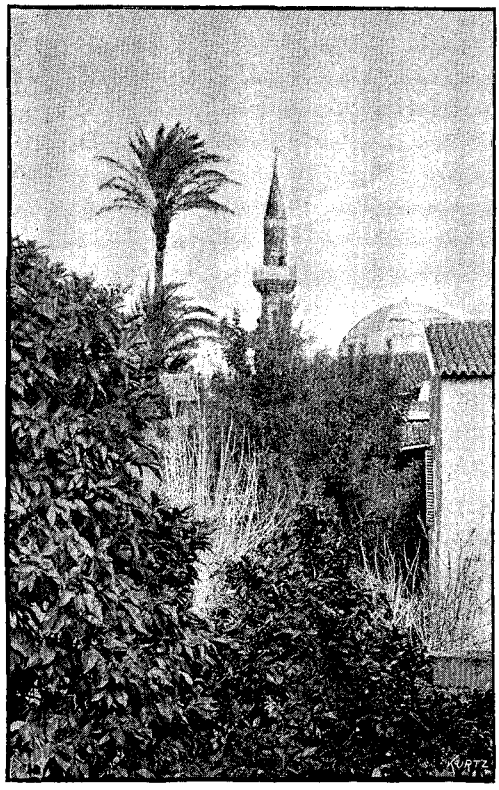
of man has accomplished this metamorphosis, nature here has refused to suffer disfigurement. She has been stripped of one set of beauties only to reveal others, and even of the old beauties she has by no means lost all. There are districts even now where the forests still survive; there are valleys tremulous with acacia trees, and gorges thronged with oleanders. Whenever on the plain a stream of water is constant, the ground surrounding it shows as a blot of the deepest green; the dwellings sure to be near it are all embowered in branches; and a towering sycamore will be seen standing over it serene like a sentinel. But there, it is true, are exceptions; let me speak of the landscape in general. The mountains denuded of their foliage have been clothed by the sun and air with a living garment of constantly changing colors, which sometimes hides their loss, sometimes more than atones for it. The plains, in spite of a certain general bareness, are checkered with tracts of asphodel, and in February glitter with wildflowers. But here, as on the mountains, it is the air which is the great enchantress. It is fresh as the moving sea; it is clear as crystal; in a special and emphatic sense it must be described as liquid. It brightens and softens what it touches, just as water does; rocks and plants seen in it are like the rocks and plants in an aquarium. In the distances, mirage and bars of violet mist are constantly floating in it, low over the level land, so that the land seems to mix with them and melt into something sea-like. I have felt the charm of the air in many places, but nowhere a charm equal to what it holds in Cyprus.

A general idea of the aspect of the barer scenery may be easily conveyed to anyone who is acquainted with the Scotch Highlands. Standing on one of the elevations which are to be found in the plains about Nicosia, and looking round one at the wide encircling panorama, one might for a moment fancy one's self in parts of Sutherland or Inverness-shire. But then, such a fancy would inevitably, as it was in my own case, be succeeded by a sense of difference. It would be seen that everything was on a more extended scale, that the crests of the mountains were more various and fantastic, the levels immeasurably vaster, and the tints more gorgeous. The long ranges would reach away into the distance in undulating lines, ultramarine and rose color, while here and there a summit would glitter like frosted silver. And then another peculiar feature would be noticed—enormous isolated rocks, with steep sides and entirely flat tops, rising far off out of the dead level, like so many huge fortresses: and these, if the day were declining, would seem to be half transparent, as if, with all their scars, they were cut out of solid amethyst, and might almost pass for the beauties of the New Jerusalem. Meanwhile the breeze would be breathing with a suavity alien to northern regions;



Scene in Nicosia. From a window overlooking an old garden.

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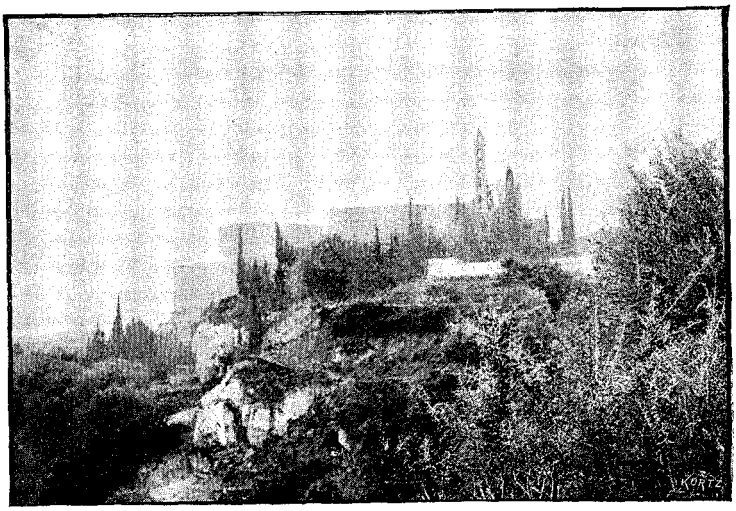
even if it freshened it would touch the cheek like a caress; and a soothing southern softness would be felt to pervade everything. Farther strange impressions also would not be wanting. Over the ground below, which had just been suggesting a grouse moor, gillies, shooting lodges, kilts, whiskey, and bagpipes, there would suddenly be discovered moving a long caravan of camels—in other quarters parties of white veiled women, and travelling groups curiously like the Flight into Egypt—so many pictures that might have stepped out of a family Bible. A new sentiment is thus borne into the landscape, and the consciousness of the East mixes itself with a consciousness of the South.



General View of the Abbey of Bella Pais.

It is true that in making these last remarks I am straying from the consideration of mere natural scenery, and beginning to enter the region of human interests. But indeed the scenery itself, as it affects the mind, cannot be understood apart from these; and what I have just said about air and plain and mountain will acquire a clearer meaning when I have given a few pictures of the life that is connected with them to-day, and the traces of the life that has been.

Speaking, however, of what has been, it will be well to say at once, that of classical and preclassical times though innumerable traces remain, very few are above ground or affect the aspect of the surroundings. For the traveller, as distinct from the student, Phœnicia has left next to nothing; and what Greece and Rome have left consists principally of traditions and memories, and certain most singular customs and beliefs among the people. The case is very different when we come to a period a little later. One of the first objects visible as Larnaka is approached from the sea is a mountain crowned by a monastery that was founded by the mother of Constantine, and whose chapel every year is still crowded with pilgrims. Indeed from the times of the Empress Helena onwards, every age has left buildings, which yet exist, behind it: and some of these not only recall the past, but are also parts of the actual life of the present.

The completest illustration of this is to be found in the city of Nicosia, which of all towns in the world is perhaps the most composite in its character, and surprises the mind with the strangest medley of impressions. We just now imagined ourselves to be standing not far from it, surveying the plain in which it lies, and the mountains which stretch along its horizons. From the same sort of position let us now look at it itself. What we see is a girdle of walls, enclosing flat roofed houses, above which rise a forest of palms and minarets, with here and there a dome like a white soap-bubble; and in the middle of all there is one enormous structure which looms over all the others, as if only knee deep in them. The spectacle is entirely oriental; it has often been compared to Damascus: indeed the picture of Damascus in Baedeker's Guide to Syria might almost do duty as a picture of Nicosia.

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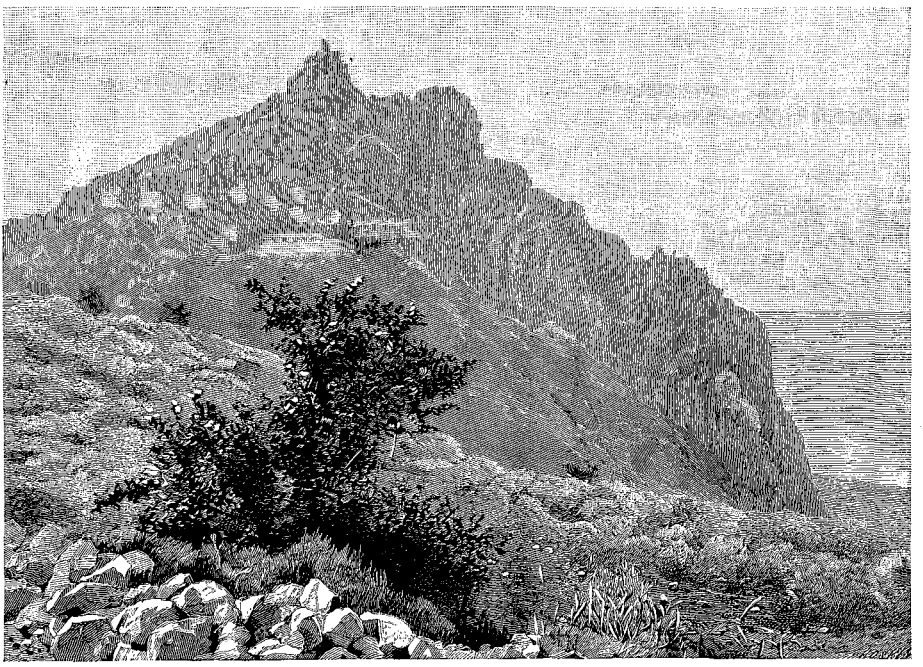

General View of the Castle of St. Hilarion.

But when we come to examine this alien looking place more nearly, facts reveal themselves of the most incongruous kind. The walls that enclose it were built by the Republic of Venice; the great structure in the middle of it is a mediæval Gothic cathedral; and the palace, dating from the days of Byzantine dukes, altered and occupied by a line of crusading kings, and eventually submitting to receive the lion of St. Mark above its gateway, contained till yesterday the offices of the Turkish government. These particular points would be apprehended in an afternoon's ramble; but there are others, even more curious, of which one only grows aware gradually, and after days of exploration. They are not the less interesting because they come upon him one by one.

In shape the town is very nearly a circle, something over a mile in diameter; and its plan is as intricate a maze as an old French garden. The houses, which rarely have more than two stories, are mostly built of wood, resting on stone foundations; and their prevailing color is a monotonous dusty brown. Except in the quarter of the bazaars, there are no shops or places of business; and everywhere else in the streets there is an almost cloistral quiet. Near the ground hardly any windows are visible; and the blind wall is only broken by doors at considerable intervals. Above, there is more variety. There are windows there in plenty, many of them projecting, hanging over the head of the passenger, and protected with quaint lattice work; while the roofs on either side, which project still farther, sometimes nearly touch each other. In many places, however, there are no houses at all—nothing but reaches of wall, from ten to fifteen feet in height.

The description thus far may not sound very attractive; but these streets in reality are full of fascination. They have innumerable turns and windings, which amuse and perplex the wanderer; and for days, even for weeks, they seem to him to be themselves innumerable. Wheeled vehicles rarely pass along them, nor are they ever crowded in any way; but isolated groups and figures glide to and fro continually. An old Turk, with a turban and flowing robe, goes slowly by, seemingly in deep meditation; a

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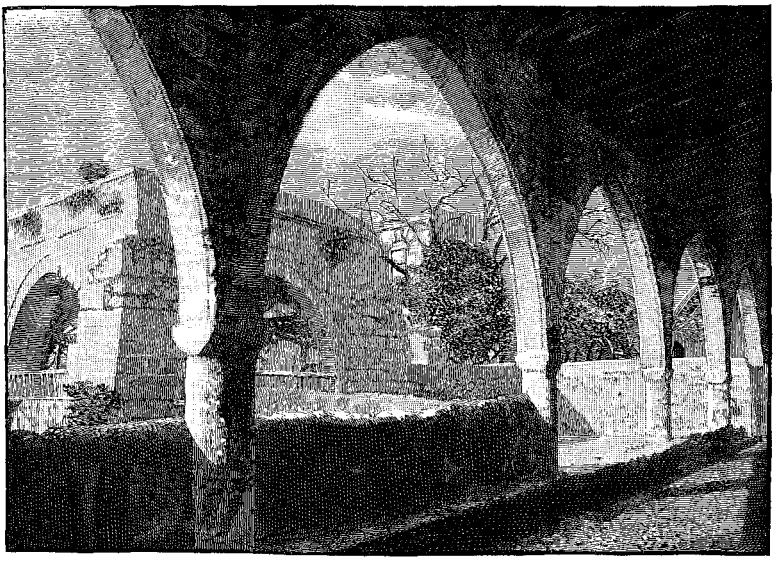
brisk Armenian passes him, in a fez and a black frock coat; while a bronzed shepherd, with a shaggy capote upon his shoulders, casting a wild, half civilized glance at both of them, brings a breath with him of the open plains and mountains. These disappear down side alleys or into doorways, and their place is taken by a new set of apparitions—a Greek priest surrounded by a group of neophytes, a slow camel with its attendant, a small cavalcade of mules, meeting or succeeding one another at leisurely intervals; while more frequent than any of these are the muffled forms of women, some a ghostly white, some purple and scarlet, showing above their veils glimpses of their dark eyes. Watching all this, one is constantly reminded of the Arabian Nights. Nor are other things wanting to stimulate the imagination. The doors in the blind walls, often half open, reveal visions of pillars, arcades, and gardens—a mysterious world of green and shadow and sunlight; and the lower walls themselves allow one to see occasionally the feathery fronds of palms, or boughs laden with oranges.



The Cloisters—Abbey of Bella Pais.

Threading one's way through this world of hush and mystery one arrives at last at the nucleus of the labyrinth—the bazaars, which are a labyrinth in themselves. The change is singular. The throng and the bustle in which one finds one's self is as remarkable as the quiet one has left: and the elements of the scene are even more picturesque and various. The buildings are of one story only. The streets are nearly all of them covered, some by arches, some by battered awnings, some by a trellis-work of vines; and the light that filters in from the luminous sky above is subdued and brown, like an interior of Teniers or Van Ostade. Certain of the shops are little more than booths; but most of them are of stone with roofs of pointed vaulting, so that they look like a series of chapels with an end wall wanting. Other oriental bazaars—that of Cairo, for instance, or even Beyrout, are incomparably richer and more interesting in the wares offered for sale in them: but not Cairo itself, as a picture of unfamiliar life, and a curious survival of the past, is equal to this bazaar of Nicosia. There is hardly a spot in it which would not be a study for an artist; and every time I wended through it I felt I had been passing through a gallery of Dutch pictures. In one quarter one passes a row of silversmiths each at work at the door of his open cell, with

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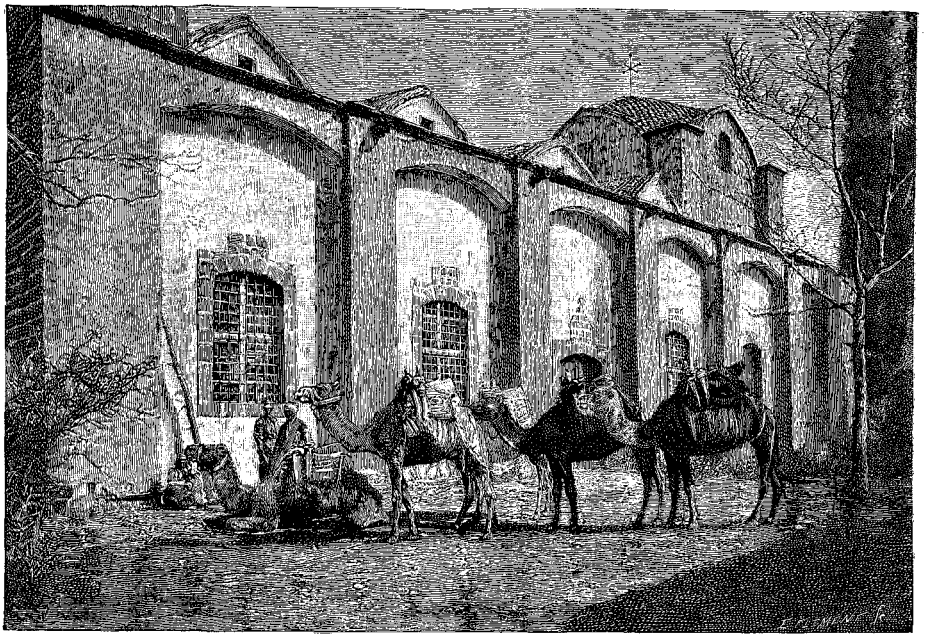

Court-yard of a Greek Monastery.

a grimy box before him, containing his stock in trade. Then turning a corner one looks down the street of drapers, fluttering with handkerchiefs, scarves, and brilliant stuffs, as if it were hung with flags, the shops being caverns of shadow filled with half-seen bales. Before some of them are small raised platforms, which project a little into the roadway. On one of these a Nubian is quilting a stuffed coverlet, lying almost flat as he does so. On another an old Turk is squatting, superbly calm ; and, as if customers had no existence for him, quietly sucks at the amber mouthpiece of his chibouk, or stretches his hands over a brazier of live charcoal. Farther on come glimpses of small shops of the barbers, as bare to the public eye as the rooms in a doll's house, then of cafés, with just as little privacy, where groups of men carousing at long tables are dimly visible under the obscurity of swarthy arches. A moment later we catch sight of an inky alley, which shows us the moving hands of a long succession of shoemakers. Another turn, and we are in the middle of fruits, vegetables, and groceries. Trays are on each side of us laden with oriental sweetmeats ; behind them are huge oil jars and bulbous cheeses, like turnips ; everywhere are dangling bunches of yellow candles, ready for burning at shrines, tombs, or altars ; and often we came to a whole space made brilliant with pyramids of pale lemons, or wax-colored stacks of radishes. Again another turn, and we are in the smoke-blackened street of the iron workers, with forges far in the darkness, fizzing and spluttering fitfully : and at the end of this very likely we are back again at the point from which we started. And through all these streets, from morning till evening, the most motley throng keeps moving. Dark European costumes push and jostle their way amongst flowing robes of every imaginable color ; and the faces are of every shade from white to the glossiest ebony. Turbans, felt hats, yashmaks, and fez caps, pass and repass each other, till one becomes dizzy in watching them. Above them are seen moving tall earthenware pots, poised on undistinguishable heads, or a way is forced by a big plank-like tray, on which a baker carries a row of rolls ; while from time to time there is a sudden crush and movement, as a bullock cart advances slowly, with the animals' huge horns swaying.

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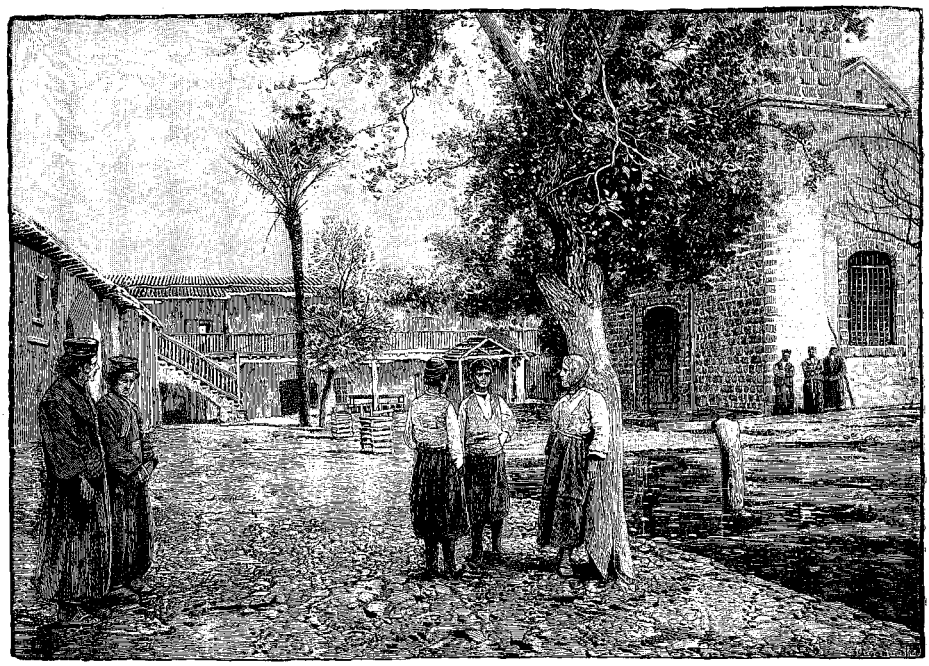

In the Court of a Greek Monastery near Nicosia.

Let us quit this scene, and pass down a quiet street that leads from it. Turning a corner we suddenly find before us a narrow alley spanned by a succession of arches. We look up, and we suddenly find that they are neither more nor less than the flying buttresses of the cathedral. We have travelled 2,000 miles. The cathedral, it is true, is now used as a mosque, and in place of the original tower there are now two minarets: but the building still has its old Christian air about it, and it fills its precinct with suggestions of a quiet English town. Nor is the cathedral alone in doing this. Almost touching it is another mediæval church—a mass of exquisite carving; on the opposite side of a square is an old brown building that was once an archbishop's palace; and in every direction are western coats of arms, one of which I recognized as that of an extinct Devonshire family. I used always to expect every moment in this neighborhood to see a curate coming round the corner: but instead of a curate, the only black thing visible was a naked Soudanese fanatic who passed among the Mahometans for a saint, and who, I was told, would probably break my camera, if ever he saw it directed toward the temple of Allah.

And now, with eyes grown more accustomed to such surroundings, let us go back to the hush of the other quarters—to the shadowy labyrinthine ways. We shall presently begin to discover many things which at first we had never noticed. We shall see that the lower stone work on which the mud superstructures rest is in many places ancient and beautifully pointed masonry, with here and there in it signs of a walled up crusader or fragments of broken moulding. We shall see that the doors one after another are arches of pointed Gothic; and their crumbling coats of arms are still surmounting some of them; and we shall gradually realize that these mysterious houses round us all stand on the foundations of mediæval Christian palaces. Inwardly, however, we shall notice Christian emblems or walls whose character is at once felt to be different; and here or still lower we are looking at the church of the Armenians; here at a Greek Basilica; or here into the long cloisters of a Greek or Maronite monastery.

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Having strayed through the streets, let us now penetrate into the interiors. The houses are, roughly speaking, all of the same pattern. They are built round two, or sometimes three, sides of a garden, with open arcades from which the rooms are entered. The staircases sometimes rise through the inner parts of the building, sometimes in arches in the open air; and they terminate sometimes in a corridor with glazed windows, sometimes in a second arcade, or in a deep loggia. As a rule the wood work is rude, and the ceilings, unplastered, exhibit a row of rafters, backed by a kind of matting. Here and there, indeed, is a house where every lintel and door is carved, and the ceilings are arabesques of color; these, however, are exceptions. But the rooms are always numerous, large, and lofty; and they are constantly broken by graceful arches, which in the scarcity of good timber, help to support the roof. The arches, too, which surround the gardens, high, slim, and pointed, are a really beautiful feature, and stamp the scene with a peculiar architectural character. These houses cover considerable areas. One in which I spent several weeks, and which in comparative size was moderate—even small, had a frontage to the street of a hundred feet, and a depth of two hundred; while one, half in ruins, which I had to explore continually, must have enclosed within its walls something far more than an acre. Nothing can be imagined richer in quaint views than the garden thus secured, with the polished sky showing cloudless overhead, and a tall tower or minaret peering over the walls from a distance. I have said that the classical times have left little behind them that was above ground; but they have left something. Here in these gardens, amongst the green gloom of the orange-trees, are fountains built out of blocks of antique carved marble; violets will be growing round a white Corinthian capital; or stuck into the ground as a careless border for a flower-bed will be a broken slab with the letters on it of an Hellenic inscription; and thus through all the later ages of history comes a faint echo from a past that is beyond the past.

Walls and Harbor of Famagosta.

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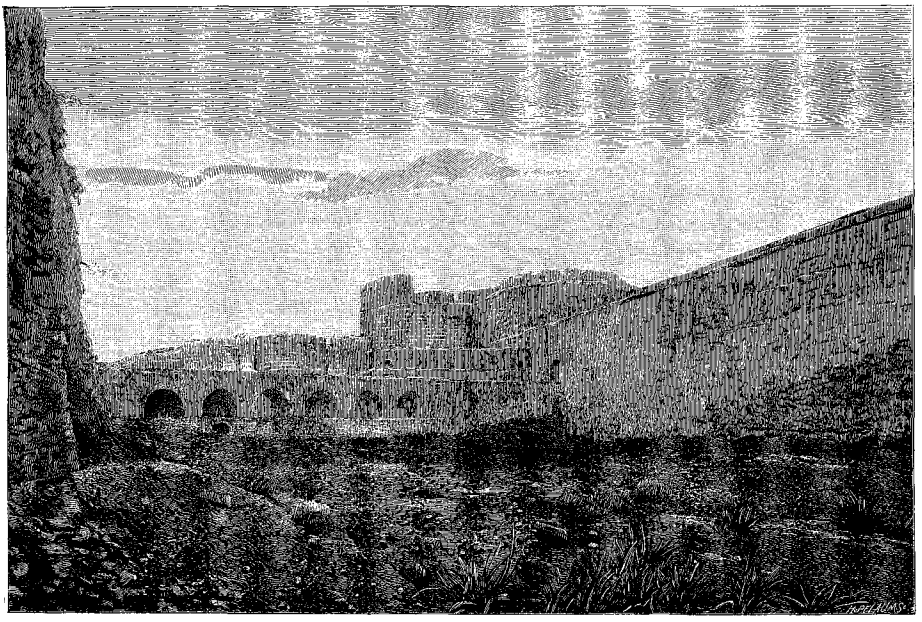
And here, having mentioned history, let me recall, in the briefest manner, the main events which, since the classical times, have constituted the history of Cyprus, and have embodied themselves in the aspect of its capital. In the division of the Roman Empire, it was naturally included in the eastern portion; for as many centuries as lie between ourselves and William the Conqueror, it was under the sway of Byzantine emperors or their dependents. But about the year 1190, Richard I. of England, on his way to Palestine, was drawn aside to its shores, by a curious train of circumstances. Some ships of his fleet had been wrecked, during a storm, near Limasol; and those on board them, instead of receiving assistance, had been treated by the Cyprian governor with a studied and contemptuous cruelty. As luck would have it, amongst the sufferers was no less a person than the king's betrothed, Berengaria. The king therefore no sooner learned the news than he landed, full of fury and bent on vengeance or satisfaction. The governor, Isaac Comnenus, not only refused the last, but so aggravated his offence by the manner in which he did so, that Richard instantly disembarked all his forces, overran the island, routed and slew his opponent, and in a short time proclaimed himself King of Cyprus. The possession, however, was soon felt by him to be an encumbrance; and having presently sold it for a large sum to the Templars, and having had it directly after returned on his hands by them, he eventually made it over to Guy de Lusignan—the younger son of a French country gentleman, who arriving in Palestine as a penniless young adventurer, married a queen of Jerusalem, was himself elected king of it, and after her death finding his position precarious, was glad to abandon it, and accept the principality of the neighboring island. Thus was founded a dynasty which flourished three hundred years, which rose to a splendor and opulence then almost unparalleled, and was surrounded by a feudal aristocracy, in its own degree equally splendid. In time, however, reverses began to come. About the end of the fourteenth century, the Genoese seized upon Famagosta, the principal port; and they held this, despite the efforts to oust them, as a kind of commercial Gibraltar, for ninety years. Mean-



Land-gate of Famagosta—taken from the Great Ditch.

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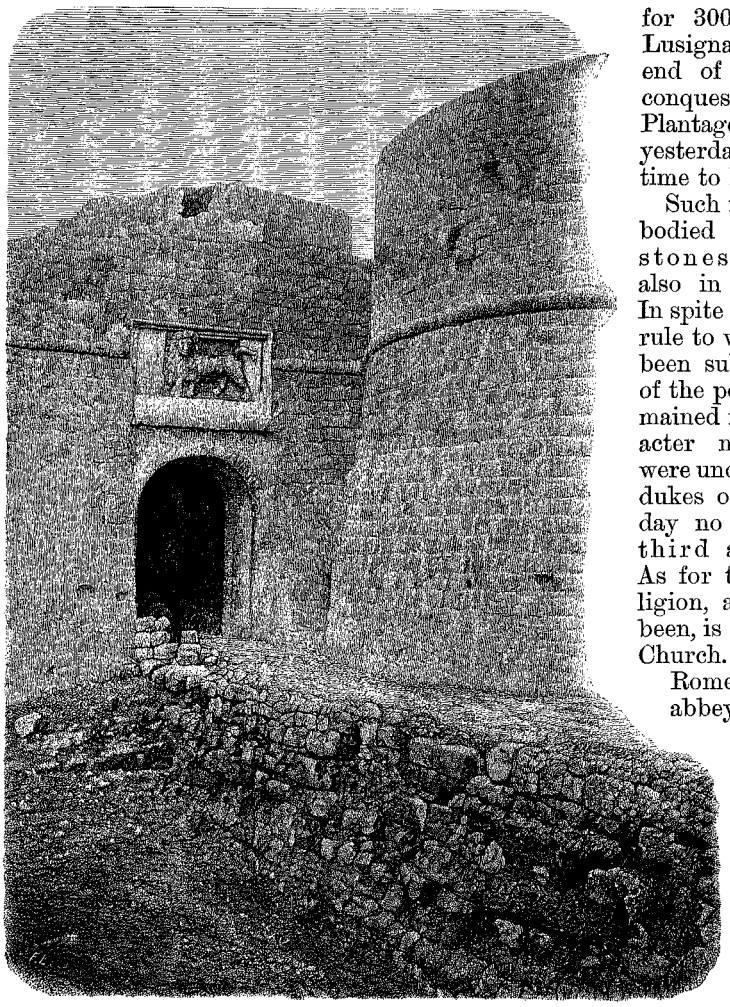

Entrance to the Castle of Famagosta.

while, owing to various other causes, the power and authority of the Lusignan kings was waning. During the reign of the last of them, indeed, Famagosta was recovered; but he died prematurely, and left in his place a widow. This widow was the beautiful Catherine Cornaro, of Venice, whose eyes and lips in Florence still smile on us from the canvas of Titian, the most fascinating face in the whole Uffizi Gallery: and she, having lost her infant and only son, finally resigned her kingdom in favor of the Venetian Republic. The Venetians held the island for eighty years; and then were driven from it by the Turks under the sultan Selim. The Turks held it for 300 years, like the Lusignans; and at the end of that period the conquest of the crusading Plantagenet passed but yesterday for the second time to England.

Such is the history embodied not only in the stones of Nicosia, but also in its existing life. In spite of the changes of rule to which Cyprus has been subjected, the bulk of the population have remained in race and character much what they were under the Byzantine dukes or emperors. To-day no more than one-third are Mahometans. As for the rest, their religion, as it always has been, is that of the Greek Church. The Church of Rome, in spite of its abbeys and its cathedrals, was the church of the ruling classes, never that of the people: and under the Catholic domination the two communions existed side by side, each with its own institutions. But the crusading nobles are gone, and the muezzin cries from their cathedrals; oxen and mules or the wild doves are in their chapels, whilst from the Greek campanili the bells are still sounding, congregations kneel before screens of gorgeous gilding, and hardly a mountain side is without its inhabited monastery. On the other hand, what the Mahometans lack in numbers they make up for by the possession of important buildings and the character, which, during their rule, they have impressed upon things generally. They have orientalized in appearance a race that was half oriental always: and they and that race divide the island between

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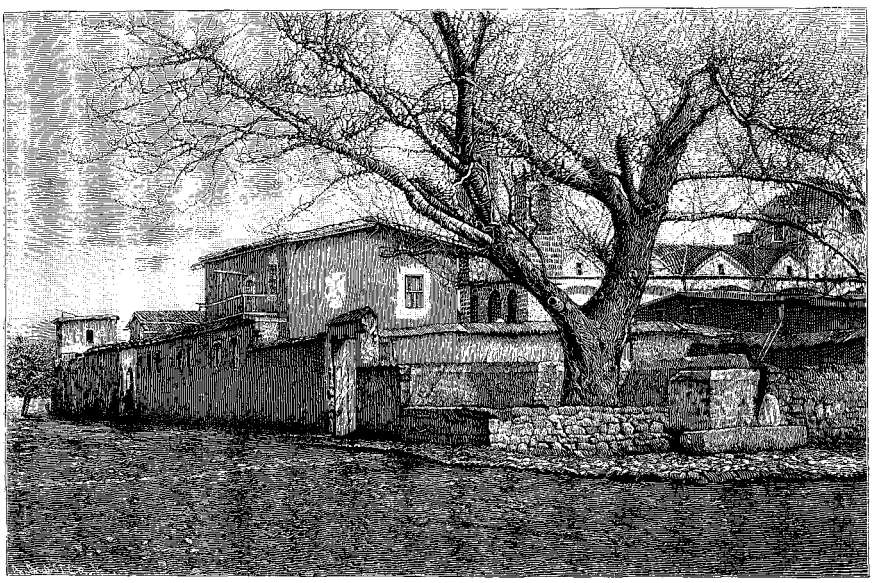
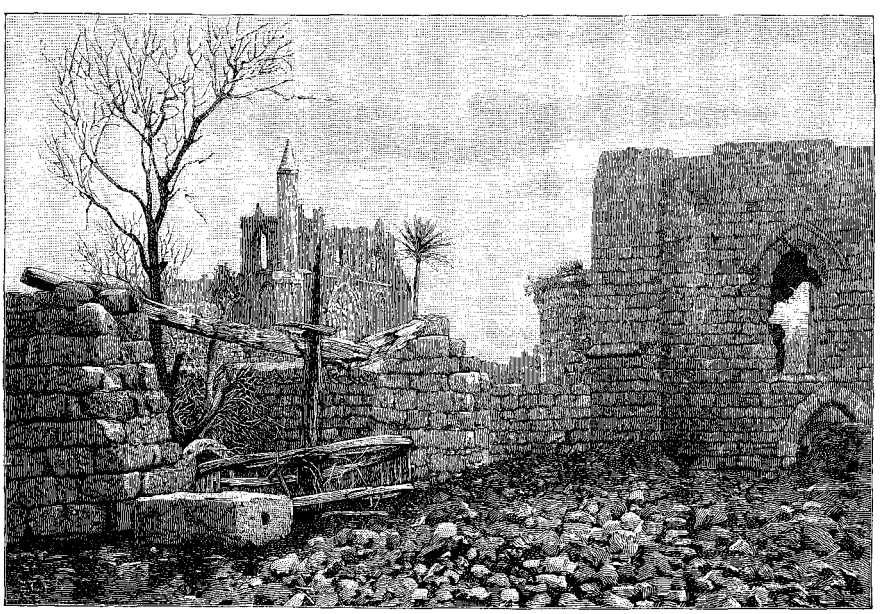


Exterior of a Greek Monastery near Nicosia.

them. They divide the present, that is; but as for the monumental past—of that the lion's share belongs to the influences that have vanished—to the religion and the chivalry of the West, and the superb cupidity of its two princely republics.

We have seen something of how this past survives in Nicosia, with its various elements in near neighborhood or almost confused. Elsewhere we shall find these elements separate, and shall be able to see them with more distinctness and detail. I have already alluded to the ancient castle of the island. Let us



Cathedral (now a Mosque) of Famagosta. Taken from an old garden.

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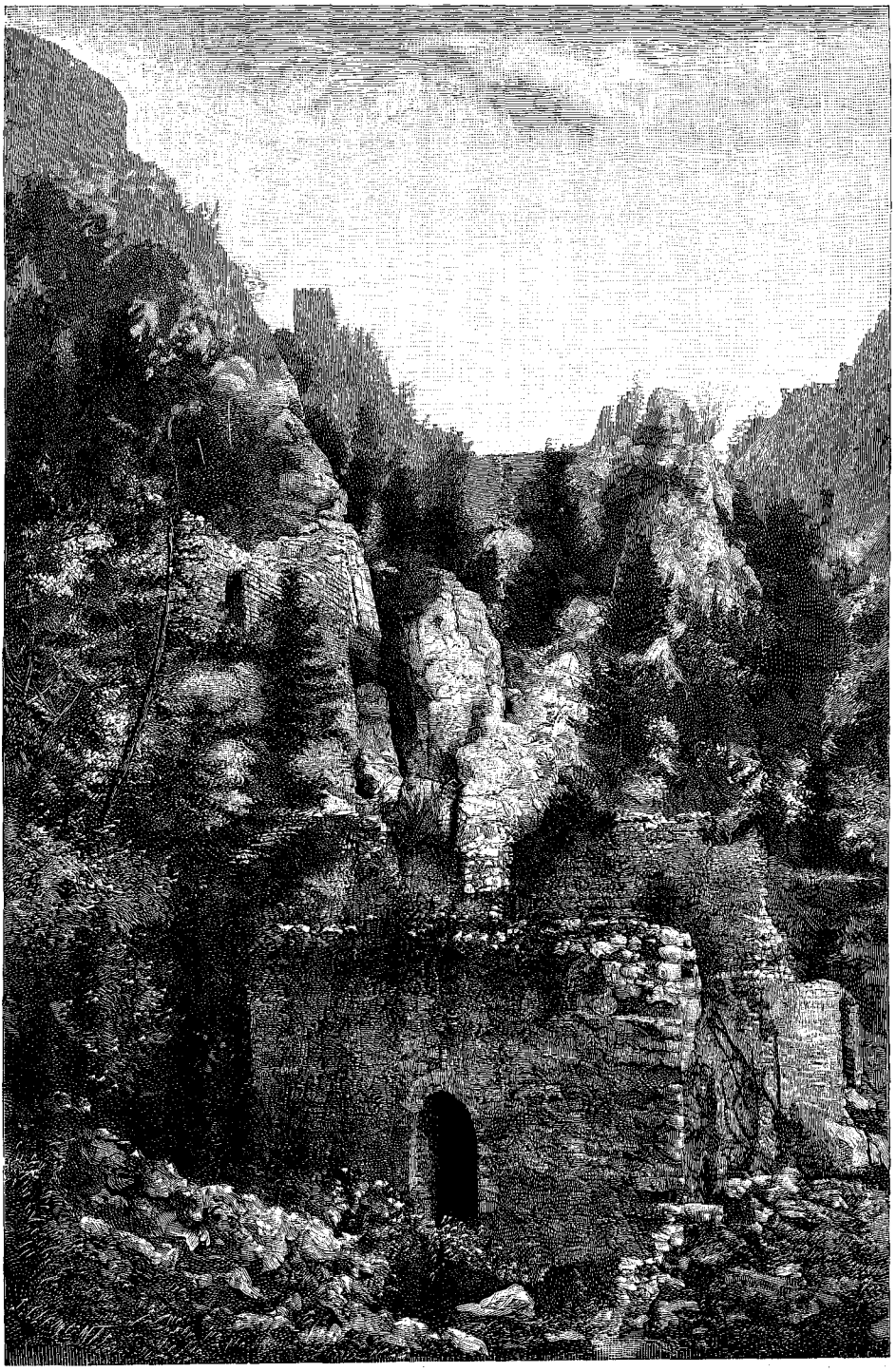

In the Castle of St. Hilarion.

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take our stand on the northern ramparts of Nicosia, and look across the plain at the range of mountains opposite us. Here and there the eye will be at once arrested by some solitary peak, rising higher and more rugged than its neighbors; and on the highest of these we shall detect, if the day is clear, an odd white line that falters across the ways. This line is the outer rampart of Buffavento—a castle perched in mid air like a bird's nest, guarded by precipices except at a single point, and accessible only by hours of arduous climbing. East and west of it on two other peaks are two other castles, whose situation is nearly as extraordinary; and these three castles were renowned and ancient when they surrendered, for they could not be taken, to Richard Cœur de Lion. Buffavento, though the one most widely visible, has been left with less of its structure. The one which will best repay our attention is St. Hilarion, which is the most perfect, the largest, and also the most romantic in aspect.

Romantic indeed is the epithet which the sight of it first suggests to one. It looks less like a reality than a dream of Gustave Doré's. The isolated eminence on which it stands, itself like a huge tower, projects northwards from the main chain of the mountains. From the ground connecting it with these, it rises some hundreds of feet, and its northern face is a precipice of two thousand. Far down at its foot lies a belt of fertile country; and then, after a mile or two, comes the blue sheet of the sea, reaching away to the mountains of Asia Minor. On this eminence the castle is built at various levels. It crowns the summit, it projects on to rocky promontories; and its courts and guard rooms descend over the side which is less precipitous. Low down on this side we enter. We pass under an arch and through a cluster of ruinous towers, and find ourselves in an enclosure, strewn with rocks and masonry, which seems to slope upward at an angle of 45°. Beetling over us is a perpendicular crag, toward which, on our left, a wall with a series of turrets climbs up—in outline like a section of a flight of stairs. To the right, half way between the entrance and the summit, on a shoulder of rock is an irregular pile of buildings, with its walls clinging to the ledges of the sheer northern precipice. It is pierced with windows and loopholes, and is plainly of considerable extent. Towards this instinctively one at once makes one's way: but it is a steep scramble to reach it, and one is also continually arrested by remains which at first were hidden by heather bushes and by a chaos of boulders. Close to the entrance one sees in the springing turf two black openings, perhaps two feet in diameter; and on peering into these one finds he is on the roof of a series of vaulted water tanks, of which one at least is perfect. The original red paint still tinges its cemented sides. Its shape is a perfect hexagon; and its graceful groining gives it the appearance of an oratory. Inwardly other and larger openings show themselves, some of which lead into subterranean vaults, some into chambers cut in the rock, partly constructed out of masonry; and one of these last, by the holes in the walls for rings, is seen to have been originally a long stable for camels. At length we reach a number of lofty walls—the remains of halls and passages, built against the perpendicular cliff: and picking our way along the passage that still exists, we reach the cluster of buildings a moment ago alluded to. Here we find ourselves in a labyrinth of vaulted chambers and vestibules—among them a chapel, with fragments of fresco on the walls, and a priest's room on either side of the chancel; also a loggia with large circular arches, which the opposite mountains fill like a living picture. After much climbing and descending of broken stairs, we emerge from these buildings on the farther side of the grotto, and find ourselves standing on a small grassy platform, with air below and with towering crags above. This small platform was apparently once a garden: and on every ledge of the dizzy rocks adjoining it are walls, windows, and even entire chambers. Of these last there is a suite of six, still almost perfect, except for the wooden floor, which has fallen in, leaving traces round the walls of the mosaic that originally covered it. Standing on the roof of these, which is flat and overgrown with grass, and looking up at the



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heights above, one almost feels that they are pushing him from his narrow resting place. Nowhere can be seen any means of scaling them, except a shelving track, which seems hardly practicable for goats. Up this track, however, with hands and knees, and frequent clutching at twigs and projecting rocks, it is found possible to scramble; and arrived at the top, a fresh surprise awaits us, for there we pass through an archway into a large quadrangle, with a wall of rocks on two sides, and on the two others buildings—the buildings facing us being the ruins of a marble hall, seventy feet in length, with other chambers over it. The two ends of the hall still have the roof intact; and a flight of external steps with characteristic mouldings leads to the level of the floor above. There the ruin is complete: but deep mullioned windows here and there fret the sky with their tracery; and the stone seats in them are as perfect as in the days of the forgotten queens who once looked from them down at the world below. We have not, however, arrived at the top yet. Seated in one of these windows, we can see through a doorway near it the daylight glimmering on the remains of ascending steps; and looking up we realize that still there are heights above us, to which the steps lead, and that these are covered with yet loftier walls and watch-towers. The spectacle, as I saw it, was one to remain long in the memory. Looking from the sill of one of these aërial windows, far below me, like a submerged world, lay fields and olive gardens and glimmering villages and, jutting into the sea, the white town of Kerynia. Human voices and the tinkling of sheep bells rose up from the depths with a startling clearness, and far off, like a line of gigantic clouds, beyond the sea were the mountains of Asia Minor. And around me were the fantastic remains of strength, luxury, and dominance, which carried the imagination back into the dimmest recesses of history, till it peopled the courts and halls and towers with the silk-robed forms of women, the flashing of knightly armor, and a coming and going of dusky slaves and camels. Close at my feet lay the bleached bones of a kid, and overhead a vulture was wheeling in slow circles.

Such is a Cyprian castle, of the ideally mediæval type. Let us now look at another, in which the Western model has been completely changed by the climate and the conditions of the East. Aga Napa, as this building is now called, is at present used as a farm, and for some centuries it was a monastery; but it was originally the country house of one of the Frankish nobles, whose coat of arms remains untouched over the entrance. Though the upper rooms except two have disappeared, most of the lower part is in very good preservation, and as it may be considered a typical specimen of its kind, it throws considerable light on the life and civilization that produced it. It stands about a mile from the sea, in a wide, open country, and on one side of it is a cluster of magnificent trees, which are probably the remains of a wood that surrounded it. In plan it somewhat resembles the houses of Nicosia. It is built round a quadrangle; and, except where the upper walls remain, externally the windows are small—some of them mere loopholes. Above they were larger, as one that is left shows; and this is enriched by peculiar mouldings and pilasters. Of the quadrangle one side is occupied by a chapel, and one by stables. The two others are surrounded by deep cloisters, with high pointed arches of the kind already alluded to; and one of them faces a series of vaulted rooms. In the middle is a marble fountain, ornamented with carved festoons of flowers, which is approached by steps and covered by a slim cupola.

It is a significant fact, however, that though the domestic architecture of the West was thus transformed by the conditions of life in Cyprus, the religious architecture suffered but little change, except such as came from a larger and more liquid sunshine, and from the crisper shadows that emphasized its exotic arches. We must add also the change in scenery and surroundings, which, not a part of the architecture itself, yet curiously influences the effect produced by it on the observer. The finest example of this is the Abbey of Bella Pais—of Happy, or Lovely, Peace. This, like St. Hilarion, is situated on the northern range, facing the coast of

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Asia Minor; hid, instead of being perched aloft on a rugged pinnacle, it lies on the lower slopes, where the banks are fledged with vegetation, where the mule-paths wander under the shade of branching olives or dark-leaved carob trees or slanting pine woods, and the deep gullies are almost hidden with leaves. One sees as one travels toward it, on either side of one, terraced vineyards, or fertile patches of plough land, or under the olives emerald grass flickering. The abbey itself stands on the brink of a steep rock, and overlooks a hollow filled with acacias and oleanders, among which, sharply distinguishable, are poplars and groups of date palms. Behind it a village rises, unusually clear and near, the white houses shining among a crowd of slender cypresses; cottage gardens, with vines and wells, creep up to its walls; and high overhead silvery crags look down on it, whose sides are dotted with dark trees and shrubs, like multitudes of green sheep. The main body of it was built round a cloistered quadrangle, and was arranged on pillars. On one side was the abbot's lodging; opposite to that was the kitchen, the chapter house, and above, the monks' dormitories; and the two other sides were respectively entirely occupied by the church and by the refectory. The abbot's lodging has wholly disappeared; but the church and the refectory are as perfect as on the day when they were built, though a row of upper chambers has since filled each. But perhaps the most striking and fascinating feature of the church is the cloisters. They remind one of those of Magdalen College, Oxford, except that through their tracery one looks at such a different scene—at oranges, lemons, cypresses, and the silvery summits of the mountains, and the sky, the like of which has never been seen in England. The Abbey of Happy Peace—it is indeed named appropriately. This magnificent pile was built during the thirteenth century: and its present condition is due to the barbarity of the Turks during the period of their conquest.

From this picture let us turn to what may be called its counterpart—a monastery of the Greeks. A good specimen is to be found not far from Nicosia; and it presents a curious contrast to what we have just been considering. It stands in a fertile part of the great central plain, with a grove of trees close to it and a wooded village in its neighborhood. In appearance externally it is certainly picturesque, but suggests to our minds a farm rather than a monastery. The church alone has any architectural pretension, and this is bold and forbidding in its antique simplicity: while there is little but mud and whitewash. Now the life of the place is oddly in keeping with its aspect. Brown monks with long dangling hair, and faces kindly but altogether illiterate, hang about in desultory groups, ready to flock round a stranger with a curiosity that would be annoying if it were not so childlike. Mixed with these, too, in the most fraternal and sisterly way, are wrinkled old crones and farm laborers, all apparently a part of the establishment; one of which last will perhaps put a new life into the scene by suddenly leading from the stable a troup of unsuspected camels. The impression of a farm grows on one; the whole scene is redolent of the furrows. But we have not understood its full character until we enter the church. Then the religious element for the first time steals into the mind, in a scent of stale incense; and one of the monks who is sure to enter with us will softly accompany us to the screen at the east end. This, as in most Greek churches, is a mass of florid gilding, panelled with grotesque and gaudy pictures of saints. One panel amongst the rest will instantly catch the eye, which not only seems to be in itself peculiar, but is also signalized by tapers burning before it. On nearer inspection we shall see that this is not a picture at all but a relief in beaten gold of the Madonna and Child, studded with jewels and almost half concealed by a curtain of antique tapestry. We have here one of the most sacred relics of the East—an object of pilgrimage to the Orthodox from every quarter. For behind the gold—too precious to be exposed itself—is the picture of the Virgin Mother painted by St. Luke the Evangelist, and brought to Cyprus from Byzantium 900 years ago. As to its authenticity we

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may each have our own opinion: but for 900 years, at all events, this treasure has a plausible history. It is kept usually not here, but in the parent monastery of Cicco, far among the mountains; and it was brought down, last year, during a drought, to its present station among the plains in order to procure rain for the neighborhood, which was specially in need of it.

Such is a Cyprian monastery, which is in many ways typical. Outside is a farm-yard, swimming with puddles; inside, hidden with gold and jewels, is one of the chief objects of the faith and the devotion of millions. But in Cyprus that faith and devotion have peculiar characteristics of their own. Though the Hellenic temples have fallen, and the earth covers their columns, the Hellenic religion still lives to-day—persistent through all these ages—in the religion of the Christian peasantry. The birth of Venus from the foam of the Cyprian sea is celebrated annually at Larnaka, under a thin disguise, by a marine festival, half fair and half regatta; and one favorite name of the Madonna is Aphroditíssa.

But space will not permit me to linger over the Greeks. I can introduce the reader to but one scene more, and that scene will be essentially Western. To me it was the most impressive and interesting thing in Cyprus. I am speaking of the city of Famagosta. Famagosta to most people is hardly so much as a name: to very few is it more. Those whose attention has been turned to these localities are aware that it was a place of importance from the days of the Ptolemies and of Augustus; that it subsequently rose to a fresh importance under the Lusignans; that under the Genoese it was one of the richest trading towns in the world; that the Venetians recognized and treated it as the key to Cyprus; that against it was directed the first Turkish attack, and that here the Turks encountered the most desperate and heroic resistance.

It is situated on the sea, on the eastern coast of the island, at one end of the great central plain. The harbor, which is now nearly filled up, was in former days capacious; and by the expenditure of no exorbitant sum it might be made capable of holding the entire Channel fleet. To the north and west it is surrounded by sand-swept wolds, which are bounded far off by a line of purple mountains. To the south the ground is more fertile. Approached from the land, it looks less like a town than like one enormous fort. Here and there at a distance we see a tower or an elevated battery; but the long lines of the walls, brown and melancholy, only just peer over the slope that swells toward them. It is from the south side that one enters. My first visit was in the morning, and the day was soft and blue, with a beauty passing even that of the Riviera. The road ran through a deep-green meadow of asphodel, across which was moving a bevy of Turkish women, who, in their white yashmaks, shone like a bed of lilies. Before me the asphodel rose toward the length of the fortification, while the road lost itself in a cutting under a dark cluster of towers. Arrived at this cutting, one realized the character of the place better. One saw that it was surrounded by an enormous moat or trench cut in the solid rock; and that the walls were really some fifty feet in height. The road crossed the ditch on a causeway of nine arches and entered a gate, before which a drawbridge once descended. What struck me most, at first, was the wonderful preservation of the masonry. The stains of the weather left a frown upon everything; but there was no decay or crumbling. On entering, this impression deepened. Dark, unbroken arches were sharp and solid over my head, and the passage ended with an open vaulted space that seemed like a baron's hall. Close behind it, yawning and shadowy in the sunshine, was another open vault similar to it, facing the interior, and hollowed in the thickness of the ramparts; and in the shadow of this were other vaulted openings leading away into black, mysterious passages.

And what of the town? I had heard that it was ruinous, but I was quite unprepared for the peculiar aspect of its desolation. Immediately facing one on entering, was a dilapidated Turkish café, built against the fortifications; to the left was a roofless Turkish hut,

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and to the right a lane of cottages wandered away fortuitously; but through a wide gap was visible an open space beyond, and making my way to this, the whole of Famagosta burst upon me. I was in the midst of a desert. The great walls ran on unbroken on one side of me, but on the other were grassy expanses littered with huge heaps of stones and crowded with ancient churches. Many of them stood within fifty yards of one another, and my eye and my arithmetic were quite bewildered by their number. I made my way toward one, across a small field, climbing over a rude enclosure and stumbling now and again over some broken pieces of carving. I entered the door, and found myself in the hollow gloom of those vaulted isles, with sand and refuse strewing the uneven floor and everywhere on the walls around me the remains of gorgeous frescoes. I mounted the ramparts to obtain a wider view; and a wide desolation was before me with more churches standing in it.

The Turkish cottages, with their flat mud roofs, and one or two larger buildings used for government purposes hardly broke the impression of perfect solitude. The few figures to be seen and the few sounds to be heard only added to it. Here and there a shepherd was sitting under a palm tree; a group of children played on a ruined wall; sometimes a voice called; sometimes a sheep-bell tinkled; and ever and again over the heaps that once were palaces, faint yet crisp, came the long plash of the sea. As I examined the scene, three objects struck me specially. One was a cluster of low towers, at an angle of the town toward the sea. Another was a ruined chancel, whose tall, slender arches showed like a skeleton in the sky. The third was a church larger than all the others. I at once recognized it as the cathedral, which I knew existed there. I made my way toward this last through a network of sunken lanes, along which were built some of the poor habitations I have mentioned: and my first near view of it was through the wicket of an old woman's garden. In many ways it is like the cathedral of Lichfield, only more florid in carving; the stone is of a peculiar tawny color, something like a lion's skin; and instead of its two towers it is spiked now with a tall minaret. I entered the garden. This, over half its little area, was rank with luxuriant green-stuff: but half was bare, for the simple reason that half was occupied by the stones of ruined mediæval buildings. In one corner of it was a dilapidated Persian water-wheel, for a wall on one side it had the ruin of a small church; the path at my feet was strewn with fragments of pottery; and above all these, itself no longer Christian, the forlorn cathedral lifted its English outlines. Before me, visibly and materially, were the very images that were in the mind of the preacher when he wrote the verses by which so many best remember him. The pitcher was broken at the fountain, and the wheel was broken at the cistern, and everything in the stillness seemed to be saying of man that he was gone to his long home. The sentiment was in the air; it breathed like "an unheard melody;" it was drawn out and repeated on all sides as if by some soundless orchestra.

I could not, however, remain there listening to this indefinitely; so presently made my way to the ruined chancel, through whose arches the brilliant sea was glimmering, and under whose shadow some Turkish children played. Thence across a perfect waste I passed to the solemn-looking castle, which stood like a bastion at the northeast angle of the walls, and projected partly into the sea. There was nothing beautiful in its appearance, but it was impressive for its antiquity, its preservation, and its forbidding strength. Externally there was not a single window—nothing but blind walls and huge bulging towers. But, for all that, it was in many ways interesting. Over the gate, let into the ancient stonework, was the lion of the Venetian Republic; and mounting to the battlements by an external stair, I saw, standing in the sea and approached by a neck of masonry, a circular building which is named Torre del Moro. There tradition says were the quarters of a Venetian governor, Christoforo Moro; and he was none other than the prototype of Othello. This made the remote and rarely visited walls at once seem

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familiar, and peopled them with well-known figures; and I pleased myself by fancying that, in a sombre Gothic hall, with heavy pillars and vaulting of enormous thickness, I had discovered the place where Iago made the "cannakin clink."

And here I am compelled to end. Those who are acquainted with the writings and the discoveries of Di Cesnola will of course be aware that there are aspects of Cyprus and its history on which I have not even glanced. I have written—if I may so express myself—as an impressionist, not as an antiquarian. The scenes and impressions I have described are few; but so far as they go they are typical: and if anyone finds a charm in remote and neglected beauty, and cares to bend over the face of the past rather than dissect its body, I hope I may have conveyed to him some idea of the charm which is still to be found in this famous but neglected island.

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# A JAR OF ROSE-LEAVES.

*By Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

1.

Myriad roses fade unheeded
Yet no note of grief is needed;
When the ruder breezes tear them,
Sung or songless, we can spare them.
But the choicest petals are
Shrined in some deep orient jar,
Rich without and sweet within,
Where we cast the rose-leaves in.

2.

Life has jars of costlier price
Framed to hold our memories.
There we treasure baby smiles,
Boyish exploits, girlish wiles,
All that made our childish days
Sweeter than these trodden ways
Where the Fates our fortunes spin.
Memory, toss the rose-leaves in!

3.

What the jar holds, that shall stay;
Time steals all the rest away.
Cast in love's first stolen word,
Bliss when uttered, bliss when heard;
Maiden's looks of shy surprise;
Glances from a hero's eyes;
Palms we risked our souls to win;
Memory, fling the rose-leaves in!

4.

Now more sombre and more slow
Let the incantation grow!
Cast in shreds of rapture brief,
Subtle links 'twixt hope and grief;
Vagrant fancy's dangerous toys;
Covert dreams, narcotic joys
Flavored with the taste of sin;
Memory, pour the rose-leaves in!

5.

Quit that borderland of pain!
Cast in thoughts of nobler vein,
Magic gifts of human breath,
Mysteries of birth and death.
What if all this web of change
But prepare for scenes more strange;
If to die be to begin?
Memory, heap the rose-leaves in!

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# MEMORIES OF SOME CONTEMPORARIES.

*By Hugh McCulloch.*

IN April, 1833, I left my New England home to make my start in life in the West. Fifty-four years are a long time to look forward to, but a short time to look back upon. Crowded as these years have been, in the United States, with events of surpassing interest and importance, they seem too wonderful to be real. What advances have they recorded in the extent of our cultivated lands, in manufactures, in mining, in facilities of social and commercial intercourse! What changes have they witnessed in our domestic institutions, in the character and in the political and religious sentiment of the people!

A reference to events that have left a lasting impression upon my mind, and to a few of the persons whom I have known in the course of a long life, and to others whom I did not know personally but who were conspicuous in my early days, may be interesting, and perhaps of some value as the recollections of a contemporary of many notable men in a critical period of our history.

I started for the great and (compared with what it is now) unsettled West, by railroad from Boston to Providence, thence by steamboat to New York, where I remained a couple of days to see something of what was rapidly becoming the great commercial city of the Union. Here I renewed my acquaintance with William Emerson, brother of Ralph Waldo, who, some years before, had been my teacher in Kennebunk. With him I went to the Battery, then in its old-time beauty, in the neighborhood of which were the fine residences of the aristocracy of the city; the City Hall, which still remains unchanged, and which in architectural design has not been surpassed by any public building in the country; St. Paul's, which had been built in the style of the Wren churches of England, and was regarded by many as not being inferior to the finest of them in symmetry and grace. The long row of dwelling-houses in what was then upper New York, Lafayette Place, had just been completed. They were the show houses of the city; I was taken to them that I might see what elegant, commodious, and expensive houses the New Yorkers were building. My visit to New York was very agreeable—made so chiefly by the kindness of Mr. Emerson, who, less distinguished than his brother Ralph Waldo, possessed many of his admirable qualities, with simple manners and ripe scholarship. From New York I went by steamboat to Amboy, by railroad to Bordentown, and from Bordentown to Philadelphia by steamboat. The only thing in this part of my journey that I especially recollect was the beauty of the Delaware. The journey from Philadelphia to Baltimore was made by railroad and steamboat. I spent but a single day in either city, but long enough to see the charming parks in the former, and the monuments—the finest I had ever seen—in the latter. From Baltimore I went by rail to Frederick, in Maryland, and thence by stage-coach, two days and one night, over the Cumberland (National) road to Wheeling.

The Ohio was in good boating condition, and the journey down the river was charming. It then deserved the reputation it had, of being one of the most beautiful rivers in the world. There was nothing but a few straggling villages to mar its original beauty. The magnificent forest through which it flowed had been quite untouched by the great destroyer, the woodman's axe. The banks of the river had not then been stripped of their beauty, as they have been since, by the destruction of the magnificent trees that covered them, and disfigured by the inroads which, in consequence thereof, the waters have made upon them. For miles upon

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miles nothing could be seen but the sky and the river and the grand old forest through which it ran. Occasionally we overtook flatboats loaded with coal or lumber, or met a high-pressure stern-wheel steamboat, making slow progress against the stream. There was little else than these and the puffing of our own steamer to break the pervading solitude. On my way down the river I read with great interest a number of letters, just published in pamphlet form, by Thomas F. Marshall in advocacy of the gradual abolition of slavery in Kentucky. The injurious effects of slavery upon the industrial condition of the State were illustrated by comparison of the rapid growth of Ohio on the one side of the river with the slow growth of Kentucky on the other, and its injustice to the slave, and its depressing influence upon enterprise were presented with great independence and force.

I never saw Mr. Marshall but twice: once when he was in the meridian of his intellectual strength—the accomplished and magnetic orator; and again when he had fallen from his high estate to be the slave of intemperance—an object of painful commiseration. A few days after the unsuccessful efforts made in the House in 1837 to pass a resolution of censure against John Quincy Adams for his temerity in presenting a petition from slaves, in which effort Mr. Marshall took a leading part, I happened to be seated with some Southern members of Congress at the dinner-table of one of the Washington hotels, when Mr. Marshall came in. It seemed that Mr. Adams had said or done something that day which had irritated these gentlemen, and as Mr. Marshall was taking his seat at the table one of them exclaimed, "Well, Marshall, the old devil has been at work again; you must take him in hand." "Not I," replied Mr. Marshall, with a decisive shake of his head; "I have been gored once by the damned old bull, and have had enough of him. If there is to be any more of this kind of work it must be undertaken by somebody else. The old devil, as you call him, is a match for a score of such fellows as you and I."

Many years after I saw Mr. Marshall in Washington he was pointed out to me in the Lake House, in Chicago, sitting upon a bench with the messenger boys, and talking to them incoherently—a mental and physical wreck. He had joined temperance societies, and made temperance speeches equal to the best of Gough's, for, like Gough, he spoke from his own experience. His description of the terrible next morning following the night's debauch was as truthful and touching as it was graphic. For months together he seemed to have conquered his enemy, a thirst for intoxicating drink, but its hold had become too strong to be overcome. He resolved, and re-resolved, and died the victim of alcohol. I have known many victims of intemperance, but none who have fallen from so distinguished a position, whose ruin was so lamentable and complete.

Soon after I reached Indiana I heard a good deal about Thomas Corwin, then a prominent Whig member of Congress from Ohio. Of Mr. Corwin it is not too much to say that in wit, in humor, and general knowledge; in a ready command of language; in voice, in mobility and expressiveness of features; in all the requisites for fascinating and effective stump oratory, he was without an equal. Men would travel twenty or thirty miles to listen to the matchless orator, and even his political opponents could not help joining in the applause which his speeches never failed to call forth. His memory was not only a perfect storehouse of historical facts, but also of anecdotes and stories. It was worth a "Sabbath day's journey" to hear "Tom" Corwin (as he was familiarly called) tell a story. No matter how frequently heard, it was always made fresh and racy by his variable and inimitable manner of telling it. While the attractiveness of his speeches was in no small degree attributable to his extraordinary control of the muscles of his face, which were always in accord with the sentiments he was expressing and the anecdotes he was relating, and to his charming voice, they were never lacking in eloquence or force. He had always something good to say, and he never failed to be instructive as well as fascinating. His power over popular and promiscuous assemblies was immense.

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Plain farmers would not only travel long distances to hear him, but they would stand for hours under a burning sun, or in a pelting rain, seemingly oblivious of everything but the speeches by which their attention was absorbed. Nor was his fame as an orator confined to Ohio. By his speeches in Congress he acquired a national reputation. Made upon subjects which have long ceased to be interesting, no one can read them now without feeling that they place him in the front rank of American orators.

One of the earliest, and in many respects the pleasantest, of the acquaintances which I formed in Indiana was that of Henry Ward Beecher, who in 1839, on the invitation of Samuel Merrill, president of the State Bank, and a few other prominent citizens of Indianapolis, left Lawrenceburgh, where he had been preaching for two or three years, to become the first pastor of a New-School Presbyterian church at the capital of the State. There were not more than a dozen members when he took charge of it, but it grew rapidly in membership until 1847, when he accepted a call to Brooklyn.

Mr. Beecher was not only the most popular but the most influential preacher that this country has produced. He did more than any other man to liberalize religious sentiment—to lift orthodox theology out of the ruts in which it had been running from the days of the Puritans. His sermons were very rarely doctrinal. He was in no respect a theologian. He cared little for creeds. Belief with him was a matter of secondary importance; conduct was everything. He had a decided taste for horticulture, and one of his most intimate acquaintances was a man (Aldrich, I think his name was) who had a fine nursery and garden near Indianapolis. "I like him," said Mr. Beecher to me one day; "I like him because he loves flowers as I do, and I have a great admiration of him because he is one of the honestest men I have ever met. I have made him a study. He is always what he appears to be, a perfectly upright man. Nothing would induce him to swerve from the truth, and yet he is an infidel, a disbeliever in the Bible and a future life. I wish that I and my church members were more like him."

I was very intimate with Mr. Beecher as long as he lived in Indianapolis. He was frequently at my house. I once travelled with him on horseback from Fort Wayne to Indianapolis, when it took full three days to make the trip; stopped with him at the same taverns, and slept in the same rooms with him. To me he was an open book. If there had been anything wrong about him I should have discovered it. He was incapable of disguise, and I never heard a sentiment from him that the strictest moralist could object to. His vitality was immense; his jollity at times irrepressible. He was physically very strong. His health was perfect, his buoyancy of spirits unflagging. I recollect how he sang and shouted as we rode through the woods together—how admirably he mimicked preachers who seemed to think that sanctimonious countenances and whining tones were the indications of zealous faith. To Mr. Beecher religion was joyousness—Christianity the agency by which men were to be made not only better but happier. "Some people," said he, "think that I am not solemn enough in the pulpit, nor staid or reverent enough out of it. I wonder what they would think if I should act just as I feel!"

Mr. Beecher gave proof of his pluck in his encounters with secessionists and sympathizers of the South in Liverpool and London. It was sometimes tested in a different way. The people of Indiana before the war, if not pro-slavery in sentiment, were, with few exceptions, opposed to all anti-slavery movements, and the negroes who came to the State were frequently the subjects of barbarous treatment. One day there was what was called a negro riot in Indianapolis, in which some inoffensive colored people were driven from their homes and treated with savage inhumanity. A leader of the rioters, whose behavior toward these people was especially infamous, was a constable. Mr. Beecher, upon being informed of his conduct, denounced it in his usual emphatic manner. This came to the ears of the constable, who expressed his determination to hold Mr. Beecher responsible.

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"Beecher must take back what he has said about me, or I'll lick him within an inch of his life." The next day as Mr. Beecher was walking leisurely by the constable's office, the constable opened the door and asked Mr. Beecher to step in. The office was near the principal hotel of the city, and some young men who had heard of the constable's threats, and happened to be standing on the sidewalk, gathered around the door to see, as they said, the fun. The constable was a big, brawny fellow, and as Mr. Beecher entered, he advanced to meet him, and said in a rough voice: "I understand, Mr. Beecher, that you said so and so about me," repeating the offensive language. "Did you say that, sir?" "I don't think I said exactly that, but it was about what I meant to say," replied Mr. Beecher as he looked the constable steadily in the face. "You're a damned liar, sir; and if you weren't a preacher I'd lick you like a dog," said the constable. "Don't mind that; I ask no favor on that score," responded Mr. Beecher. The constable looked at the stoutly built, sturdy man that stood before him without flinching, and concluded that it was safer to threaten than to strike. Mr. Beecher listened for a moment to the constable's oaths, then left the office, saying, as he went out, "Good-bye, Mr. Constable; you will feel better when you cool off." The bystanders clapped their hands as Mr. Beecher stepped upon the sidewalk, and it was a long time before the constable heard the last of his interview with Mr. Beecher. "What would you have done," I asked Mr. Beecher, "if the constable had attempted to make good his threats?" "I should have warded off his blows and laid him upon his back in no time. I knew if I was not stronger that I was quicker and a better wrestler than he was, and I was sure that he could not have stood before me for an instant. I should have been sorry to have had a contest with such a fellow, but I could not stand and be whipped," was Mr. Beecher's reply.

Mr. Beecher wrote a great deal, and usually with great ability; but it is upon his talents and accomplishments as a preacher that his fame will most securely rest. Few of his sermons were what might be called finished productions, but they abounded in eloquent passages and striking illustrations and original ideas. They were instructive as well as captivating. No man has ever been heard by so many people; no man of the present century has expressed so many loving thoughts, or touched so many hearts, or influenced so many lives, or done so much to soften theological austerities and liberalize religious sentiment as Henry Ward Beecher.

Although I had gone West with the full intention of practising law, and, indeed, met with gratifying success in my early efforts, I was diverted from my profession in 1835, when I was appointed cashier and manager of the Fort Wayne Branch of the State Bank of Indiana. I liked the business of banking so much that I had no disposition to resume the practice of law, and so it happened that when the new Bank of the State of Indiana was organized, in 1857, I was elected its president. In 1862 I went to Washington to oppose the passage of the bill to establish a National Banking System, which, if it passed, might be greatly prejudicial to the State Banks—the one of which I was president being among the largest of them. In March, 1863, I was again in Washington. I had left home with my wife, to be absent for a couple of weeks on a pleasure trip. I had been a hard worker without intermission for nearly a quarter of a century, and so we decided that we would make a flying visit to the Eastern cities, letting no one at home know where letters would reach us, in order that we might enjoy a few genuine holidays.

In the afternoon of the day before we left Washington we went through the Treasury Department. As I had no business to transact, and was not acquainted with Secretary Chase, I did not feel at liberty to call upon him, but as we passed by the door of his room I handed my card to his messenger. The next morning we were on our way to Baltimore, where we spent a day very pleasantly. Thence we went to Philadelphia, New York, and Plattsburgh, where we were married twenty-five years before, and were at home again within the time fixed for our return. Here, to my sur-

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prise, I found a number of telegrams, some of which had followed me from place to place, requesting me to return to Washington, and a letter from Mr. Chase, offering to me the position of Controller of the Currency, and expressing an earnest wish that I should accept it. I had been forced to admit that there was a necessity for a National Banking System, and I felt that the Government had a right to any services that I might be able to render in the tremendous struggle in which it was engaged. Being in a strait, I did what all men who have sensible wives ought to do when important questions are to be considered and acted upon—I consulted my wife. The conclusion was that I should resign the presidency of the bank and go to Washington to organize the National Currency Bureau, with the understanding, however, that I should remain in Washington no longer than might be necessary to give the new banking system a successful start. As soon as this conclusion was reached, I informed Mr. Chase that I would accept the office which he had so kindly tendered to me.

Mr. Chase was one of the most extraordinary men that our country has produced. In 1837 he was pointed out to me in the Cincinnati court-house as the rising young lawyer at the bar, which was even then distinguished by the high character of its lawyers. Had he continued in the practice he would have been the peer of Henry Stansberry in legal accomplishments, and have come up to the standard of Thomas Ewing, the ablest lawyer who has appeared west of the Alleghanies. His mind was clear and logical, comprehensive in its grasp, and certain in its conclusions. He was a fine scholar, a master of the English tongue. He spoke with ease and distinctness. He was not what might be called a fluent, nor, according to the American idea (which is rapidly changing), an eloquent speaker; but he had few equals in analyzing difficult questions and making abstruse subjects intelligible. Inclined to be dogmatic and overbearing, he was, nevertheless, genial in social intercourse, and at times fascinating. In manners he was courtly without assumption; in opinion tenacious without intolerance. He was strong in his convictions and steadfast in his principles. Hostile to slavery, and a strict constructionist, he was willing to grant to the slave power just what was granted by the Constitution, not an iota more.

The movements of the armies, the great battles that were fought with varying successes on both sides, so absorbed the public attention that comparatively little interest was felt in the measures that were adopted to provide the means to meet the enormous and daily increasing demands upon the treasury. It was the successful general who was the recipient of honors, not the man by whose agency the sinews of war (money) were supplied, and yet but for the successful administration of the Treasury Department during the war, the Union would have been riven asunder. If I were asked to designate the man whose services next to Mr. Lincoln's were of the greatest value to the country from March, 1861, to July, 1864, I should unhesitatingly name Salmon P. Chase.

When Mr. Chase was appointed Secretary, the public credit was lower than that of any other great nation. The Treasury was empty. The annual expenditures had for some years exceeded the revenues. To meet the deficiencies shifts were resorted to which, while they gave present relief to the Treasury, added to its embarrassment.

It is not necessary for me to speak of the various loans that were negotiated, the taxes that were imposed, to raise the immense sums that were needed in the prosecution of the most expensive war that the world has ever known. It is enough for me merely to refer to the extraordinary fact that the people were patient under very burdensome taxes—taxes to which they were entirely unaccustomed, taxes direct and indirect, taxes upon almost everything that they consumed, taxes which before the war it would have been considered impossible to collect; and to the still more extraordinary fact that the public credit steadily improved, notwithstanding the rapid increase of the public debt, and was higher when it reached the enormous sum of $2,757,803,686, as it did in August, 1865, than it was when the Government did not owe a dollar.

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Not alone to Mr. Chase is the honor due of the financial success of the Government in its desperate struggle for the maintenance of its integrity, but a very large share of it certainly belongs to him. It was by his advice that taxes were imposed and loans were authorized. It was by him that the most important negotiations were accomplished, and it was in accordance with his general financial policy that the department was administered after his resignation. He was the manager of the finances from March, 1861, to July, 1864, and by their successful management during that gloomy and momentous period he established a lasting claim upon the respect and gratitude of his countrymen.

Nothing is so captivating and yet so dangerous to our public men as the whisperings of the "siren" exciting aspirations for the presidency, which are never realized and which never die. In a conversation which I had with Mr. Chase in 1863, he remarked that there was only one office which he had heartily desired—the office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. I dined with him a couple of weeks after the coveted honor had been conferred upon him, and I was pained by discovering that he was far from being satisfied. As a Justice of the Supreme Court, he had no favors to grant, no patronage to wield. High as the position was, it was not the one to which he had really aspired. To him it seemed like retirement from public life. There was another thing that was undoubtedly weighing upon him, although he did not suggest it. He had not been in the active practice of the law for twenty years, nor had he been able during that period to devote any time to legal studies. As an active politician, the leader of the anti-slavery party in Ohio, as Governor, United States Senator, and Secretary of the Treasury, he had been otherwise fully employed; so that when he went upon the bench he was unfamiliar with the work which he was called upon to perform. He perceived therefore that, unless he shrank from a proper share of the duties of the Court (and that he was not disposed to do), he would for a time labor under great disadvantages. He did have to work much harder in the investigation of legal questions and in the preparation of opinions than either of his associates. It was undoubtedly this hard work and the disappointment of his political ambition that shortened his life.

Mr. Lincoln's high appreciation of Mr. Chase's ability and character was exhibited by his appointing him to be Chief Justice. He hesitated for some days, while the matter was under consideration, to send his name to the Senate, under the apprehension that he might be somewhat rigorous in his judgment of some of the executive acts, and especially those of the Secretary of War, if suit should be brought involving questions that could only be settled by the Supreme Court. Knowing that my relations with Mr. Chase were intimate, he sent for me one day, and after explaining the nature of his fears, asked me what I thought about them. "Why, Mr. President," I replied, "you have no reason for fears on that score. Mr. Chase is in the same box with you and Mr. Stanton. He favored and advised, as he has himself informed me, the dispersion by force of the Maryland Legislature, and if anything more illegal than that has been done, I have not heard of it." The President did not say that that reminded him of a story, but he laughed heartily, and the interview was ended.

It may be proper for me to remark here that the personal relations between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Chase were never cordial. They were about as unlike in appearance, in education, in manners, in taste, and in temperament, as two eminent men could be. Mr. Chase had received a classical education, and until he entered the political field and became the leader of the anti-slavery party of Ohio, he had been a student of general literature; in appearance he was impressive, in manners stately, in taste refined, in temperament cold. Although the larger part of his early life was passed in the West, he was not "westernized." He cracked no jokes, and he had no aptitude for story telling. He did not and could not appreciate those qualities which brought Mr. Lincoln so close to the hearts of the people. Self-reliant, rapid in conclusions, and prompt

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in action, he would not, had he been President in the spring of 1861, have waited for South Carolina to strike the first blow: it was therefore fortunate that he was not in Mr. Lincoln's place.

Mr. Lincoln had no educational advantages in his early life. In appearance he was unprepossessing, in manners ungraceful, in taste unrefined, or at least peculiar, but he was warm-hearted and genial. In knowledge of men, in strong common sense, in sound judgment, in sagacity, Mr. Lincoln had no superior. He was unassuming, patient, hopeful, far-seeing. He was also one of the bravest of men. In saying this I do not refer to personal courage —in which he was by no means deficient, but to bravery of a higher and rarer kind, bravery which was steadfast under the criticism of his friends and the assaults of his enemies. His inaction for some weeks after his inauguration greatly disappointed many of his most devoted political adherents, who became fearful that it indicated indecision; and the feeling became widespread that he lacked nerve—one of the most essential qualities in a statesman who is called upon to act when danger is imminent and great interests are at stake. In these respects he was misjudged. He was anxious to prevent a decided rupture of the relations of the Government with the Southern States, and he was determined, if a rupture should occur, that the administration should not be responsible for it. It was his duty to enforce obedience to the Federal authority throughout the Union, but he hoped that this might be accomplished in the Southern States without a resort to arms. He knew how strong the opposition was in the West to what was called coercion, the coercion of sovereign States; and he foresaw that if a conflict should occur, and the government should be regarded as the aggressor, it would fail to command hearty support in that section, and how important it therefore was, if war was to be the result of attempts to execute the law, that the first blow should not be struck by the Government. His wisdom was vindicated by the manner in which the report of the cannonade upon Fort Sumter was received throughout the loyal States. It was, as I have remarked, like an electric shock to a seemingly inanimate body, which, however, was full of life. It vitalized the dormant patriotism of the people, it hushed party strife, it united Republicans and Democrats in a common cause—the defence of the Union. Thenceforward many who had been the opponents of coercion were its strongest advocates. Some of them attained high distinction in the field.

Throughout his administration Mr. Lincoln was wiser than his assailants, wiser than his friends. Beside the attacks of his political enemies, to which he was indifferent, he was constantly charged by those who claimed to be friendly with hesitation, when hesitation was dangerous. They were, for instance, impatient at his tardiness in using his war power to free the slaves, and they censured him without stint. He was troubled by these censures, but his purposes were not shaken by them. Although one of the mildest of men, he was unyielding to efforts which were made to force him to acts which he considered erroneous in themselves, or erroneous because untimely. His aim was to keep abreast with the public sentiment, with which no man was better acquainted, and not to go too fast to avoid the charge of going too slow. He issued his celebrated Emancipation Proclamation when he thought the people were prepared for it and when the military condition of the country seemed to justify it. It came at the right time; it breathed the right spirit, and it was hailed with almost universal satisfaction in almost all the loyal States. I never think of the manner in which Mr. Lincoln fulfilled the most difficult and responsible duties which ever devolved upon mortal man, of the enormous labors which he performed, of his faith in the right, his constancy, his hopefulness, his sagacity, and his patience under unmerited and bitter criticism, without feelings of admiration akin to reverence.

When Mr. Chase resigned (as Secretary of the Treasury) the eyes of the people turned to Mr. Fessenden as the right man to be his successor. Mr.

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Fessenden's acknowledged ability and high character, and the financial knowledge which he had displayed as chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate were a sufficient guaranty that under his direction the business of the Treasury Department would be honestly and wisely conducted. He accepted the office with extreme reluctance. His business had been to assist in making laws, not in executing them. He was distrustful of his executive ability. The duties which he was required to perform were distasteful to him from the start, and the longer he remained in office, the more distasteful they became to him. If Mr. Fessenden had been strong in health, if his duties had been congenial, and he had been content to remain at the head of the great department, he would have been equal to his duties, however difficult and onerous they might have been. But his health was not good, and his heart was not in executive but in legislative work. It was as a senator that he had achieved renown. It was in the Senate Chamber that he was at home. There, in extent of knowledge, in command of language, in readiness and force in debate, he had no equal. Mr. Douglas was frequently compared with him, but he was more learned than Mr. Douglas, closer in reasoning, more easily followed, more accurate in statements, and altogether safer as a leader.

Mr. Fessenden was one of the very few men of his day that merited the name of statesman. He must have been a hard student in early days (he was not subsequently), or, great as was his aptitude for learning, he would not have possessed that wealth of knowledge which he frequently displayed in the Senate Chamber. He was not an orator, but a debater of the highest order—lucid, cogent, incisive. He did not regard the halls of Congress as fit places for oratorical display, for the delivery of orations, and he listened impatiently, when he listened at all, to Mr. Sumner's, which had been prepared with care and committed to memory. He was disposed to underrate abilities which differed from his own, and he therefore underrated those of Mr. Sumner. In devotion to what he considered right, he was as inflexible as steel. This trait of character was exhibited in the impeachment trial of President Johnson. While this celebrated trial was going on, he received scores of letters threatening him with personal violence—some of them with death—if he voted for acquittal; but they did not disturb him in the least. No one knew how he would vote—he did not know himself until the testimony and the arguments on both sides had been heard; but it was well known that he had no sympathy with those who had determined how they would vote before the trial was commenced—who did not hesitate to pronounce the President guilty without waiting for the evidence. Therefore it was feared that his vote might not be unfavorable to the President, and hence the threats. Mr. Fessenden said to me as much, I am sure, as he said to anyone, which was simply this, that he would listen attentively to the testimony and to the arguments of counsel, and then, and not until then, make up his mind as to what his oath and his duty required of him. His vote and the votes of six others from the Republican side of the Senate, with the Democratic votes, saved the President from being adjudged a criminal, and the Republican party from disruption.

For some years before his death ill health prevented Mr. Fessenden from participating in Washington festivities, and on this account he was regarded by many as being of an unsocial disposition. In this he was misjudged. Before his health became impaired, he was eminently social; to those who were intimate with him he was always one of the most affable and agreeable of men. In appearance he was attractive; his face was handsome and strikingly intellectual; in deportment he was natural, in character upright, in all business transactions honorable. He was true to his principles and his friends, never unfaithful to the former or forgetful of the latter.

As a resident of Washington during the war and reconstruction periods, and as the occupant of an important official position, I met not only the most influential statesmen and financiers of the

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country, but many of the most distinguished generals. At the Washington Scientific Club, of which I was a member, I became acquainted with General George H. Thomas. He was not a member, but he accepted invitations to its meetings, in which he seemed to be much interested. He frequently participated in the discussions, and always spoke with intelligence and to the point. I saw a good deal of him in the club and out of it, and the better I knew him the more highly I esteemed him. My acquaintance with him became close, and he spoke to me, I think, with as much freedom as he spoke to anyone, about his military services and the criticisms to which he was subjected just before the battle of Nashville. In the last conversation I ever had with him he referred to the annoying telegrams which he received from General Halleck at Washington and from General Grant at City Point. "I was on the ground," he said, "and hard at work in getting together and into fighting shape the scattered and undisciplined forces under my command, after General Sherman had commenced his march to the sea, in order that I might strike an effective blow against the superior forces of General Hood. I knew, or thought I knew, when the blow should be struck; and it was struck just as soon as it could be with reasonable prospects of success. Defeat at that time and at that place would have been a greater calamity than any which had befallen the Federal forces. It would have cleared the way for the triumphant march of Hood's army through Kentucky, and a successful invasion of Indiana and Illinois, in which there were no Federal troops. It was therefore of the last importance that the battle upon which so much depended should not be fought until I was ready for it. To one of General Grant's despatches, urging me to fight, I was strongly tempted (grossly improper as it would have been) to ask why he was not fighting himself."

The gallantry and military capacity of General Thomas were displayed in every one of the many battles in which he was engaged; and never was he charged with being slow, until he hesitated to strike at Hood before he was prepared to make the battle of Nashville one of the most decisive battles of the war; but the complaint came from City Point, and hence the credence of its justice. In the history of the great Civil War, yet to be written by an impartial pen, no name will be more conspicuous, not for courage only, but for all the qualities required in a great commander, than that of George H. Thomas. Nor was it as a soldier only that he was renowned. He was no less distinguished by his modesty, his unselfishness, and his keen sense of justice. He was never his own trumpeter, nor with his approbation was anyone the trumpeter of his fame. Newspaper correspondents were never welcome in his camps. His supreme ambition was to do his duty, and he was content that his reputation should rest upon his acts. He declined honors when, by accepting them, he would have sanctioned injustice to others.

Having said so much about General Thomas, I cannot help giving the impressions made upon me by a few of the other distinguished generals and commanders with whom I became personally acquainted during the war, or soon after its close.

The evening of the day on which reports of General P. H. Sheridan's splendid victory in the Valley of Virginia were received in Washington I spent with the President at the Soldiers' Home. It was such a relief to have cheering news from that quarter that Mr. Lincoln threw off his cares and gave free rein to his humor. He had not been so happy, he said, since the capture of Vicksburg. I certainly never saw him during the war when he was so joyous. My desire to meet Sheridan was not gratified until I met him some years after in London, where we spent some pleasant hours together. Since then I have known him quite well, and he has grown steadily in my estimation and respect. To many of his countrymen General Sheridan has been known only as one of the bravest of the brave —the dashing cavalry commander, whose gallantry had been displayed on many battlefields; always foremost in the fight and seemingly courting danger

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for the love of it. Such he had seemed to me until he was assigned to the command of the Army of the Shenandoah, in August, 1864. It was there that he found opportunity to display his qualities as a commander. It was the first command of an army that he had been entrusted with, and he had opposed to him one of the most skilful generals of the Confederacy. That the right man had at last been assigned to the command of the Union forces in that fertile valley, from which General Lee was obtaining a large part of his supplies in the defence of Richmond, was speedily proved by his great but dearly bought victory at Opequan Creek. It was the first battle in which he had led an army, and in his elation he indited the despatch, "We have sent the enemy whirling through Winchester. We are after them to-morrow." The battle at Fisher's Hill, which soon followed, in which the Confederate fortifications, well built and on a commanding position, were skilfully flanked and carried by storm, was scarcely less important than that of Opequan in the effect which it had upon both sections of the country. It was, however, in the battle of Cedar Creek that Sheridan obtained his greatest renown. When Sheridan reached the field from Winchester, about 11 o'clock, the largest part of the Union army was in retreat, some of it in utter confusion. To stop the retreat, to reform the broken lines, to compel the fugitives to face the enemy, and to win a great victory, was possible only to a general of great ability, who could inspire his troops with his own gallant spirit. In a few hours the lost ground was recovered, and before night the Confederates, beaten at all points, were flying for their lives. The annals of war reveal nothing grander than the conduct of Sheridan in this, the last great battle in the Shenandoah. Like General Thomas, he was the idol of the men whom he commanded. Since the war he has displayed executive ability and sound judgment in the performance of various important duties, and there are none to deny that he fills with credit the highest place in the army.

No other general in the army of the Civil War is known by as many people as William Tecumseh Sherman, and none has warmer friends. Of great versatility of character, he has been soldier, teacher, banker, and again soldier. He has travelled much and been a close and accurate observer. His perception is rapid, and his comprehension of the topography of a country through which he merely travels is so extraordinary that he understands its general features better than they are understood by its residents. This faculty gave him great advantage in his Tennessee and Georgia campaign, and in his march from Savannah to Raleigh. He had been over a considerable part of these sections before, not as a student of their topography, but as a young lieutenant in the Seminole War, and he knew more about them than the Southern Generals seemed to know.

In the conduct of the Atlanta campaign, Sherman exhibited military genius of the highest order, supplemented by courage, hardihood, endurance; but the crowning victory was yet to be attained. His march to the sea was as grand in design as it was splendid in execution. To Sherman alone belongs the honor of the design; to him and to his army the honor of the achievement. It was in conception and accomplishment one of the grandest enterprises of which there is a record.

I met General Hancock for the first time a few days after the battle of Gettysburg. I had known something of his early history—that two years after he graduated at West Point he had been breveted first lieutenant for his bravery in the war with Mexico; and I was quite familiar with his military history from the commencement of the civil war. I knew that he had won distinguished honors on the Peninsula, at South Mountain and Antietam, and that his praise was in everybody's mouth for the excellent judgment and gallantry that he had displayed at Gettysburg. I was therefore desirous to know him personally, and I met him with the most favorable impressions of his merit as a soldier. From that time my acquaintance with him was as intimate as the difference in our pursuits and our places of abode would permit; and the

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better I knew him, the higher did he rise in my estimation. In uprightness, in a keen sense of honor, in kindness of heart, in generosity, in genuine manliness, he had no superior in the army. To jealousy he was a stranger. If he thought, as many of his friends did, that his services were not properly appreciated, he never expressed or indicated it. In the field, in the management of the troops under his command, wherever valor came into full exercise, he was, in the language of one who fought with him and under him, "simply magnificent." Of his qualifications to command an army and conduct a campaign, there must have been some doubt in the mind of Mr. Lincoln, or he would have been tried in that capacity. It is not unlikely that these doubts were created by Secretary Stanton, with whom Hancock was not a favorite. There was apparently no good grounds for them. In all the battles in which he was engaged and that were unfavorable to the Union armies, his position was a subordinate one, and he was in no manner responsible for their results. On the contrary, his conduct in each was such as to justify the opinion that he possessed the qualities for absolute command;—that if he had succeeded McClellan in command, the battle of Fredericksburg would not have been fought, and no such disasters as those at Chancellorsville and Bull Run would have befallen the Grand Army of the Potomac, or of Virginia, as it was for a short time called. Burnside had rendered good service in North Carolina; Hooker was distinguished for his bravery, and Pope had won a high reputation in the West; but neither, outside of the War Department, was considered the equal, as a soldier or commander, of Hancock. Their preference to him was a surprise to me, as I think it was to others who were acquainted with their respective histories. It was by Hancock's advice that Lee was met at Gettysburg, and although General Meade was in command, to him more than to any other man, the nation was indebted for the most important victory of the war.

Next to being elected President, the worst thing that can happen to a successful military general is to be a candidate for that high office. A stranger to the freedom of the press and the unfairness of politicians, in reading Republican newspapers and listening to Republican orators, when Hancock was a candidate for the Presidency, would have supposed that he was destitute of both intelligence and patriotism. Nothing could have been wider from the truth. Of his patriotism there could be no question. In general intelligence he was not inferior to any of the well-educated men of the army, except perhaps McClellan and Sherman and Thomas and Canby. He was a good deal ridiculed for speaking of the tariff as a local question. That the tariff, which had been specially the apple of discord from the foundation of the Government, and which at one time threatened the integrity of the Union, should be spoken of by a candidate for the Presidency as a local question, did seem to be absurd. But was it? The tariff was then, as it is now, one of the most interesting questions before the country; but it had always been to a considerable extent a sectional, and consequently a local, question.

It was well for Hancock that he was defeated. As President he might have been a failure. His fame now rests upon his military services, and there it rests securely. His record as a soldier is without a blemish. A gallant soldier he was, without fear and without reproach.

Upon General McClellan's career I have only space here for some brief reflections.

When McClellan was retired, what happened to the Army of the Potomac? Terrible slaughter under Burnside at Fredericksburg; crushing defeat at Chancellorsville under Hooker. The hold which McClellan had upon his men, their love for him and the confidence which they had in him, were displayed when he took his leave of them and turned over the command to Burnside, when it was difficult to say which predominated—sorrow or indignation; sorrow that they were to be separated from their beloved commander, indignation at the injustice with which he had been treated.



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The prevalent opinion in regard to McClellan was that it was his habit to overrate the strength of the enemy and underrate his own; that he was too much of an engineer, too cautious, too prudent, for an efficient commander; that he was wanting in that self-confidence which, united with a clear head and military knowledge, has been a characteristic of successful generals. His position from the time he took command of the Army of the Potomac up to the close of his military career was such as to make him cautious and prudent, but I have looked in vain in his military history for the evidence of such defects as have been attributed to him. It is certainly not found in his first campaign in West Virginia; not in the Peninsula, where he had everything to contend with which was calculated to discourage him and his army, with no word of cheer from the headquarters in Washington; not in his willingness to take again the command of the army after it had been shattered and demoralized; not in the rapidity with which its discipline was restored and its spirit revived, so that it was able to meet and overcome the same foes by which it had been defeated a few days before. The evidence of General McClellan's deficiencies is found not in a correct history of his military career, but in the press and the despatches of the War Department. He was unfortunate in not comprehending the true cause of the Rebellion, and in his views upon the question of slavery. He was unfortunate in the use of his name by his political friends in connection with the Presidency while he was in the field. He was still more unfortunate in permitting his temper to get the better of his judgment, in attributing to the War Department indifference in regard to the result of the Peninsula campaign, in writing to the President a letter which would have been well enough in a political contest, but which was grossly improper when addressed by a general in the field to his superior. All this and more can be admitted without derogation to his merits as a soldier. He was permanently retired under a cloud within little more than a month from the time when with a recently beaten army he had achieved a very important victory;—retired under circumstances that seemingly justified the opinion that there were influences at work in Washington which demanded his retirement as a political necessity. To doubt that the cloud that rested upon him when he was ordered to Trenton will be cleared away, that his high military character will be vindicated, would be to doubt the triumph of truth over jealousy and misrepresentation.

It is enough to say of General McClellan, in his private and social life, that he was in the truest sense a Christian gentleman. I had no sympathy with him in politics; I did what I could to prevent his election to the Presidency. What I have said about him has been prompted only by a sense of duty to one who imperilled his life in his country's service, and who merited lasting honor, instead of the ignominy to which he was subjected and the disrepute which still, to some extent, attaches to his name.

That fact is stranger than fiction, is illustrated in the life of General Ulysses S. Grant. Few men were ever subject to so great vicissitudes; none ever rose so rapidly from obscurity to fame, from a very low estate to the highest. In the spring of 1861 he was utterly unknown outside of a very limited circle. In 1868 he was elected President of the United States by an overwhelming majority over one of the most distinguished men of the day.

There have been and there will continue to be great differences of opinion in regard to General Grant's character and merits as a soldier. While many, and perhaps a majority, regard him as having been a great military genius, whose name will go down in history along with the names of the most renowned soldiers of modern times, others regard him as having been destitute of genius, entitled to no credit except for stubborn courage and unyielding resolution; as one whose rise was a chapter of accidents and luck. Neither of these opinions is correct. It was not by accident or luck that Donelson was taken, that the Mississippi was opened by the capture of Vicksburg, and that the misfortunes at Chickamauga were offset by

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the achievements at Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. It was not by luck that he rose from the captaincy of a company, in 1861, to the command of all the armies of the United States, in 1864. Accidents were in his favor, and lucky he certainly was, but if he had not possessed military qualities of a high degree, accidents would not have been favorable to him and good luck would not have been so constantly his attendant. His rise was rapid and with but a single interruption. For some weeks after the capture of Donelson he seemed to have reached the height of his military career, but after his success at Vicksburg his star was again in the ascendant, and it continued to shine with undiminished if not increasing brightness to the end of the war.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that he did not accomplish enough, nor give evidence of possessing all the qualities which were necessary to entitle him to a place by the side of the great captains of the world. If he had capacity for planning campaigns, he lacked the opportunities for exhibiting it. Before the expedition was commenced in which Fort Henry and Fort Donelson were captured and the line of Confederate fortifications was broken, the importance of such an expedition had been freely discussed. The successful movement against Vicksburg was not undertaken until all other plans for reaching the city had failed. The battles on Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge were not fought according to any well-digested plan.

But while General Grant's abilities were not in the line of organizing troops or planning campaigns, it cannot be denied that in all the battles of which he had the direction he displayed indomitable resolution, perfect self-possession, dauntless courage. His conduct at Donelson and before Vicksburg, where he obtained his highest renown, was such as to entitle him to very high rank as a soldier, but in neither of these fields was there, nor could there be, a display of such ability as would sustain the claims of his extreme eulogists. His qualities were such as circumstances required. There was no sentiment in his mode of warfare. He was never seen on a field after a battle had been fought, or in the hospitals, and he never counted the cost of a victory. His business was to fight. To persistently push the enemy at all points and at all sacrifices, was, in his opinion, the surest as well as the speediest way of terminating the war. It was, he thought, his duty to cripple him in every way. He was opposed therefore, for a time, to the exchange of prisoners, knowing, as he did, that owing to the difference of treatment in Northern and Southern prisons he would be receiving men who were not fit for duty in exchange for those that were, and that the government which he served had far less need of men than its enemies. This was considered by many as inhuman, but war is a business in which humanity is not often brought into lively exercise. He understood both the duties and responsibilities of a commander, and while insensible to fear, he never exposed himself unnecessarily to danger. He lacked personal magnetism. His presence among his troops was never hailed with enthusiastic shouts, as was McClellan's. He never breasted the storm of battle, as did Thomas at Chickamauga. He never personally rallied fleeing troops and led them back to victory, as Sheridan did at Cedar Creek. His soldiers were not strongly attached to him, but they had confidence in his generalship, and they admired him for his coolness and courage.

As I have said, he did not accomplish enough, nor exhibit all the qualities which were required to entitle him to a place by the side of the great captains of the world. What his rank is to be hereafter among the distinguished generals of his own country, cannot be safely predicted. It certainly will be among the highest. His name may not be second to any in the long line of American soldiers; but that it will be regarded by impartial historians as entitled to the pre-eminence that is now so generally accorded to it, is at least doubtful. He gained nothing in reputation after he became lieutenant general. Sherman expressed the opinion that if General C. F. Smith had lived, Grant might not have been heard of after Donelson. He would not have been wide of the

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mark if he had said that but for Donelson and Vicksburg Grant would not have been known in history. But Smith did not live to throw Grant into the background, and Donelson and Vicksburg are fixed facts in the annals of the war.

Naturally, some of my most interesting recollections are connected with two Presidents with whom I was intimately associated as Secretary of the Treasury. No public man in the United States has been so imperfectly understood as Andrew Johnson. None has been so difficult to understand. He had few personal friends; in no one did he entirely confide. He had many faults, but he abounded also in admirable qualities. His love of the Union was a passion intensified by the dangers to which it had been exposed and by his labors in its defence. It was his devotion to the Union which compelled him to oppose the reconstruction acts of Congress, which he thought would greatly retard, if they did not prevent, its perfect restoration. I differed from him upon some subjects, but I never had reason to doubt his patriotism or his personal or official integrity.

I was not present when Mr. Johnson took the oath of Vice-President, in the Senate Chamber, but the reports of his speech on that occasion amazed me. It was so different from what had been expected of him—so incoherent, so rambling, that those who listened to it thought that he was intoxicated. "It was not," said a Senator to me the next morning, "the speech of Andrew Johnson, but the speech of a drunken man," and such it undoubtedly was. He had been ill for some days before he left home, and on his way to Washington had taken brandy as an astringent. On the day of his inauguration as Vice-President he was really ill, and was so unwise as to resort to a stimulant before he went to the Senate Chamber.

Meeting Mr. Lincoln a day or two after, I said to him that the country, in view of the Vice-President's appearance on the 4th, had a deeper stake than ever in his life. He hesitated for a moment, and then remarked, with unusual seriousness, "I have known Andy Johnson for many years; he made a bad slip the other day, but you need not be scared; Andy ain't a drunkard."

For nearly four years I had daily intercourse with him, frequently at night, and I never saw him under the influence of liquor. I have no hesitation in saying that whatever may have been his faults intemperance was not among them. There was a marked difference between his carefully prepared papers and his off-hand speeches. The former were well written and dignified; the latter were inconsiderate, retaliatory, and in a style which could be tolerated only in the heat of a political campaign. Hence the opinion that they were made when he was under the influence of liquor.

Mr. Johnson was a man of unblemished personal integrity. He was an honest man, and his administration was an honest and clean administration. In this respect it will bear comparison with any that have preceded or have followed. In appointments money was not potent. Offices were not merchandise. The President never permitted himself to be placed under personal obligations to anyone. He received no presents. The horses and carriages which were sent to him soon after he became President were promptly returned. When he was so unwise as to suppose that there might be a third party, of which he was to be the head, he did, under the advice of injudicious friends, make some official changes to accomplish this object, but there were fewer changes than are usually made, even when an administration follows one of the same party. There were more officers connected with the Treasury Department than with any other, and it is due to Mr. Johnson that I should say that his desire seemed always to be that it should be fairly and honestly administered, and, except for a very brief period, independently of political considerations. In no instance did he interfere with its management. In his bitter contest with Congress, although most of the employés of the department were politically opposed to him and his reconstruction policy, he never even suggested that changes should be made for that reason. If he did not

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declare that public offices were public trusts, his actions proved that he so regarded them. In some matters I doubted the correctness of his judgment, but I never doubted his devotion to what he considered his duty to his country, and the whole country. He was a laborious, painstaking man. For him fashionable watering-places had no attractions. Neither by him nor by any member of his Cabinet was recuperation sought at the seaside or in the mountains. His administration had little popular and no distinctive party support, but, judged by its merits, as sooner or later it will be, it casts no discredit upon the national honor.

In his administration of the Government Mr. Johnson labored under great disadvantages. He had been a Democrat, but his connection with the Democratic Party was severed when he became the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency. He was disowned by the Republicans when he antagonized the reconstruction measures of Congress. For a good part of his term he was President without a party. The Democratic senators in a body stood by him in his impeachment trial, though they did not do so from personal regard, but because the trial was political, and because they approved of his reconstruction policy, which was in harmony with the Democratic doctrine in regard to the constitutional rights of the States; but they never gave to him or to his administration cordial support. By the Republican press, and by some members of Congress, he was denounced as a traitor, not only to his party, but to the country. His services during the war, in recognition of which he had been nominated for the Vice-Presidency; the bravery which he had displayed in his contests with the secessionists of Tennessee; the terrible trials to which his family were subjected by his fidelity to the Union, were all ignored, buried, forgotten. He was accused not only of political offences, but of personal misconduct of which there was not the slightest proof. Unfortunately for himself (such was his temperament), he could not restrain his disposition to repel by intemperate speeches the attacks that were made upon him. He seemed to forget what was due to his station, to be unmindful that he had been lifted out of the political arena in which he had been so long a combatant. Silence in his case would have been wisdom; defence by retaliatory speeches was a blunder. He ought to have felt that his true defence existed in his public career and his official record, and that, sustained by them, the assaults of his enemies would be harmless.

No matter how unpopular or severely criticised a man occupying a high position may have been while in active life, there is usually a disposition, even on the part of those who were the most hostile to him, to be generous to his memory. This disposition has not been manifested in Mr. Johnson's case. It is not often that kindly mention is made of him upon the platform or in the press. Among those who have filled high places with ability or rendered distinguished services to their country his name is rarely classed; and yet when the history of the great events with which he was connected has been faithfully written, there will appear few names entitled to greater honor and respect than that of Andrew Johnson. His faults were patent: he was incapable of disguise. He was a combatant by temperament. If he did not court controversy, he enjoyed it. He rarely tried to accomplish his ends by policy; when he did, he subjected himself to the charge of demagogism. In tact he was utterly deficient, and he ran against snags which he might easily have avoided. Naturally distrustful, he gave his confidence reluctantly—never without reserve; he had, therefore, few constant friends. These peculiarities and defects in his character were manifest, and they were severe drawbacks upon his usefulness in public life. On the other hand, he never cherished animosity after a contest was over. He never failed in generosity toward a defeated foe. He was brave, honest, truthful. He never shrank from danger, disregarded an engagement, or was unfaithful to his pledges. His devotion to the Union was a passion. There was no sacrifice that he was not willing to make, no peril that he was not willing to encounter in its defence. It was not

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mere emotion that prompted the direction that the flag of his country—the stripes and stars—should be his winding-sheet, but it was the expression of his devotion to the principles which it represented. He was a kind and helpful neighbor, a tender and indulgent father. He was proud of his daughters, and he had reason to be, for they were devoted to him ; and more sensible, unpretending women never occupied the Executive Mansion. In intellectual force he had few superiors. He had, as has been stated, no educational advantages, but he made such use of opportunities that he never failed to fill with credit the various places which he held in his way up to the highest position in the Government.

Of Mr. Johnson's patriotism there ought not to have been a question, for he had given the highest evidence of it. He believed that the Southern States which attempted to secede were never out of the Union, and that when they had laid down their arms, submitted to the authority of the Government, and given honest pledges of future loyalty, they should at once have been permitted to resume their places. In this he may have been wrong, but he was backed by what was understood to be Mr. Lincoln's opinion, and by a respectable minority of the people of the North. There was no indication of a want of patriotism in this, nor was there in any of his utterances or acts. No member of his Cabinet ever heard from him an expression which savored of unfaithfulness to the Constitution. Mr. Dennison, Mr. Harlan, and Mr. Speed resigned their places not because they distrusted him, but because they could not stand by him in his contest with Congress. Their successors and the rest of the members, including Mr. Evarts, who had been one of his counsel in the impeachment trial, and who became his Attorney-General, never had the slightest reason to doubt his personal or his political integrity, or his unselfish patriotism.

I had no desire to enter again into public life, even for a short period, but I was nevertheless gratified when President Arthur came out to my house in the country—a short distance from Washington—one afternoon in October 1884, to inform me that Mr. Gresham had resigned the office of Secretary of the Treasury to become a Circuit Judge of the United States, and to request me to take his place and help him close up his administration. I was still more gratified by the favorable manner my appointment was spoken of by the press, as it seemed like an endorsement of my management of the Treasury from 1865 to 1869.

The highest pleasure that I had during the short period that I held the office of Secretary for the second time was in the intimate acquaintance which I formed with President Arthur. I had known him as Collector of Customs in New York, and as a sagacious politician, but I was not prepared for the ability and tact which he exhibited when he became President of the United States. That high office is a very difficult one to fill by men who have been elected to it ; it is much more difficult for one to fill who succeeds to it by being Vice-President. It was with great diffidence that he entered upon the discharge of his high duties ; but his self-distrust begot carefulness, and he was content to administer the government as he found it. Day by day his hold upon the situation became firmer, and in a few weeks he was master of it. His position was a trying one, not only for the reasons that have been named, but by the fact that he had been a very active politician in New York, and had used men for political purposes who expected to be rewarded for them by the patronage which was at his disposal. The claims of all such men were disregarded. They became very pressing, as I had good reason for knowing, toward the close of his administration, but Mr. Arthur paid none of his political debts in New York at the expense of the Federal Treasury or to the detriment of the public service. I did not know which most to admire, his firmness in resisting their importunities or his tact in retaining their good-will, notwithstanding his refusal to comply with their urgent requests.

Mr. Arthur during his administration attempted no feats of diplomacy. His recommendations to Congress had been

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carefully considered, and they were presented in a manner that compelled the respect of Congress, although few of them were favorably acted upon. His administration throughout was characterized by a high order of ability and by devotion to the public welfare. If any one of our Presidents merited a second term, he did. Had he been nominated he would doubtless have been elected, as the opposition to him would have been less savage than it was against Mr. Blaine. He might have lost some votes that were given to Mr. Blaine, but he would have secured a great many that went to Mr. Cleveland.

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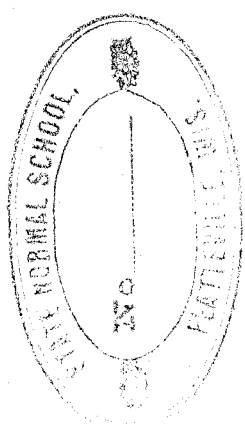
## A SUMMER EVENING.

*By James Herbert Morse.*

How softly the evening rose,
And the herald moon
Led up the wondering stars,
And the wind, with its faint last bars,
Sang out the twilight, then crept
To the west, and slept!
So the moon went down,
And all in the wilderness
On tiptoe stept—
The fox and the wolf and the bear.

But the Northern Crown,
With the unnamed beauties that press
In the starry train,
Arose, and, silent and still,
As the moon went down,
Wide-eyed, and more and more,
Swam out of the under Main,
Swarmed up on the silver shore,
And stood on the heavenly hill.

In the wilderness the same,
Two centuries back,
The twilight came,
The new moon sank,
And rank on rank,
By the Milky Way and the Zodiac,
The evening beauties climbed the same,
And swarmed upon the heavenly hill,
And stood by the Northern Crown,
To see the moon go down.
They twinkled and shone
On lovers the same,
When the moon was gone
And the sweet cedar flame
Of the Sagamore's fire
Flashed out through the juniper shade,
To shimmer and shine in the dusky hair
Of the Indian maid.

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# RAILWAY PASSENGER TRAVEL.

*By Horace Porter.*

FROM the time when Puck was supposed to utter his boast to put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes to the time when Jules Verne's itinerant hero accomplished the task in twice that number of days, the restless ingenuity and energy of man have been unceasingly taxed to increase the speed, comfort, and safety of passenger travel. The first railway on which passengers were carried was the "Stockton and Darlington," of England, the distance being 12 miles. It was opened September 27, 1825, with a freight train, or, as it is called in England, a "goods" train, but which also carried a number of excursionists. An engine which was the result of many years of labor and experiment on the part of George Stephenson was used on this train. Stephenson mounted it and acted as driver; his bump of caution was evidently largely developed, for, to guard against accidents from the recklessness of the speed, he arranged to have a signalman on horseback ride in advance of the engine to warn the luckless trespasser of the fate which awaited him if he should get in the way of a train moving with such a startling velocity. The next month, October, it was decided that it would be worth while to attempt the carrying of passengers, and a daily "coach," modelled after the stage-coach and called the "Experiment," was put on, Monday, October 10th, 1825, which carried six passengers inside and from fifteen to twenty outside. The engine with this light load made the trip in about two hours. The fare from Stockton to Darlington was one shilling, and each passenger was allowed fourteen pounds of baggage. The limited amount of baggage will appear to the ladies of the present day as niggardly in the extreme, but they must recollect that the band-box was then the popular form of portmanteau for women, the Saratoga trunk had not been invented, and the muscular baggage-smasher of modern times had not yet set out upon his career of destruction.

The advertisement which was published in the newspapers of the day is here given, and is of peculiar interest as announcing the first successful attempt to carry passengers by rail.

**Stockton & Darlington**
**Railway.**
***The Company's***
**COACH**
CALLED THE
**EXPERIMENT.**

The Liverpool and Manchester road was opened in 1829. The first train was hauled by an improved engine called the "Rocket," which attained a speed of 25 miles an hour, and some records put it as high as 35 miles. This speed naturally attracted marked attention in the mechanical world, and first demonstrated the superior advantages of railways for passenger travel. Only four years before, so eminent a writer upon railways as Wood had said: "Nothing can do more harm to the adoption of railways than the promulgation of such nonsense as that we shall see locomotives travelling at the rate of 12 miles an hour."

America was quick to adopt the railway system which had had its origin in England. In 1827 a crude railway was opened between Quincy and Boston, but it was only for the purpose of transporting granite for the Bunker Hill Monument. It was not until August, 1829, that a locomotive engine was used upon an American railroad suitable for carry-

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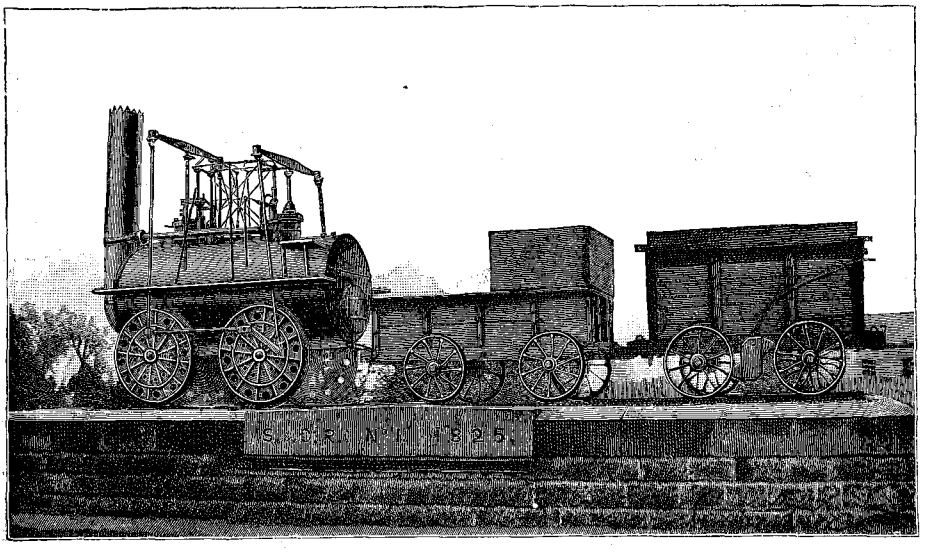

Stockton and Darlington Engine and Cars.

ing passengers. This road was constructed by the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, and the experiment was made near Honesdale, Pennsylvania. The engine was imported from England and called the "Stourbridge Lion."

In May, 1830, the first division of the Baltimore and Ohio road was opened. It extended from Baltimore to Ellicott's Mills, a distance of 15 miles. There being a scarcity of cars, the regular passenger business did not begin till the 5th of July following, and then only horse-power was employed, which continued to be used till the road was finished to Frederick, in 1832. The term Relay House, the name of a well-known station, originated in the fact that the horses were changed at that place.

The following notice, which appeared in the Baltimore newspapers, was the first time-table for passenger railway trains published in this country.

RAILROAD NOTICE.

A sufficient number of cars being now provided for the accommodation of passengers, notice is hereby given that the following arrangements for the arrival and departure of carriages have been adopted, and will take effect on and after Monday morning next the 5th instant viz.;

A brigade of cars will leave the depot on Pratt St. at 6 and 10 o'clock A. M. and at 3 to 4 o'clock P. M., and will leave the depot at Ellicott's Mills at 6 and 8½ o'clock A. M., and at 12½ and 6 P. M.

Way passengers will provide themselves with tickets at the office of the Company in Baltimore, or at the depots at Pratt St. and Ellicott's Mills, or at the Relay House, near Elk Ridge Landing.

The evening way car for Ellicott's Mills will continue to leave the depot, Pratt St., at 6 o'clock P. M. as usual.

N. B. Positive orders have been issued to the drivers to receive no passengers into any of the cars without tickets.

P. S. Parties desiring to engage a car for the day can be accommodated after July 5th.

It will be seen that the word train was not used, but instead the schedule spoke of a "brigade of cars."

The South Carolina Railroad was begun about the same time as the Baltimore and Ohio, and ran from Charleston to Hamburg, opposite Savannah. When the first division had been constructed, it was opened November 2d, 1830.

Peter Cooper, of New York, had before this constructed a locomotive and made a trial trip with it on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, on the 28th of August, 1830, but not meeting the requirements of the company, it was not put into service. This trip incidentally brought out a demonstration of the Marylander's belief in the advantages of horse-flesh over all other means of locomotion, and to prove the superiority of this favorite animal, a gray roadster



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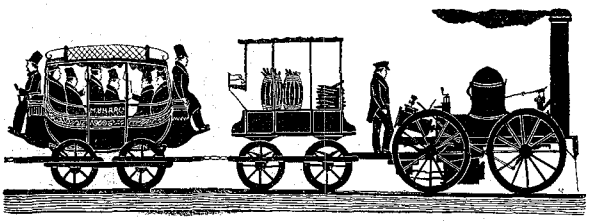
was brought out and entered for a contest of speed with the boasted steam-power, and it is asserted that he beat the locomotive in a break-neck race which became as famous at the time as the ride of the renowned John Gilpin.



Mohawk and Hudson Train.

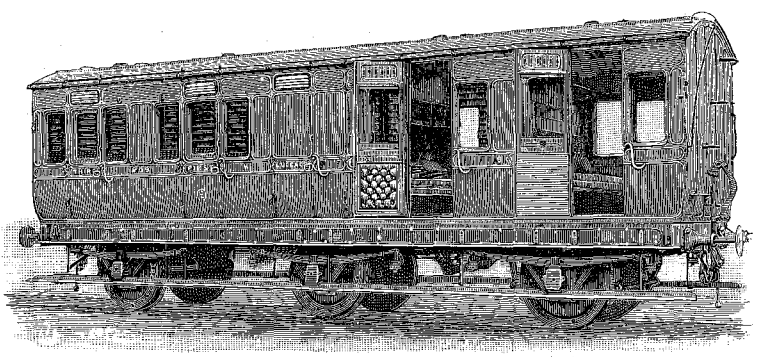
A passenger train of the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad which was put on in October, 1831, between Albany and Schenectady, attracted much attention. It was hauled by an English engine named the "John Bull," and driven by an English engineer named John Hampson. This is generally regarded as the first fully equipped passenger train hauled by a steam-power engine which ran in regular service in America. During 1832 it carried an average of 387 passengers daily. The accompanying engraving is from a sketch made at the time.

It was said by an advocate of mechanical evolution that the modern steam fire-engine was evolved from the ancient leathern fire-bucket; it might be said with greater truth that the modern railway car has been evolved from the old-fashioned English stage-coach.

England still retains the railway carriage divided into compartments that bear a close resemblance inside and outside to stage-coach bodies with the middle seat omitted. In fact the nomenclature of the stage-coach is in large measure still preserved in England. The engineer is called the driver, the conductor the guard, the ticket office is the booking office, the cars are the carriages, and a rustic traveller may still be heard occasionally to object to sitting with his back to the horses. The earlier locomotives, like horses, were given proper names, such as Lion, North Star, Fiery, and Rocket; the compartments in the round-houses for sheltering locomotives are termed the stalls, and the keeper of the round-house is called the hostler. The last two are the only items of equine classification which the American railway system has permanently adopted.

America, at an early day, departed not only from the nomenclature of the turnpike, but from the stage-coach architecture, and adopted a long car in one compartment and containing a middle aisle which admitted of communication throughout the train. The car was carried on two trucks, or bogies, and was well adapted to the sharp curvature which prevailed upon our railways.

The first five years of experience showed marked progress in the practical operation of railway trains, but even after locomotives had demonstrated their capabilities and each improved engine had shown an encouraging increase in velocity, the wildest flights of fancy never pictured the speed attained in later years.



English Railway Carriage, Midland Road. First and Third Class and Luggage Compartments.

When the roads forming the line between Philadelphia and Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, were chartered in 1835,

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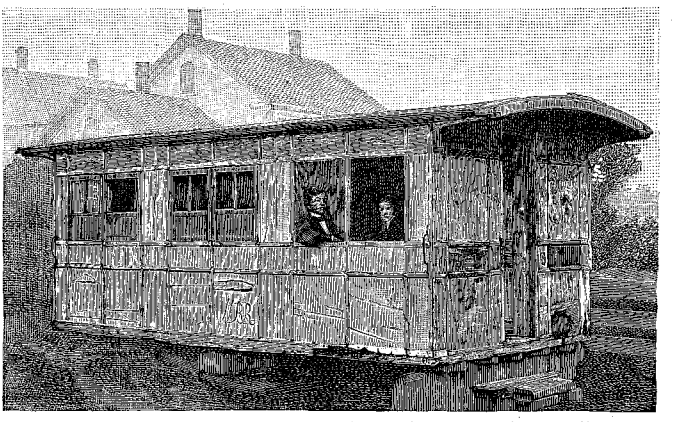
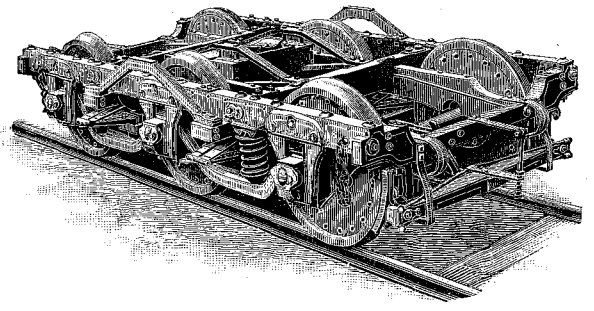
and town meetings were held to discuss their practicability, the Honorable Simon Cameron, while making a speech in advocacy of the measure, was so far carried away by his enthusiasm as to make the rash prediction that there were persons within the sound of his voice who would live to see a passenger take his breakfast in Harrisburg and his supper in Philadelphia on the same day. A friend of his on the platform said to him after he had finished, "That's all very well, Simon, to tell to the boys, but you and I are no such infernal fools as to believe it." They have both lived to travel the distance in a little over two hours.



One of the Earliest Passenger Cars Built in this Country; used on the Western Railroad of Massachusetts (now the Boston & Albany).

The people were far from being unanimous in their advocacy of the railway system, and charters were not obtained without severe struggles. The topic was the universal subject of discussion in all popular assemblages. Colonel Blank, a well-known politician in Pennsylvania, had been loud in his opposition to the new means of transportation. When one of the first trains was running over the Harrisburg and Lancaster road, a famous Durham bull belonging to a Mr. Schultz became seized with the enterprising spirit of Don Quixote, put his head down and tail up, and made a desperate charge at the on-coming locomotive, but his steam-breathing opponent proved the better butter of the two and the bull was ignominiously defeated. At a public banquet held soon after in that part of the State, the toast-master proposed a toast to "Colonel Blank and Schultz's bull—both opposed to railroad trains." The joke was widely circulated and had much to do with completing the discomfiture of the opposition in the following elections.



Bogie Truck.

The railroad was a decided step in advance, compared with the stage-coach and canal-boat, but when we picture the surroundings of the traveller upon railways during the first ten or fifteen years of their existence, we find his journey was not one to be envied. He was jammed into a narrow seat with a stiff back, the deck of the car was low and flat, and ventilation in winter impossible. A stove at each end did little more than generate carbonic oxide. The passenger roasted if he sat at the end of the car, and froze if he sat in the middle. Tallow candles furnished a "dim religious light," but the accompanying odor did not savor of cathedral incense. The dust was suffocating in dry weather; there were no adequate spark-arresters on the engine, or screens at the windows, and the begrimed passenger at the end of his

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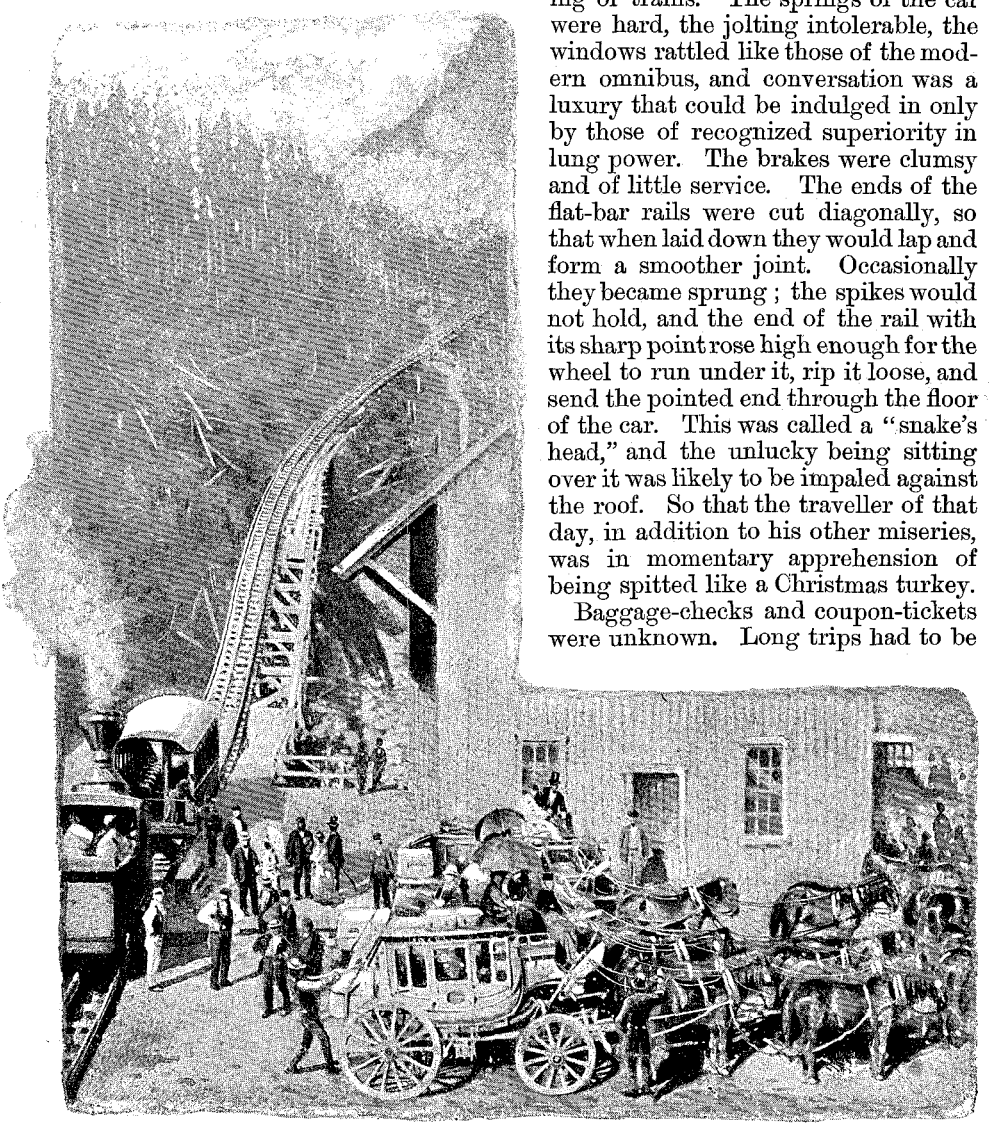
journey looked as if he had spent the day in a blacksmith shop. Recent experiments in obtaining a spectrum analysis of the component parts of a quantity of dust collected in a railway car show that minute particles of iron form a large proportion, and under the microscope present the appearance of a collection of tenpenny nails. As iron administered to the human system through the respiratory organs in the form of tenpenny nails mixed with other undesirable matter is not especially recommended by medical practitioners, the sanitary surroundings of the primitive railway car cannot be commended. There were no double tracks, and no telegraph to facilitate the safe despatching of trains. The springs of the car were hard, the jolting intolerable, the windows rattled like those of the modern omnibus, and conversation was a luxury that could be indulged in only by those of recognized superiority in lung power. The brakes were clumsy and of little service. The ends of the flat-bar rails were cut diagonally, so that when laid down they would lap and form a smoother joint. Occasionally they became sprung; the spikes would not hold, and the end of the rail with its sharp point rose high enough for the wheel to run under it, rip it loose, and send the pointed end through the floor of the car. This was called a "snake's head," and the unlucky being sitting over it was likely to be impaled against the roof. So that the traveller of that day, in addition to his other miseries, was in momentary apprehension of being spitted like a Christmas turkey.

Baggage-checks and coupon-tickets were unknown. Long trips had to be made over lines composed of a number of short independent railways; and at the terminus of each the bedevilled passenger had to transfer, purchase another ticket, personally pick out his baggage, perhaps on an uncovered platform in a



Rail and Coach Travel in the White Mountains.

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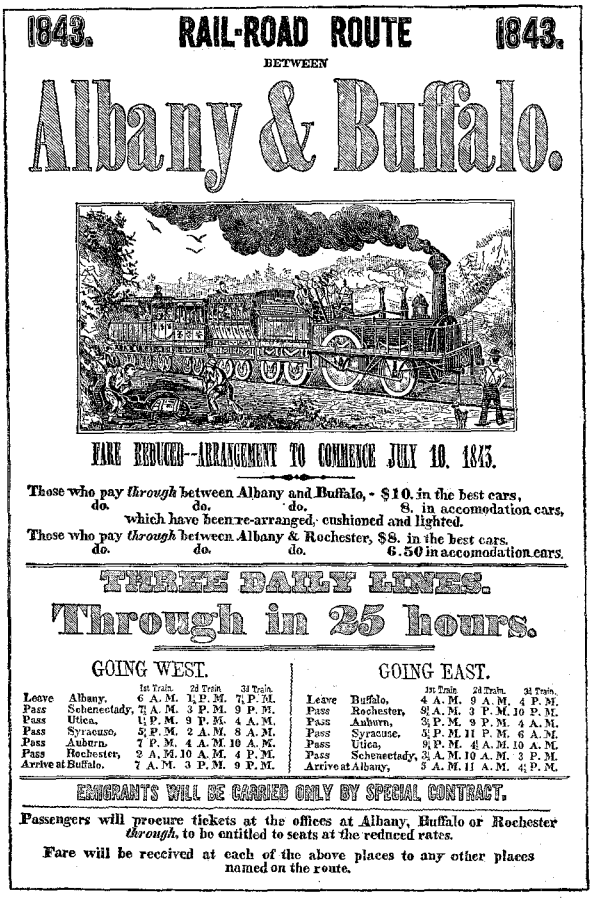
rain-storm, and take his chances of securing a seat in the train in which he was to continue his weary journey.

After the principal companies had sent agents to Europe to gather all the information possible regarding the progress made there, they soon began to aim at perfecting what may justly be called the American System of railways. The road-bed, or what in England is called the "permanent way," was constructed in such a manner as to conform to the requirements of the new country, and the equipment was adapted to the wants of the people. In no branch of industry has the inventive genius of the race been more skilfully or more successfully employed than in the effort to bring railway travel to its present state of perfection.



1843. RAIL-ROAD ROUTE 1843.

BETWEEN

Albany & Buffalo.

FARE REDUCED--ARRANGEMENT TO COMMENCE JULY 10, 1843.

Those who pay *through* between Albany and Buffalo, - $10. in the best cars,
do. do. do. 8. in accomodation cars,
which have been re-arranged, cushioned and lighted.
Those who pay *through* between Albany & Rochester, $8. in the best cars.
do. do. do. 6.50 in accomodation cars.

THREE DAILY LINES.

Through in 25 hours.

GOING WEST.

| | | 1st Train. | 2d Train. | 3d Train. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Leave | Albany, | 6 A. M. | 1, P. M. | 7, P. M. |
| Pass | Schenectady, | 7, A. M. | 3 P. M. | 9 P. M. |
| Pass | Utica, | 1, P. M. | 9 P. M. | 4 A. M. |
| Pass | Syracuse, | 5, P. M. | 2 A. M. | 8 A. M. |
| Pass | Auburn, | 7 P. M. | 4 A. M. | 10 A. M. |
| Pass | Rochester, | 2 A. M. | 10 A. M. | 4 P. M. |
| Arrive at Buffalo. | | 7 A. M. | 3 P. M. | 9 P. M. |

GOING EAST.

| | | 1st Train. | 2d Train. | 3d Train. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Leave | Buffalo, | 4 A. M. | 9 A. M. | 4 P. M. |
| Pass | Rochester, | 9, A. M. | 3 P. M. | 10 P. M. |
| Pass | Auburn, | 3, P. M. | 9 P. M. | 4 A. M. |
| Pass | Syracuse, | 5, P. M. | 11 P. M. | 6 A. M. |
| Pass | Utica, | 8, P. M. | 4, A. M. | 10 A. M. |
| Pass | Schenectady, | 3, A. M. | 10 A. M. | 3 P. M. |
| Arrive at Albany, | | 5 A. M. | 11 A. M. | 4, P. M. |

EMIGRANTS WILL BE CARRIED ONLY BY SPECIAL CONTRACT.

Passengers will procure tickets at the offices at Albany, Buffalo or Rochester *through*, to be entitled to seats at the reduced rates.

Fare will be received at each of the above places to any other places named on the route.

From an Old Time-table (furnished by the "A B C Pathfinder Railway Guide.")

Every year has shown progress in perfecting the comforts and safety of the railway car. In 1849 the Hodge hand-brake was introduced, and in 1851 the Stevens brake. These enabled the cars to be controlled in a manner which added much to the economy and safety of handling the trains. In 1869 George Westinghouse patented his air-brake, by which power from the engine was transmitted by compressed air carried through hose and acting upon the brakes of each car in the train. It was under the control of the engineer, and its action was so prompt and its power so effectual that a train could be stopped in an incredibly short time, and the brakes released in an instant. In 1871 the vacuum-brake was devised, by means of which the power was applied to the brakes by exhausting the air.

A difficulty under which railways suffered for many years was the method of coupling cars. The ordinary means consisted of coupling-pins inserted into links attached to the cars. There was a great deal of "slack," the jerking of the train in consequence was very objectionable, and the distance between the platforms of the cars made the crossing of them dangerous. In collisions one platform was likely to rise above that of the adjoining car, and "telescoping" was not an uncommon occurrence.

The means of warning passengers against standing on the platforms were characteristic of the dangers which threatened, and were often ingenious in the devices for attracting attention. On a New Jersey road there was painted on the car door a picture of a new-made grave, with a formidable tombstone, on which was an inscription announcing to a terrified public that it was "Sacred to the memory of the man who had stood on a platform."



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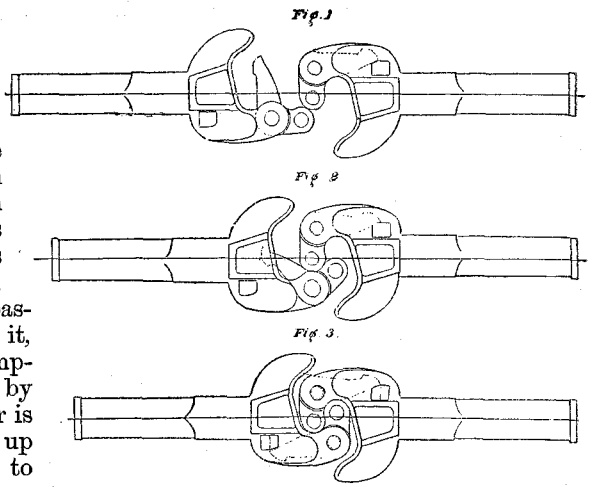
The Miller coupler and buffer was patented in 1863, and obviated many of the discomforts and dangers arising from the old methods of coupling. This was followed by the Janney coupler and a number of other devices, the essential principle of all being an automatic arrangement by which the two knuckles of the coupler when thrust together become securely locked, and a system of springs which keep the buffers in close contact and prevent jerking and jarring when the train is in motion.

The introduction of the bell-cord running through the train and enabling passengers to communicate promptly by means of it with the engineer, and signal him in case of danger, constitutes another source of safety, but is still a wonder to Europeans, who cannot understand why passengers do not tamper with it, and how they can resist the temptation to give false signals by means of it. The only answer is that our people are educated up to it, and being accustomed to govern themselves, they do not require any restraint to make them respect so useful a device. Aside from the inconveniences which used to arise occasionally from a rustic mistaking the bell-cord for a clothes rack, and hanging his overcoat over it, or from an old gentleman grabbing hold of it to help him climb into an upper berth in a sleeping-car, it has been singularly exempt from efforts to prostitute it to unintended uses.

The application of the magnetic telegraph to railways wrought the first great revolution in despatching trains, and introduced an element of promptness and safety in their operation of which the most sanguine of railroad advocates had never dreamed. The application of electricity was gradually availed of in many ingenious signal devices for both day and night service, to direct the locomotive engineer in running his train, and interpose precautions against accidents. Fusees have also been called into requisition, which burn with a bright flame a given length of time; and when a train is behind time and followed by another, by igniting one of these lights, and leaving it on the track, the train following can tell by noting the time of burning about how near it is to the preceding train. Torpedoes left upon the track, which explode when passed over by the wheels of a following train and warn it of its proximity to a train ahead, are also used.

In the early days more accidents arose from switches than from any other cause; but improvement in their construction has progressed until it would seem that the dangers have been effectually overcome. The split-rail switch prevents a train from being thrown off the track in case the switch is left open, and the result is that in such an event the train is only turned on to another track. The Wharton switch, which leaves the main line unbroken, marks another step in the march of improvement. Amongst other devices is a complete interlocking switch system, by means of which one man standing in a switch-tower, overlooking a large yard with numerous tracks, over which trains arrive and depart every few minutes, can, by moving a system of levers, open any required track and by the same motion block all the others, and prevent the possibility of collisions or other accidents resulting from trains entering upon the wrong track.



Janney Car Coupler, showing the process of coupling.

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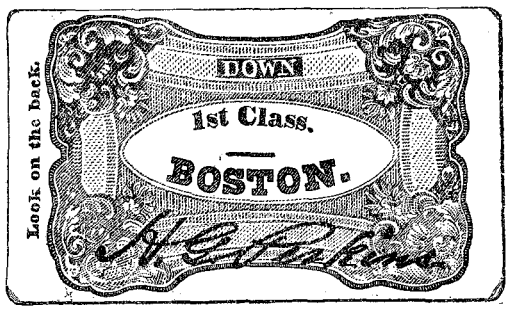
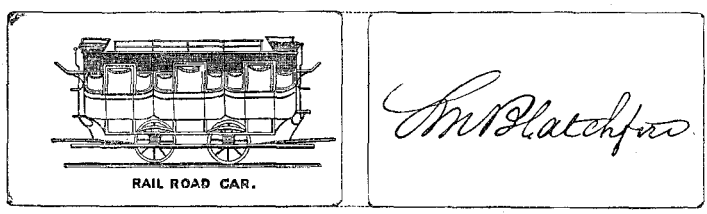
The steamboats on our large rivers had been making great progress in the comforts afforded to passengers. They were providing berths to sleep in, serving meals in spacious cabins, and giving musical entertainments and dancing parties on board. The railroads soon began to learn a lesson from them in adding to the comforts of the travelling public.




Old Boston & Worcester Railway Ticket (about 1837)

The first attempt to furnish the railway passenger a place to sleep while on his journey was made upon the Cumberland Valley Railroad of Pennsylvania, between Harrisburg and Chambersburg. In the winter season the east-bound passengers arrived at Chambersburg late at night by stage-coach, and as they were exhausted by a fatiguing trip over the mountains and many wished to continue their journey to Harrisburg to catch the morning train for Philadelphia, it became very desirable to furnish sleeping accommodations aboard the cars. The officers of this road fitted up a passenger-car with a number of berths, and put it into service as a sleeping-car in the winter of 1836–37. It was exceedingly crude and primitive in construction. It was divided by transverse partitions into four sections, and each contained three berths—a lower, middle, and upper berth. This car was used until 1848 and then abandoned.




Obverse and Reverse of a Ticket Used in 1838, on the New York & Harlem R.R.

About this time there were also experiments made in fitting up cars with berths something like those in a steamboat cabin, but these crude attempts did not prove attractive to travellers. There were no bedclothes furnished, and only a coarse mattress and pillow were supplied, and with the poor ventilation and the rattling and jolting of the car there was not much comfort afforded, except a means of resting in a position which was somewhat more endurable than a sitting posture.

Previous to the year 1858 a few of the leading railways had put on sleeping-cars which made some pretensions to meet a growing want of the travelling public, but they were still crude, uncomfortable, and unsatisfactory in their arrangements and appointments.

In the year 1858 George M. Pullman entered a train of the Lake Shore Railroad at Buffalo, to make a trip to Chicago. It happened that a new sleeping-car which had been built for the railroad company was attached to this train and was making its first trip. Mr. Pullman stepped in to take a look at it, and finally decided to test this new form of luxury by passing the night in one of its berths. He was tossed about in a manner not very conducive to the "folding of the hands to sleep," and he turned out before daylight and took refuge upon a seat in the end of the car. He now began to ponder upon the subject, and before the journey ended he had conceived the notion that, in a country of magnificent distances like this, a great boon could be offered to travellers by the construction of cars easily convertible into comfortable and convenient day or night coaches, and supplied with such appointments as would give the occupants practically the same comforts as were afforded

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by the steamboats. He began experiments in this direction soon after his arrival in Chicago, and in 1859 altered some day-cars on the Chicago & Alton Railroad and converted them into sleeping-cars, which were a marked step in advance of similar cars previously constructed. They were successful in meeting the wants of passengers at that time, but Mr. Pullman did not consider them in any other light than experiments. One night, after they had made a few trips on the line between Chicago and St. Louis, a tall, angular-looking man entered one of the cars while Mr. Pullman was aboard, and after asking a great many intelligent questions about the inventions, finally said he thought he would try what the thing was like and stowed himself away in an upper berth. This proved to be Abraham Lincoln.

In 1864 Mr. Pullman perfected his plans for a car which was to be a marked and radical departure from any one ever before attempted, and that year invested his capital in the construction of what may be called the father of the Pullman cars. He built it in a shed in the yard of the Chicago & Alton Railroad at a cost of $18,000, named it the "Pioneer," and designated it by the letter "A." It did not then occur to anyone that there would ever be enough sleeping cars introduced to exhaust the whole twenty-six letters of the alphabet. The sum expended upon it was naturally looked upon as fabulous at a time when such sleeping-cars as were used could be built for about $4,500. The constructor of the "Pioneer" aimed to produce a car which would prove acceptable in every respect to the travelling public. It had improved trucks and a raised deck, and was built a foot wider and two and a half feet higher than any car then in service. He deemed this necessary for the purpose of introducing a hinged upper berth, which, when fastened up, formed a recess behind it for stowing the necessary bedding in daytime. Before that the mattresses had been piled in one end of the car, and had to be dragged through the aisle when wanted. It was known to him that the dimensions of the bridges and station platforms would not admit of its passing over the line, but he was singularly confident in the belief that an attractive car, constructed upon correct principles, would find its way into service against all obstacles. It so happened that soon after the car was finished, in the spring of 1865, the body of President Lincoln arrived at Chicago, and the "Pioneer" was wanted for the funeral train which was to take it to Springfield. To enable the car to pass over the road, the station platforms and other obstructions were reduced in size, and thereafter the line was in a condition to put the car into service. A few months afterward General Grant was making a trip west to visit his home in Galena, Ill., and as the railway companies were anxious to take him from Detroit to his destination in the car which had now become quite celebrated, the station platforms along the line were widened for the purpose, and thus another route was opened to its passage.

The car was now put into regular service on the Alton road. Its popularity fully realized the anticipations of its owner, and its size became the standard for the future Pullman cars as to height and width, though they have since been increased in length.

The railroad company entered into an agreement to have this car, and a number of others which were immediately built, operated upon its lines. They were marvels of beauty, and their construction embraced patents of such ingenuity and originality that they attracted marked attention in the railroad world and created a new departure in the method of travel.

In 1867 Mr. Pullman formed the Pullman Car Company and devoted it to carrying out an idea which he had conceived, of organizing a system by which passengers could be carried in luxurious cars of uniform pattern, adequate to the wants of both night and day travel, which would run through without change between far distant points and over a number of distinct lines of railway, in charge of responsible through agents, to whom ladies, children, and invalids could be safely intrusted. This system was especially adapted to a country of such geographical extent as America. It supplied an important want, and the travelling public and the railways were prompt to avail themselves of its advantages.

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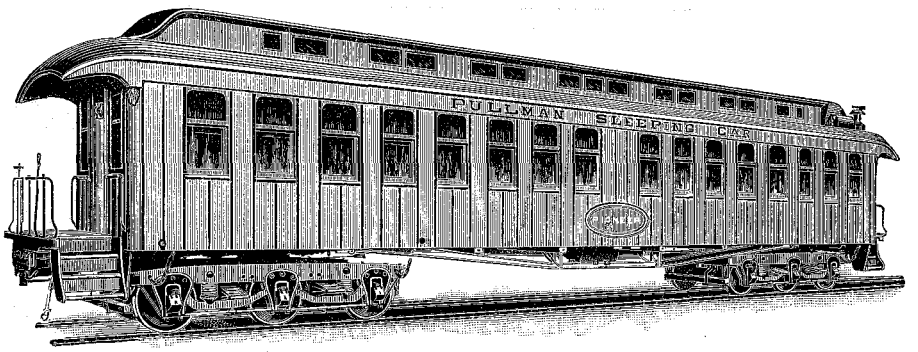
Parlor or drawing-room cars were next introduced for day runs, which added greatly to the luxury of travel, enabling passengers to secure seats in advance, and enjoy many comforts which were not found in ordinary cars. Sleeping and parlor cars were soon recognized as an essential part of a railway's equipment and became known as "palace cars."




The "Pioneer." First Pullman Sleeping-car.

The Wagner Car Company was organized in the State of New York, and was early in the field in furnishing this class of vehicles. It has supplied all the cars of this kind used upon the Vanderbilt system of railways and a number of its connecting roads. Several smaller palace-car companies have also engaged in the business at different times. A few roads have operated their own cars of this class, but the business is generally regarded as a specialty, and the railway companies recognize the advantages and conveniences resulting from the ability of a large car company to meet the irregularities of travel which require a large equipment at one season and a small one at another, to furnish an additional supply of cars for a sudden demand, and to perform satisfactorily the business of operating through cars in lines composed of many different railways.

Next came a demand for cars in which meals could be served. Why, it was said, should a train stop at a station for meals any more than a steamboat should tie up to a wharf for the same purpose? The Pullman Company now introduced the hotel car, which was practically a sleeping-car with a kitchen and pantries in one end and portable tables which could be placed between the seats of each section and upon which meals could be conveniently served. The first hotel car was named the "President," and was put into service on the Great Western Railway of Canada, in 1867, and soon after several popular lines were equipped with this new addition to the luxuries of travel. [P. 308.]



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After this came the dining-car, which was still another step beyond the hotel car. It was a complete restaurant, having a large kitchen and pantries in one end, with the main body of the car fitted up as a commodious dining-room, in which all the passengers in the train could enter and take their meals comfortably. The first dining-car was named the "Delmonico," and began running on the Chicago & Alton Railroad in the year 1868.

Pullman Parlor Car.

The comforts and conveniences of travel by rail on the main lines now seemed to have reached their culmination in America. The heavy T rails had replaced the various forms previously used; the improved fastenings, the reductions in curvature, and the greater care exercised in construction had made the trip delightfully smooth, while the improvements in rolling-stock had obviated the jerking, jolting, and oscillation of the cars. The road-beds had been properly ditched, drained, and ballasted with broken stone or gravel, the dust overcome, the sparks arrested, and cleanliness, that attribute which stands next to godliness, had at last been made possible, even on a railway train.

The heating of cars was not successfully accomplished till a method was devised for circulating hot water through pipes running near the floor. The suffering from that bane of the traveller—cold feet—was then obviated, and many a doctor's bill saved. The loss of human life from the destruction of trains by fires originating from stoves aroused such a feeling throughout the country that the legislatures of many States have passed laws, within the last two years,

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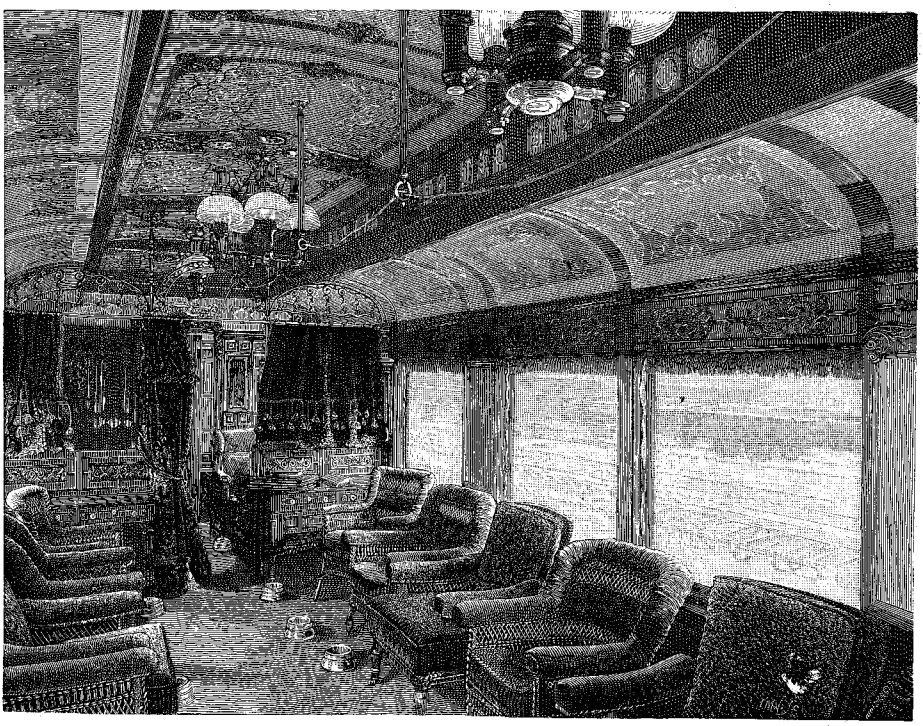
prohibiting the use of stoves, and the railway managers have been devising plans for heating the trains with steam furnished from the boiler of the locomotive. The inventive genius of the people was at once brought into requisition, and several ingenious devices are now in use which successfully accomplish the purpose in solid trains with the locomotive attached, but the problem of heating a detached car without some form of furnace connected with it is still unsolved.

But notwithstanding the high standard of excellence which had been reached in the construction and operation of passenger trains, there was one want not yet supplied, the importance of which did not become fully recognized and demanded until dining-cars were introduced, and men, women, and children had to pass across the platforms of several cars in order to reach the one in which the meals were served. An act which passengers had always been cautioned against, and forbidden to undertake—the crossing of platforms while the train is in motion—now became necessary, and was invited by the railway companies.

It was soon seen that a safe covered passageway between the cars must be provided, particularly for limited express trains. Crude attempts had been made in this direction at different times. As early as the years 1852 and 1855, patents were taken out for devices which provided for diaphragms of canvas to connect adjoining cars and form a passageway between them. These were applied to cars on the Naugatuck Railroad, in Connecticut, in 1857, but they were used mainly for purposes of ventilation, to provide for taking in air at the head of the train, so as to permit the car windows to be kept shut, to avoid the dust that entered through them when they were open. These appliances were very imperfect, did not seem to be of any practical advantage, even for the limited uses for which they were intended, and they were abandoned after a trial of about four years.



Wagner Parlor Car.

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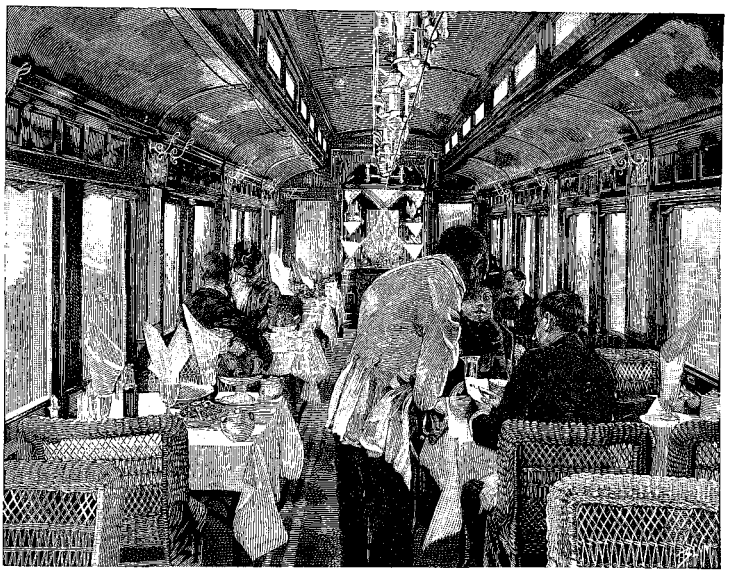

Dining-car. (Chicago, Burlington, & Quincy R. R.)

In the year 1886 Mr. Pullman went practically to work to devise a perfect system for constructing continuous trains, and at the same time to provide for sufficient flexibility in the connecting passageways to allow for the motion consequent upon the rounding of curves. His efforts resulted in what is now known as the "vestibuled" train.

This invention, which was patented in 1887, succeeded not only in supplying the means of constructing a perfectly enclosed vestibule of handsome architectural appearance between the cars, but it accomplished what is even still more important, the introduction of a safety appliance more valuable than any yet devised for the protection of human life in case of collisions. The elastic diaphragms which are attached to the ends of the cars have steel frames, the faces or bearing surfaces of which are pressed firmly against each other by powerful spiral springs, which create a friction upon the faces of the frames, hold them firmly in position, prevent the oscillation of the cars, and furnish a buffer extending from the platform to the roof which precludes the possibility of one platform "riding" the other and producing telescoping in case of collision. The first of the vestibuled trains went into service on the Pennsylvania Railroad in June, 1886, and they are rapidly being adopted by railway companies. The vestibuled limited trains contain several sleeping-

Immigrant Sleeping-car. (Canadian Pacific R. R.)

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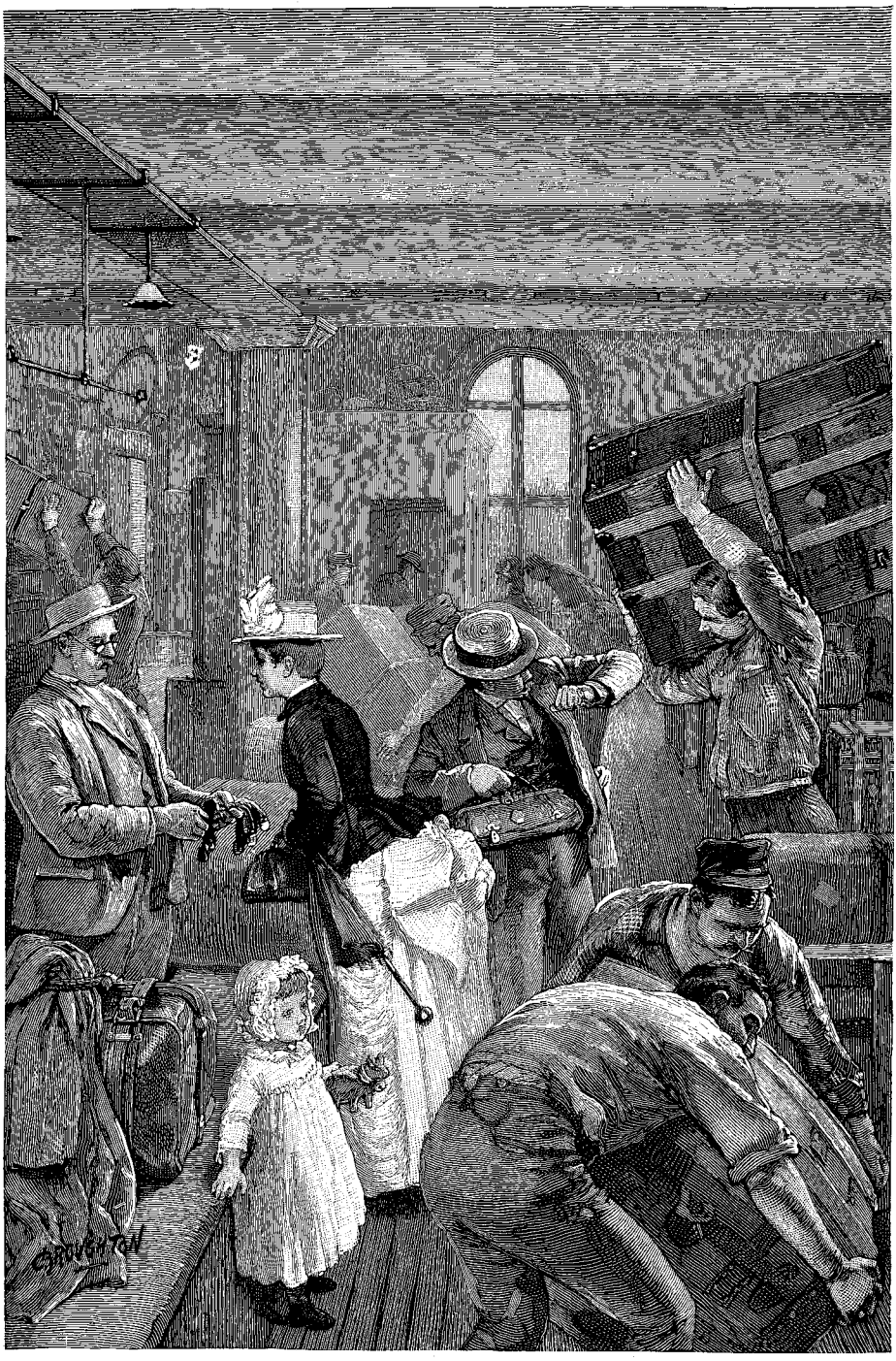

In a Baggage Room.

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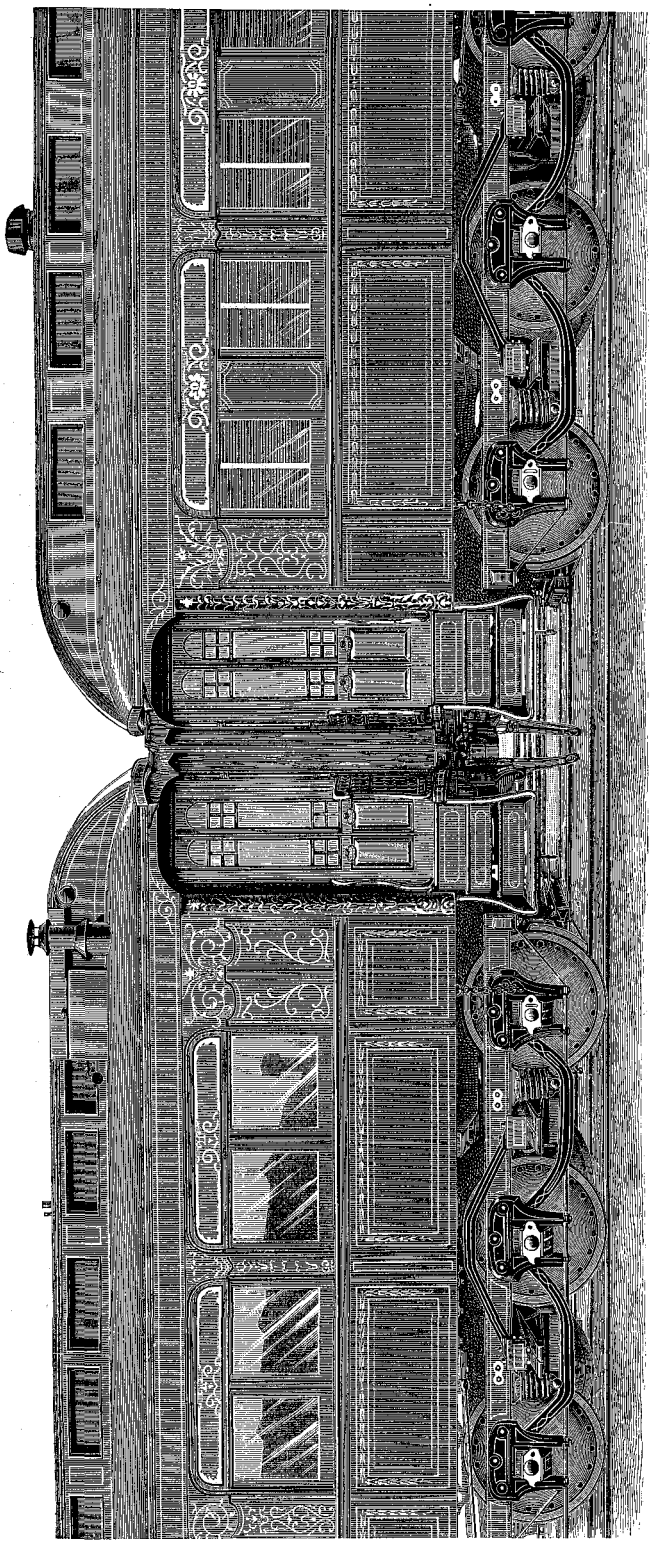

Pullman Vestibuled Cars.

cars, a dining-car, and a car fitted up with a smoking saloon, a library with books, desks and writing materials, a bath-room and a barber shop. With a free circulation of air throughout the train, the cars opening into each other, the electric light, the many other increased comforts and conveniences introduced, the steam-heating apparatus avoiding the necessity of using fires, the fast speed, and absence of stops at meal-stations, this train is the acme of safe and luxurious travel. An ordinary passenger travels in as princely a style in these cars as any crowned head in Europe in a royal special train.

The speed of passenger trains has shown steady improvement from year to year. In the month of June in our Centennial year, 1876, a train ran from New York to San Francisco, a distance of 3,317 miles, in 83 hours and 27 minutes actual time, thus averaging about 40 miles an hour, but during the trip it crossed four mountain summits, one of them over 8,000 feet high. This train ran from Jersey City to Pittsburg over the Pennsylvania Railroad, a distance of 444 miles, without

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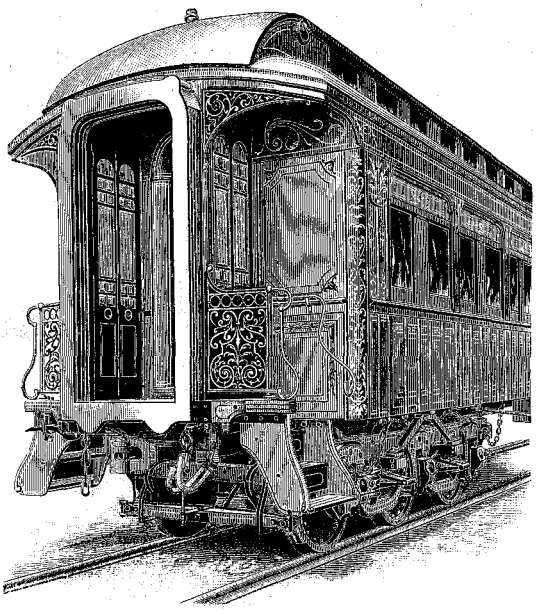
making a stop. In 1882 locomotives were introduced which made a speed of 70 miles per hour.

In July, 1885, an engine with a train of three cars made a trip over the West Shore road which is the most extraordinary one on record. It started from East Buffalo, New York, at 10.04 A.M., and reached Weehawken, New Jersey, at 7.27 P.M. Deducting the time consumed in stops, the actual running time was 7 hours and 23 minutes, or an average of 56 miles per hour. Between Churchville and Genesee Junction this train attained the unparalleled speed of 87 miles per hour, and at several other parts of the line a speed of from 70 to 80 miles an hour. The superior physical characteristics of this road were particularly favorable for the attainment of the speed mentioned.



End View of a Vestibuled Car.

The trains referred to were special or experimental trains, and while American railways have shown their ability to record the highest speed yet known, they do not run their trains in regular service as fast as those on the English railways. The meteor-like names given to our fast trains are somewhat misleading. When one reads of such trains as the "Lightning," the "Cannon-ball," the "Thunderbolt," and the "G—whiz-z," the suggestiveness of the titles is enough to make one's head swim, but, after all, they are not as significant of speed as the British "Flying Scotchman," and the "Wild Irishman;" for the former do not attain an average rate of 40 miles an hour, while the latter exceed 45 miles.

A few American trains, however, those between Jersey City and Philadelphia, for instance, make an average speed of over 50 miles.

The transportation of immigrants has recently received increased facilities for its accommodation upon the principal through lines. Until late years economically constructed day-cars were alone used, but in these the immigrants suffered great discomfort in long journeys. An immigrant sleeper is now used, which is constructed with sections on each side of the aisle, each section containing two double berths. The berths are made with slats of hard wood running longitudinally; there is no upholstery in the car, and no bedding supplied, and after the car is vacated the hose can be turned in upon it, and all the woodwork thoroughly cleansed. The immigrants usually carry with them enough blankets and wraps to make them tolerably comfortable in their berths; a cooking stove is provided in one end of the car, on which the occupants can cook their food, and even the long transcontinental journeys of the immigrants are now made without hardship. [P. 308.]

The manufacture of railway passenger cars is a large item of industry in the country. The tendency had been for many years to confine the building of ordinary passenger coaches to the shops owned by the railway companies, and they made extensive provision for such work; but recently they have given large orders for that class of equipment to outside manufacturers. This has resulted partly from the large demand for cars, and partly on account of the excellence of the work supplied by some of th manufacturing companies. In 1880 Pullman Company erected the mos

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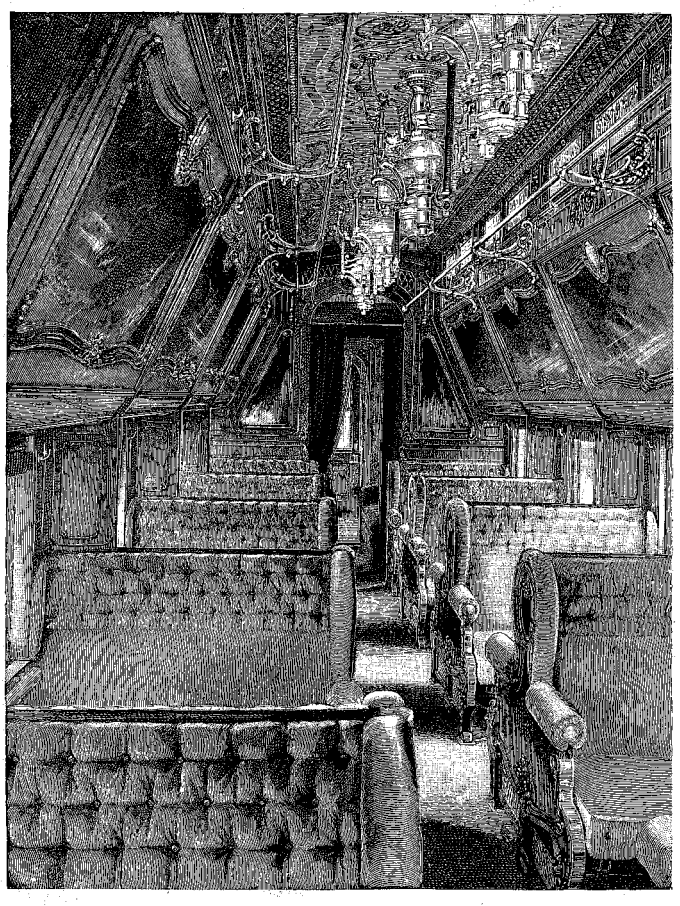
tensive car works in the world at Pullman, fourteen miles south of Chicago, and besides its extensive output of Pullman cars and freight equipment, it has built for railway companies large numbers of passenger coaches. The employés

traveller, and the amount carried seems to increase in proportion to the advance in civilization. The original allowance of fourteen pounds is found to be increased to four hundred when ladies start for fashionable summer resorts.



Pullman Sleeper on a Vestibuled Train.

now number about 5,000, and an idea of the capacity and resources of the shops may be obtained from the fact that one hundred freight cars, of the kind known as flat cars, have been built in eight hours. The business of car building has therefore given rise to the first model manufacturing town in America, and it is an industry evidently destined to increase as rapidly as any in the country.

The transportation of baggage has always been a most important item to the

America has been much more liberal than other countries to the traveller in this particular, as in all others. Here few of the roads charge for excess of baggage unless the amount be so large that patience with regard to it ceases to be a virtue.

The earlier method, of allowing each passenger to pick out his baggage at his point of destination and carry it off, resulted in a lack of accountability which led to much confusion, frequent losses, and heavy claims upon the companies in consequence. Necessity, as usual, gave

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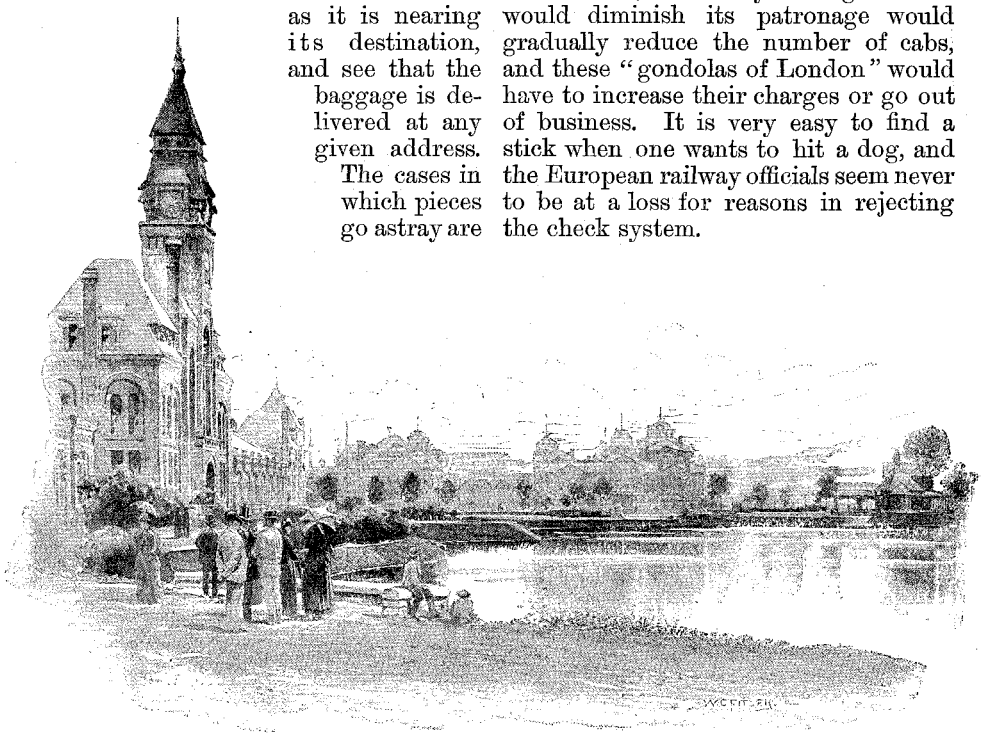
birth to invention, and the difficulty was at last solved by the introduction of the system known as "checking." A metal disk bearing a number and designating on its face the destination of the baggage was attached to each article and a duplicate given to the owner, which answered as a receipt, and upon the presentation and surrender of which the baggage could be claimed. Railways soon united in arranging for through checks which when attached to baggage would insure its being sent safely to distant points over lines composed of many connecting roads. The check system led to the introduction of another marked convenience in the handling of baggage—the baggage express or transfer company. One of its agents will now check trunks at the passenger's own house and haul them to the train. Another agent will take up the checks aboard the train as it is nearing its destination, and see that the baggage is delivered at any given address. The cases in which pieces go astray are astonishingly rare, and some roads found the claims for lost articles reduced by five thousand dollars the first year after adopting the check system, not to mention the amount saved in the reduced force of employés engaged in assorting and handling the baggage. Its workings are so perfect and its conveniences so great that an American cannot easily understand why it is not adopted in all countries; but he is forced to recognize the fact that it seems destined to be confined to his own land. The London railway managers, for instance, give many reasons for turning their faces against its adoption. They say that there are few losses arising from passengers taking baggage that does not belong to them; that most of the passengers take a cab at the end of their railway journey to reach their homes, and it costs but little more to carry their trunk with them; that in this way it gets home as soon as they, while the transfer company, or baggage express, would not deliver it for an hour or two later; that the cab system is a great convenience, and any change which would diminish its patronage would gradually reduce the number of cabs, and these "gondolas of London" would have to increase their charges or go out of business. It is very easy to find a stick when one wants to hit a dog, and the European railway officials seem never to be at a loss for reasons in rejecting the check system.



View of Pullman, Illinois.

Coupon tickets covering trips over several different railways have saved the traveller all the annoyance once experienced in purchasing separate tickets

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from the several companies representing the roads over which he had to pass. Their introduction necessitated an agreement among the principal railways of the country and the adoption of an extensive system of accountability for the purpose of making settlements of the amounts represented by the coupons.

Railway Station at York, England, built on a curve.

Like every other novelty the coupon ticket when first introduced did not hit the mark when aimed at the understanding of certain travellers. A United States Senator elect had come on by sea from the Pacific coast who had never seen a railroad till he reached the Atlantic seaboard. With a curiosity to test the workings of the new means of transportation, of which he had heard so much, he bought a coupon ticket and set out for a railway journey. He entered a car, took a seat next to the door, and was just beginning to get the "hang of the schoolhouse" when the conductor, who was then not uniformed, came in, cried "Tickets!" and reached out his hand toward the Senator. "What do you want of me?" said the latter. "I want your ticket," answered the conductor. Now it occurred to the Senator that this might be a very neat job on the part of an Eastern ticket sharp, but it was just a little too thin to fool a Pacific Coaster, and he said, "Don't you think I've got sense enough to know that if I parted with my ticket right at the start I wouldn't have anything to show for my money during the rest of the way? No, sir, I'm going to hold on to this till I get to the end of the trip."

"Oh!" said the conductor, whose impatience was now rising to fever heat, "I don't want to take up your ticket, I only want to look at it."

The Senator thought, after some reflection, that he would risk letting the man have a peep at it anyhow, and held it up before him, keeping it, however, at a safe distance. The conductor, with the customary abruptness, jerked it out of his hand, tore off the first coupon, and was about to return the ticket, when the Pacific Coaster sprang up, threw himself upon his muscle, and delivered a well-directed blow of his fist upon the conductor's right eye, which landed him sprawling on one of the opposite seats. The other passengers were at once on their feet, and rushed up to know the cause of the disturbance. The Senator,

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still standing with his arms in a pugnacious attitude, said:

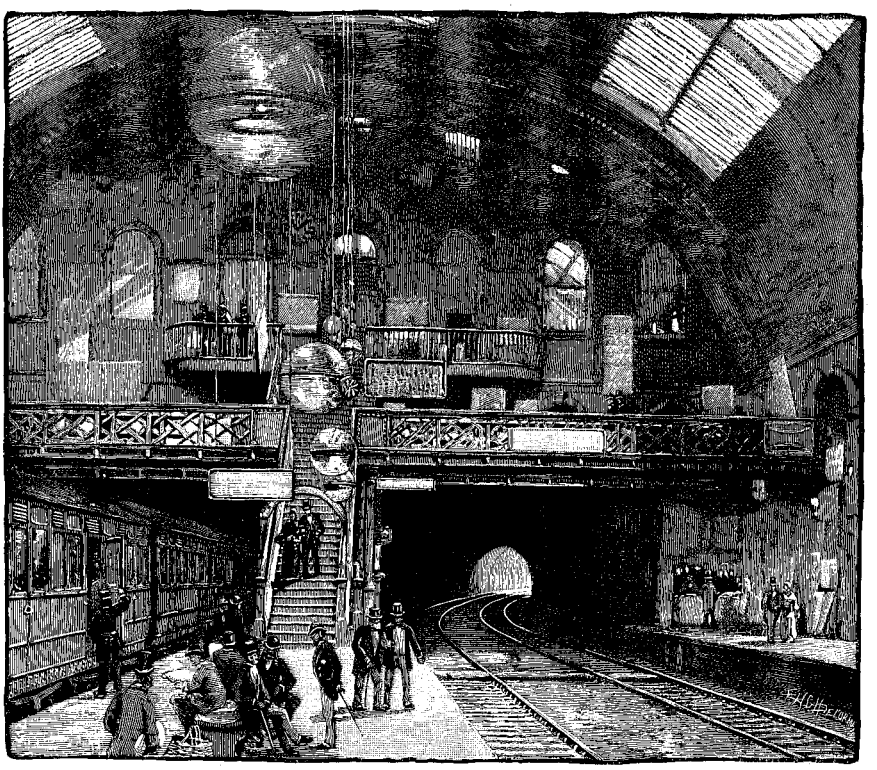
"Maybe I've never ridden on a railroad before, but I'm not going to let any sharper get away with me like that."

"What's he done?" cried the passengers.

"Why," said the Senator, "I paid seventeen dollars and a half for a ticket to take me through to Cincinnati, and before we're five miles out that fellow slips up and says he wants to see it, and when I get it out, he grabs hold of it and goes to tearing it up right before my eyes." Ample explanations were soon made, and the new passenger was duly initiated into the mysteries of the coupon system.

The uniforming of railway employés was a movement of no little importance. It designated the various positions held by them, added much to the neatness of their appearance, enabled passengers to recognize them at a glance, and made them so conspicuous that it impressed them with a greater sense of responsibility and aided much in effecting a more courteous demeanor to passengers.

Many conveniences have been introduced which greatly assist the passenger when travelling upon unfamiliar roads. Conspicuous clock faces stand in the stations with their hands set to the hour at which the next train is to start, sign boards are displayed with horizontal slats on which the stations are named at which departing way-trains stop, and employes are stationed to call out necessary information and direct passengers to the proper entrances, exits, and trains. A "bureau of information" is now to be seen in large passenger stations, in which an official sits and with a Job-like patience repeats to the curiously inclined passengers the whole railway catechism, and sucessfully answers conundrums that would stump an Oriental pundit.



London Underground Railway Station.

The energetic passenger-agent spares

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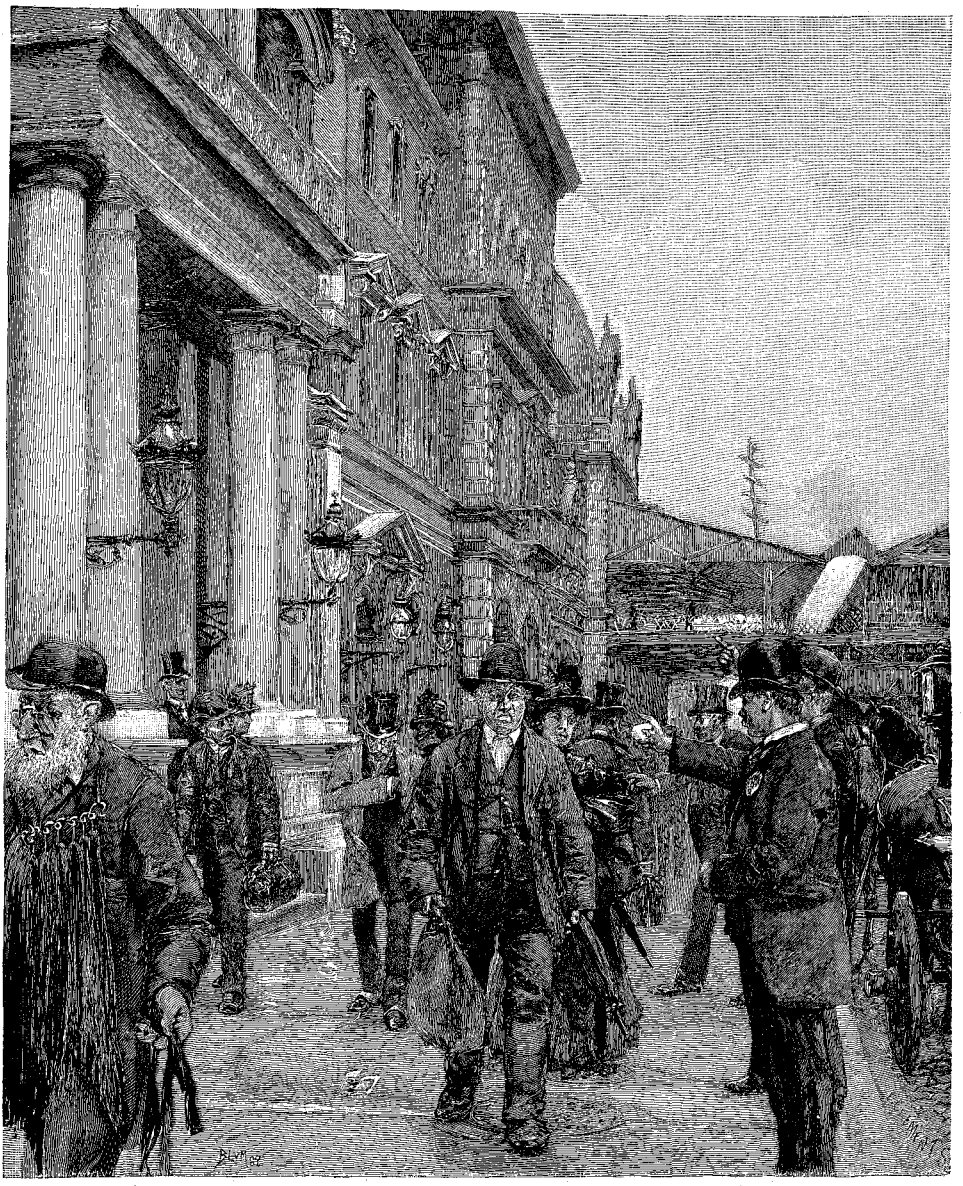

Outside the Grand Central Station, New York.

no pains to thrust information directly under the nose of the public. He uses every means known to Yankee ingenuity to advertise his regular trains and his excursion business, including large newspaper head-lines, corner posters, curb-stone dodgers, and placards on the breast and back of the itinerant human sandwich who perambulates the streets.

Railway accidents have always been a great source of anxiety to the managers, and the shocks received by the public when great loss of life occurs from such causes deepens the interest which the general community feels in the means taken to avoid these distressing occurrences.

American railway officials have made encouraging progress in reducing the

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number and the severity of accidents, and while the record is not so good on many of our cheaply constructed roads, our first-class roads now show by their statistics that they compare favorably in this respect with the European companies.

The statistics regarding accidents are necessarily unreliable, as railway companies are not eager to publish their calamities from the house-tops, and only in those States in which prompt reports are required to be made by law are the figures given at all accurate. Even in these instances the yearly reports lead to wrong conclusions, for the State railroad commissioners become more exacting each year as to the thoroughness of the reports called for, and the results sometimes show an increase compared with previous years, whereas there may have been an actual decrease.

In 1880, the last census year, an effort was made to collect statistics of this kind covering all the railways in the United States, with the following result:

| To whom happened. | Through causes beyond their control. | | Through their own carelessness. | | Aggregate. | | Total accidents. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Killed. | Injured. | Killed. | Injured. | Killed. | Injured. | |
| Passengers | 61 | 331 | 82 | 213 | 143 | 544 | 687 |
| Employés | 261 | 1,004 | 663 | 2,613 | 924 | 3,617 | 4,541 |
| All others | 43 | 103 | 1,429 | 1,348 | 1,472 | 1,451 | 2,923 |
| Unspecified | .... | .... | .... | .... | 3 | 62 | 65 |
| Total | 365 | 1,438 | 2,174 | 4,174 | 2,541 | 5,674 | 8,215 |

Mulhall, in his *Dictionary of Statistics*, an English work, uses substantially these same figures and makes the following comparison between European and American railways:

*Accidents to Passengers, Employés and Others.*

| | Killed. | Wounded. | Total. | Per million passengers. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| United States | 2,349 | 5,866 | 8,215 | 41.1 |
| United Kingdom | 1,135 | 3,959 | 5,094 | 8 1 |
| Europe | 3,213 | 10,859 | 14,072 | 10.8 |

That the figures given above are much too high as regards the United States, there can be no doubt. For the fiscal year 1880–81 the data compiled by the railroad commissioners of Massachusetts and published in their reports give as the total number of persons killed and injured in the United States 2,126, as against 8,215 upon which the comparisons in the above table are based. If we substitute in this table the former number for the latter it would reduce the number of injured per million passengers in the United States to 10.6, about the same as on the European railways.

Edward Bates Dorsey gives the following interesting table of comparisons in his valuable work *English and American Railroads Compared:*

*Passengers Killed and Injured from causes beyond their own control on all the Railroads of the United Kingdom and those of the States of New York and Massachusetts in* 1884.

| | | Total length of line operated. | Total mileage. | | Killed. | Injured. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | Train. | Passengers. | | |
| United Kingdom | | 18,864 | 272,803,220 | 6,042,659,990 | 31 | 864 |
| New York | | 7,298 | 85,918,677 | 1,729,653,620 | 10 | 124 |
| Massachusetts | | 2,852 | 32,304,333 | 1,007,136,376 | 2 | 42 |
| In 1,000,000,000 passengers transported 1 mile. | United Kingdom | ..... | ..... | ..... | 5.15 | 143 |
| | New York | ..... | ..... | ..... | 5 78 | 70 |
| | Massachusetts | ..... | ..... | ..... | 2.00 | 42 |

| | | Miles. |
|---|---|---|
| The average number of miles a passenger can travel without being killed. | United Kingdom | 194,892,255 |
| | New York | 172,965,362 |
| | Massachusetts | 503,568,188 |
| The average number of miles a passenger can travel without being injured. | United Kingdom | 6,992,662 |
| | New York | 13,940,754 |
| | Massachusetts | 23,955,630 |



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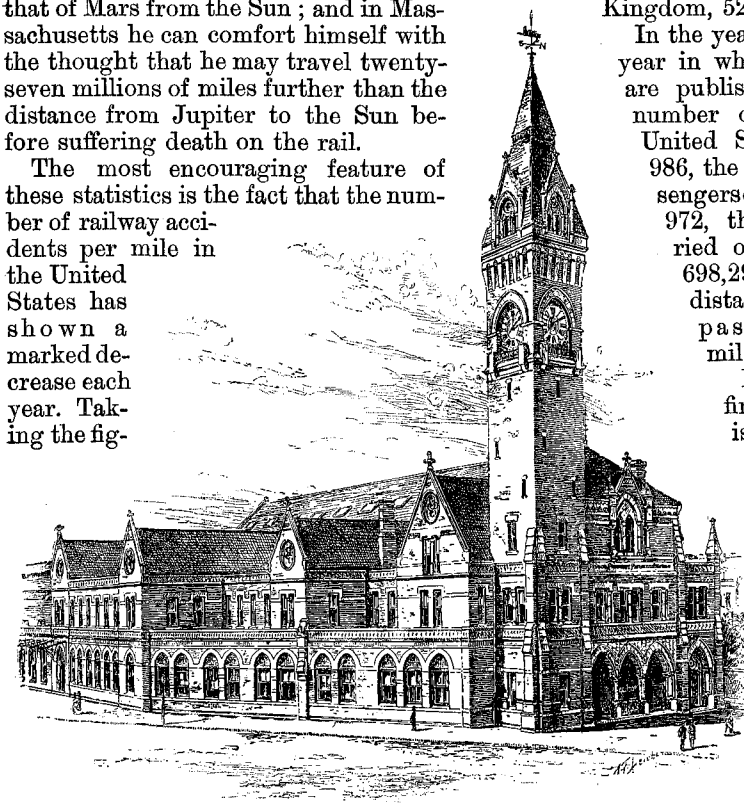
From this it will be seen that in the United Kingdom the average distance a passenger may travel before being killed is about equal to twice the distance of the Earth from the Sun. In New York he may travel a distance greater than that of Mars from the Sun; and in Massachusetts he can comfort himself with the thought that he may travel twenty-seven millions of miles further than the distance from Jupiter to the Sun before suffering death on the rail.

The most encouraging feature of these statistics is the fact that the number of railway accidents per mile in the United States has shown a marked decrease each year. Taking the figures adopted by the Massachusetts commissions, the number of persons injured in the year 1880–81 was 2,126, and in 1886–87 2,483, while in the same time the number of miles in operation has increased from 93,349 to 137,986.



Boston Passenger Station, Providence Division, Old Colony Railroad.

The amounts paid annually by railways in satisfaction of claims for damages to passengers are serious items of expenditure, and in the United States have reached in some years nearly two millions of dollars. About half of the States limit the amount of damages in case of death to $5,000, the States of Virginia, Ohio, and Kansas to $10,000, and the remainder have no statutory limit.

In the year 1840 the number of miles of railway per 100,000 inhabitants in the different countries named was as follows: United States, 20; United Kingdom, 3; Europe, 1; in the year 1882, United States, 210; United Kingdom, 52; Europe, 34.

In the year 1886, the last year in which full reports are published, the total number of miles in the United States was 137,986, the number of passengers carried, 382,284,972, the number carried one mile, 9,659,698,294, the average distance travelled per passenger, 25.27 miles.

In Europe the first-class travel is exceedingly small and the third-class constitutes the largest portion of the passenger business, while in America almost the whole of the travel is first-class, as will be seen from the following table:

| | Percentage of passengers carried. | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | First class. | Second class. | Third class. |
| United Kingdom | 6 | 10 | 84 |
| France | 8 | 32 | 60 |
| Germany | 1 | 13 | 86 |
| United States | 99 | ½ of 1 | ½ of 1 |

The third-class travel in this country is better known as immigrant travel. The percentages given in the above table for the United States are based upon an average of the numbers of passengers of each class carried on the principal through lines. If all the roads were included, the percentages of the second and third class travel would be still less.

That which is of more material inter-

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est to passengers than anything else is the rate of fare charged.

The following table gives a comparison between the rates per mile in the leading countries of the world:

| | First class. | Second class. | Third class. |
|---|---|---|---|
| | Cents. | Cents. | Cents. |
| United Kingdom | 4.42 | 3.20 | 1.94 |
| France | 3.86 | 2.88 | 2.08 |
| Germany | 3.10 | 2.32 | 1.54 |
| United States | 2.18 | .... | .... |

The rate named as the first-class fare for the railways in the United States is strictly speaking the average earnings per passenger per mile, and includes all classes; but as the first-class passengers constitute about ninety-nine per centum of the travel the amount does not differ materially from the actual first-class fare. In the State of New York the first-class fare does not exceed two cents, which is about equal to the third-class fare in Europe, and heat, good ventilation, ice water, toilet arrangements, and free carriage of a liberal amount of baggage are supplied, while in Europe few of these comforts are furnished.

On the elevated railroads of New York a passenger can ride in a first-class car eleven miles for 5 cents, or about one-half cent a mile, and on surface roads the commutation rates given to suburban passengers are in some cases still less.

The berth fares in sleeping-cars in Europe largely exceed those in America, as will be seen from the following comparisons, stated in dollars:

| Route. | Distance in miles. | Berth fare. |
|---|---|---|
| Paris to Rome | 901 | $12.75 |
| New York to Chicago | 912 | 5.00 |
| Paris to Marseilles | 536 | 11.00 |
| New York to Buffalo | 440 | 2.00 |
| Calais to Brindisi | 1,373 | 22.25 |
| Boston to St. Louis | 1,330 | 6.50 |

While it would seem that the luxuries of railway travel in America have reached a maximum, and the charges a minimum, yet in this progressive age it is very probable that in the not far distant future we shall witness improvements over the present methods which will astonish us as much as the present methods surprise us when we compare them with those of the past.

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# A LONDON LIFE.

*By Henry James.*

## PART FOURTH.

### XII.

THE next day, at five o'clock, she drove to Queen's Gate, turning to Lady Davenant in her distress in order to turn somewhere. Her old friend was at home and, by extreme good fortune, alone; looking up from her book, in her place by the window, she gave the girl, as she came in, a sharp glance over her glasses. This glance was acquisitive; she said nothing, but laying down her book stretched out her two gloved hands. Laura took them and she drew her down toward her, so that the girl sunk on her knees and in a moment hid her face, sobbing, in the old woman's lap. There was nothing said for some time; Lady Davenant only pressed her tenderly—stroked her with her hands. "Is it very bad?" she asked at last. Then Laura got up, saying as she took a seat, "Have you heard of it, and do people know it?"

"I haven't heard anything. Is it very bad?" Lady Davenant repeated.

"We don't know where Selina is—and her maid's gone."

Lady Davenant looked at her visitor a moment. "Lord, what an ass!" she then ejaculated, putting the paper-knife into her book to keep her place. "And

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whom has she persuaded to take her—Charles Crispin?" she added.

"We suppose—we suppose——" said Laura.

"And he's another," interrupted the old woman. "And who supposes—Geordie and Ferdy?"

"I don't know; it's all black darkness!"

"My dear, it's a blessing, and now you can live in peace."

"In peace!" cried Laura; "with my wretched sister leading such a life?"

"Oh, my dear, I dare say it will be very comfortable; I am sorry to say anything in favor of such doings, but it very often is. Don't worry; you take her too hard. Has she gone abroad?" the old lady continued. "I dare say she has gone to some pretty, amusing place."

"I don't know anything about it. I only know she is gone. I was with her last evening, and she left me without a word."

"Well, that was better. I hate 'em when they make parting scenes; it's too mawkish!"

"Lionel has people watching them," said the girl; "agents, detectives, I don't know what. He has had them for a long time; I didn't know it."

"Do you mean you would have told her if you had? What is the use of detectives now? Isn't he rid of her?"

"Oh, I don't know, he's as bad as she; he talks too horribly—he wants everyone to know it," Laura groaned.

"And has he told his mother?"

"I suppose so; he rushed off to see her at noon. She'll be overwhelmed."

"Overwhelmed? Not a bit of it!" cried Lady Davenant, almost gayly. "When did anything in the world overwhelm her, and what do you take her for? She'll only make some delightful odd speech. As for people knowing it," she added, "they'll know it whether he wants them or not. My poor child, how long do you expect to make believe?"

"Lionel expects some news to-night," Laura said. "As soon as I know where she is I shall start."

"Start for where?"

"To go to her, to do something."

"Something preposterous, my dear. Do you expect to bring her back?"

"He won't take her in," said Laura, with her dry, dismal eyes. "He wants his divorce—it's too hideous!"

"Well, as she wants hers, what is simpler?"

"Yes, she wants hers. Lionel swears by all the gods she can't get it."

"Bless me, won't one do?" Lady Davenant asked. "We shall have some pretty reading."

"It's awful, awful, awful!" murmured Laura.

"Yes, they oughtn't to be allowed to publish them. I wonder if we couldn't stop that. At any rate he had better be quiet; tell him to come and see me."

"You won't influence him; he's dreadful against her. Such a house as it is to-day!"

"Well, my dear, naturally."

"Yes, but it's terrible for me; it's all more dreadful than I can bear."

"My dear child, come and stay with me," said the old woman, gently.

"Oh, I can't desert her; I can't abandon her!"

"Desert—abandon? What a way to put it! Hasn't she abandoned you?"

"She has no heart—she's too base!" said the girl. Her face was white, and the tears now began to rise to her eyes again.

Lady Davenant got up and came and sat on the sofa beside her; she put her arms round her and the two women embraced. "Your room is all ready," the old lady remarked. And then she said, "When did she leave you? When did you see her last?"

"Oh, in the strangest, maddest, cruelest way, the way most insulting to me. We went to the opera together and she left me there with a gentleman. We know nothing about her since."

"With a gentleman?"

"With Mr. Wendover—that American, and something too dreadful happened."

"Dear me, did he kiss you?" asked Lady Davenant.

Laura got up quickly, turning away. "Good-bye, I'm going, I'm going!" And in reply to an irritated, protesting exclamation from her companion she went on, "Anywhere—anywhere to get away!"

"To get away from your American?"

"I asked him to marry me!" The girl turned round with her tragic face.

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"He oughtn't to have left that to you."

"I knew this horror was coming, and it took possession of me, there in the box, from one moment to the other—the idea of making sure of some other life, some protection, some respectability. First I thought he liked me, he had behaved as if he did. And I like him, he is a very good man. So I asked him, I couldn't help it, it was too hideous—I offered myself!" Laura spoke as if she were telling that she had stabbed him, standing there with dilated eyes.

Lady Davenant got up again and went to her; drawing off her glove she felt her cheek with the back of her hand. "You are ill, you are in a fever. I'm sure that whatever you said it was very charming."

"Yes, I am ill," said Laura.

"Upon my honor you shan't go home, you shall go straight to bed. And what did he say to you?"

"Oh, it was too miserable!" cried the girl, pressing her face again into her companion's kerchief. "I was all, all mistaken; he had never thought!"

"Why the deuce, then, did he run about that way after you? He was a brute to say it!"

"He didn't say it, and he never ran about. He behaved like a perfect gentleman."

"I've no patience—I wish I had seen him that time!" Lady Davenant declared.

"Yes, that would have been nice! You'll never see him; if he *is* a gentleman he'll rush away."

"Bless me, what a rushing away!" murmured the old woman. Then passing her arm round Laura she added, "You'll please to come up-stairs with me."

Half an hour later she had some conversation with her butler which led to his consulting a little register into which he transcribed, with great neatness, from their cards, the addresses of new visitors. This volume, kept in the drawer of the hall-table, revealed the fact that Mr. Wendover was staying in George Street, Hanover Square. "Get into a cab immediately and tell him to come and see me this evening," Lady Davenant said. "Make him understand that it interests him very nearly, so that no matter what his engagements may be he must give them up. Go quickly and you'll just find him; he'll be sure to be at home to dress for dinner." She had calculated justly, for a few minutes before ten o'clock the door of her drawing-room was thrown open and Mr. Wendover was announced.

"Sit there," said the old lady; "no, not that one, nearer to me. We must talk low. My dear sir, I won't bite you!"

"Oh, this is very comfortable," Mr. Wendover replied, vaguely, smiling through his visible anxiety. It was no more than natural that he should wonder what Laura Wing's peremptory friend wanted of him at that hour of the night; but nothing could exceed the gallantry of his attempt to conceal the symptoms of mistrust.

"You ought to have come before, you know," Lady Davenant went on. "I have wanted to see you more than once."

"I have been dining out—I hurried away. This was the first possible moment, I assure you."

"I too was dining out, and I stopped at home on purpose to see you. But I didn't mean to-night, for you have done very well. I was quite intending to send for you—the other day. But something put it out of my head. Besides, I knew she wouldn't like it."

"Why, Lady Davenant, I made a point of calling, ever so long ago—after that day!" the young man exclaimed, not reassured, or at any rate not enlightened.

"I dare say you did—but you mustn't justify yourself; that's just what I don't want; it isn't what I sent for you for. I have something very particular to say to you, but it's very difficult. Voyons un peu!"

The old woman reflected a little, with her eyes on his face, which had grown more grave as she went on; its expression intimated that he didn't yet understand her and that he, at least, wasn't exactly trifling. Lady Davenant's musings didn't apparently help her much, if she was looking for an artful approach; for they ended in her saying, abruptly, "I wonder if you know what a capital girl she is."

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"Do you mean—do you mean——?" queried Mr. Wendover, pausing as if he had given her no right not to allow him to conceive alternatives.

"Yes, I do mean. She's up-stairs, in bed."

"Up-stairs!" The young man stared.

"Don't be afraid—I'm not going to send for her!" laughed his hostess; "her being here, after all, has nothing to do with it, except that she *did* come—yes, certainly, she did come. But my keeping her—that was my doing. My maid has gone to Grosvenor Place to get her things and let them know that she will stay here for the present. Now am I clear?"

"Not the least," said Mr. Wendover, almost sternly.

Lady Davenant, however, was not of a composition to suspect him of sternness or to care very much if she did, and she went on, with her quick discursiveness: "Well, we must be patient; we shall work it out together. I was afraid you would go away, that's why I lost no time. Above all I want you to understand that she has not the least idea that I have sent for you, and you must promise me never, never, never to let her know. She would be monstrous angry. It is quite my own idea—I have taken the responsibility. I know very little about you, of course, but she has spoken to me well of you. Besides, I am very clever about people, and I liked you that day, though you seemed to think I was a hundred and eighty."

"You do me great honor," Mr. Wendover murmured.

"I'm glad you're pleased! You must be if I tell you that I like you now even better. I see what you are, except for the question of fortune. It doesn't perhaps matter much, but have you any money? I mean have you a fine income?"

"No, indeed I haven't!" And the young man laughed in his bewilderment. "I have very little money indeed."

"Well, I dare say you have as much as I. Besides that would be a proof she is not mercenary."

"You haven't in the least made it plain whom you are talking about," said Mr. Wendover. "I have no right to assume anything."

"Are you afraid of betraying her? I am more devoted to her even than I want you to be. She has told me what happened between you last night—what she said to you at the opera. That's what I want to talk to you about."

"She was very strange," the young man remarked.

"I am not so sure that she was strange. However, you are welcome to think it, for goodness knows she says so herself. She is overwhelmed with horror at her own words; she is absolutely distracted and prostrate."

Mr. Wendover was silent a moment. "I assured her that I admire her—beyond everyone. I was most kind to her."

"Did you say it in that tone? You should have thrown yourself at her feet! From the moment you didn't—surely you understand women well enough to know."

"You must remember where we were—in a public place, with very little room for throwing!" Mr. Wendover exclaimed.

"Ah, so far from blaming you she says your behavior was perfect. It's only I who want to have it out with you," Lady Davenant pursued. "She's so clever, so charming, so good, and so unhappy."

"When I said just now she was strange, I meant only in the way she turned against me."

"She turned against you?"

"She told me she hoped she should never see me again."

"And you, should you like to see her?"

"Not now—not now!" Mr. Wendover exclaimed, eagerly.

"I don't mean now, I'm not such a fool as that. I mean some day or other, when she has stopped accusing herself, if she ever does."

"Ah, Lady Davenant, you must leave that to me," the young man returned, after a moment's hesitation.

"Don't be afraid to tell me I'm meddling with what doesn't concern me," said his hostess. "Of course I know I'm meddling; I sent for you here to meddle. Who wouldn't, for that creature? She makes one melt."

"I'm exceedingly sorry for her. I don't know what she thinks she said."

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"Well, that she asked you why you came so often to Grosvenor Place. I don't see anything so awful in that, if you did go."

"Yes, I went very often. I liked to go."

"Now that's exactly where I wish to prevent a misconception," said Lady Davenant. "If you liked to go you had a reason for liking, and Laura Wing was the reason, wasn't she?"

"I thought her charming, and I think her so now more than ever."

"Then you are a dear good man. Vous faisiez votre cour, in short."

Mr. Wendover made no immediate response; the two sat looking at each other. "It isn't easy for me to talk of these things," he said at last; "but if you mean that I wished to ask her to be my wife I am bound to tell you that I had no such intention."

"Ah, then I'm at sea. You thought her charming and you went to see her every day. What, then, did you wish?"

"I didn't go every day. Moreover I think you have a very different idea in this country of what constitutes—well, what constitutes making love. A man commits himself much sooner."

"Oh, I don't know what *your* odd ways may be!" Lady Davenant exclaimed, with a shade of irritation.

"Yes, but I was justified in supposing that those ladies did; they at least are American."

"'They,' my dear sir! For heaven's sake don't mix up that nasty Selina with it!"

"Why not, if I admired her too? I do extremely, and I thought the house most interesting."

"Mercy on us, if that's your idea of a nice house! But I don't know—I have always kept out of it," Lady Davenant added, checking herself. Then she went on, "If you are so fond of Mrs. Berrington I am sorry to inform you that she is absolutely good-for-nothing."

"Good-for-nothing?"

"Nothing to speak of. I have been thinking whether I would tell you, and I have decided to do so because I take it that your learning it for yourself would be a question of but a very short time. Selina has bolted, as they say."

"Bolted?" Mr. Wendover repeated.

"I don't know what you call it in America."

"In America we don't do it."

"Ah, well, if they stay, as they do usually abroad, that's better. I suppose you didn't think her capable of behaving herself, did you?"

"Do you mean she has left her husband—with someone else?"

"Neither more nor less; with a fellow named Crispin. It appears it all came off last evening, and she had her own reasons for doing it in the most offensive way—publicly, clumsily, with the vulgarest bravado. Laura has told me what took place, and you must permit me to express my surprise at your not having divined the miserable business."

"I saw something was wrong, but I didn't understand. I'm afraid I'm not very quick at these things."

"Your state is the more gracious; but certainly you are not quick if you could call there so often and not see through Selina."

"Mr. Crispin, whoever he is, was never there," said the young man.

"Oh, she was a clever hussy!" his companion rejoined.

"I knew she was fond of amusement, but that's what I liked to see. I wanted to see a house of that sort."

"Fond of amusement is a very pretty phrase!" said Lady Davenant, laughing at the simplicity with which her visitor accounted for his assiduity. "And did Laura Wing seem to you in her place in a house of that sort?"

"Why, it was natural she should be with her sister, and she always struck me as very gay."

"That was your enlivening effect. And did she strike you as very gay last night, with this scandal hanging over her?"

"She didn't talk much," said Mr. Wendover.

"She knew it was coming—she felt it, she saw it, and that's what makes her sick now, that at *such* a time she should have challenged you, when she felt herself about to be associated (in people's minds, of course,) with such a vile business. In people's minds and in yours—when you should know what had happened."

"Ah, Miss Wing isn't associated——"

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said Mr. Wendover. He spoke slowly, but he rose to his feet with a nervous movement that was not lost upon his companion; she noted it indeed with a certain inward sense of triumph. She was very deep, but she had never been so deep as when she made up her mind to mention the scandal of the house of Berrington to her visitor and intimated to him that Laura Wing regarded herself as near enough to it to receive from it a personal stain. "I'm extremely sorry to hear of Mrs. Berrington's misconduct," he continued, gravely, standing before her. "And I am no less obliged to you for your interest."

"Don't mention it," she said, getting up too and smiling. "I mean my interest. As for the other matter, it will all come out. Lionel will haul her up."

"Dear me, how dreadful!"

"Yes, dreadful enough. But don't betray me."

"Betray you?" he repeated, as if his thoughts had gone astray a moment.

"I mean to the girl. Think of her shame!"

"Her shame?" Mr. Wendover said, in the same way.

"It seemed to her, with what was becoming so clear to her, that an honest man might save her from it, might give her his name and his faith and help her to traverse the bad place. She exaggerates the badness of it, the stigma of her relationship. Good heavens, at that rate where would some of us be? But those are her ideas, they are absolutely sincere, and they had possession of her at the opera. She had a sense of being lost and was in a kind of agony to be rescued. She saw before her a kind gentleman who had seemed—who had certainly seemed——" And Lady Davenant, with her fine old face lighted by her bright sagacity and her eyes on Mr. Wendover's, paused, lingering on this word. "Of course she must have been in a state of nerves."

"I am very sorry for her," said Mr. Wendover, with his gravity that committed him to nothing.

"So am I! And of course if you were not in love with her you weren't, were you?"

"I must bid you good-bye, I am leaving London." That was the only answer Lady Davenant got to her inquiry.

"Good-bye then. She is the nicest girl I know. But once more, mind you don't let her suspect!"

"How can I let her suspect anything when I shall never see her again?"

"Oh, don't say that," said Lady Davenant, very gently.

"She drove me away from her with a kind of ferocity."

"Oh, gammon!" cried the old woman.

"I'm going home," he said, looking at her with his hand on the door.

"Well, it's the best place for you. And for her too!" she added as he went out. She was not sure that the last words reached him.

## XIII.

Laura Wing was sharply ill for three days, but on the fourth she made up her mind she was better, though this was not the opinion of Lady Davenant, who would not hear of her getting up. The remedy she urged was lying still and yet lying still; but this specific the girl found wellnigh intolerable—it was a form of relief that only ministered to fever. She assured her friend that it killed her to do nothing: to which her friend replied by asking her what she had a fancy to do. Laura had her idea and held it tight, but there was no use in producing it before Lady Davenant, who would have covered it with derision. On the afternoon of the first day Lionel Berrington came, and though his intention was honest he brought no healing. Hearing she was ill he wanted to look after her—he wanted to take her back to Grosvenor Place and make her comfortable; he spoke as if he had every convenience for producing that condition, though he confessed there was a little bar to it in his own case. This impediment was the "cheeky" aspect of Miss Steet, who went sniffing about as if she knew a lot, if she should only condescend to tell it. He saw more of the children now; "I'm going to have 'em in every day, poor little devils," he said; and he spoke as if the discipline of suffering had already begun for him and a kind of holy change had taken place in

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his life. Nothing had been said yet in the house, of course, as Laura knew, about Selina's disappearance, in the way of treating it as irregular; but the servants pretended so hard not to be aware of anything in particular that they were like pickpockets looking with unnatural interest the other way after they have crabbed a fellow's watch. To a certainty, in a day or two, the governess would give him warning; she would come and tell him she couldn't stay in such a place, and he would tell her, in return, that she was a little ass for not knowing that the place was much more respectable now than it had ever been.

This information Selina's husband imparted to Lady Davenant, to whom he discoursed with infinite candor and humor, taking a highly philosophical view of his position and declaring that it suited him down to the ground. His wife couldn't have pleased him better if she had done it on purpose; he knew where she had been every hour since she quitted Laura at the opera—he knew where she was at that moment, and he was expecting to find another telegram on his return to Grosvenor Place. So if it suited *her* it was all right, wasn't it? and the whole thing would go as straight as a shot. Lady Davenant took him up to see Laura, though she viewed their meeting with extreme disfavor, the girl being in no state for talking. In general Laura had little enough mind for it, but she insisted on seeing Lionel; she declared that if this were not allowed her she would go after him, ill as she was—she would dress herself and drive to his house. She dressed herself now, after a fashion; she got upon a sofa to receive him. Lady Davenant left him alone with her for twenty minutes, at the end of which she returned to take him away. This interview was not fortifying to the girl, whose idea—the idea of which I have said that she was tenacious—was to go after her sister, to take possession of her, cling to her and bring her back. Lionel, of course, wouldn't hear of taking her back, nor would Selina presumably hear of coming; but this made no difference in Laura's heroic plan. She would work it, she would compass it, she would go down on her knees, she would find the eloquence of angels, she would achieve miracles. At any rate it made her frantic not to try, especially as in even fruitless action she should escape from herself—an object of which her horror was not yet extinguished.

As she lay there through hours of no sleep the picture of that hideous moment in the box alternated with the vision of her sister's guilty flight. She wanted to fly, herself—to go off and keep going forever. Lionel was fussily kind to her and he didn't abuse Selina—he didn't tell her again how that lady's behavior suited his book. He simply resisted, with a little exasperating, dogged grin, her pitiful appeal for knowledge of her sister's whereabouts. He knew what she wanted it for, and he wouldn't help her in any such game. If she would promise, solemnly, to be quiet, he would tell her when she got better, but he wouldn't lend her a hand to make a fool of herself. Her work was cut out for her—she was to stay and mind the children; if she was so keen to do her duty she needn't go farther than that for it. He talked a great deal about the children and figured himself as pressing the little deserted darlings to his bosom. He was not a comedian, and she could see that he really believed he was going to be better now. Laura said she was sure Selina would make an attempt to get them—or at least one of them; and he replied, grimly, "Yes, my dear, she had better try!" The girl was so angry with him, in her hot, tossing weakness, for refusing to tell her even whether the desperate pair had crossed the channel, that she was guilty of the immorality of regretting that the difference in badness between husband and wife was so distinct (for it was distinct, she could see that) as he made his dry little remark about Selina's trying. He told her he had already seen his solicitor, and she said she didn't care.

On the fourth day of her absence from Grosvenor Place she got up, at an hour when she was alone (in the afternoon, rather late), and prepared herself to go out. Lady Davenant had admitted, in the morning, that she was better, and fortunately she had not the complication of being subject to a medical opinion, having absolutely refused to see a

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doctor. Her old friend had been obliged to go out—she had scarcely quitted her before—and Laura had requested the hovering, rustling lady's-maid to leave her alone: she assured her she was doing beautifully. Laura had no plan except to leave London that night; she had a moral certainty that Selina had gone to the continent. She had always done so whenever she had a chance, and what chance had ever been larger than the present? The continent was fearfully vague, but she would deal sharply with Lionel—she would show him she had a right to knowledge. He would certainly be in town; he would be in a complacent bustle with his lawyers. She had told him that she didn't believe he had yet gone to them, but in her heart she believed it perfectly. If he didn't satisfy her she would go to Lady Ringrose, odious as it would be to her to ask a favor of this depraved creature; unless indeed Lady Ringrose had joined the little party to France, as on the occasion of Selina's last journey thither. On her way down-stairs she met one of the footmen, of whom she made the request that he would call her a cab as quickly as possible—she was obliged to go out for half an hour. He expressed the respectful hope that she was better and she replied that she was perfectly well—he would please tell her ladyship when she came in. To this the footman rejoined that her ladyship *had* come in—she had returned five minutes before and had gone to her room. "Miss Frothingham told her you were asleep, Miss," said the man, "and her ladyship said it was a blessing and you were not to be disturbed."

"Very good, I will see her," Laura remarked, with dissimulation; "only please let me have my cab."

The footman went down-stairs, and she stood there listening; presently she heard the house-door close—he had gone out on his errand. Then she descended very softly—she prayed he might not be long. The door of the drawing-room stood open as she passed it, and she paused before it, thinking she heard sounds in the lower hall. They appeared to subside, and then she found herself faint—she was terribly impatient for her cab. Partly to sit down till it came (there was a seat on the landing, but another servant might come up or down and see her), and partly to look, at the front window, whether it were not coming, she went for a moment into the drawing-room. She stood at the window, but the footman was slow; then she sunk upon a chair—she felt very weak. Just after she had done so she became aware of steps on the stairs, and she got up quickly, supposing that her messenger had returned, though she had not heard wheels. What she saw was not the footman she had sent out, but the expansive person of the butler, followed apparently by a visitor. This functionary ushered the visitor in with the remark that he would call her ladyship, and before she knew it she was face to face with Mr. Wendover. At the same moment she heard a cab drive up, while Mr. Wendover instantly closed the door.

"Don't turn me away; do see me—do see me!" he said. "I asked for Lady Davenant—they told me she was at home. But it was you I wanted, and I wanted her to help me. I was going away—but I couldn't. You look very ill—do listen to me! You don't understand—I will explain everything. Ah, how ill you look!" the young man cried, as the climax of this sudden, soft, distressed appeal. Laura, for all answer, tried to push past him, but the result of this movement was that she found herself in his arms. He stopped her, but she disengaged herself, she got her hand upon the door. He was leaning against it, so she couldn't open it, and as she stood there panting she shut her eyes, so as not to see him. "If you would let me tell you what I think—I would do anything in the world for you!" he went on.

"Let me go—you persecute me!" the girl cried, pulling at the handle.

"You don't do me justice—you are too cruel!" Mr. Wendover persisted.

"Let me go—let me go!" she only repeated, with her high, quavering, distracted note; and as he moved a little she got the door open. But he followed her out: would she see him that night? Where was she going? might he not go with her? would she see him to-morrow?

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"Never, never, never!" she flung at him as she hurried away. The butler was on the stairs, descending from above; so he checked himself, letting her go. Laura passed out of the house and flew into her cab with extraordinary speed, for Mr. Wendover heard the wheels bear her away while the servant was saying to him that her ladyship would come down immediately.

Lionel was at home, in Grosvenor Place; she burst into the library and found him playing papa. Geordie and Ferdy were sporting around him, the presence of Miss Steet had been dispensed with, and he was holding his younger son by the stomach, horizontally, between his legs, while the child made little sprawling movements which were apparently intended to represent the act of swimming. Geordie stood impatient on the brink of the imaginary stream, protesting that it was his turn now, and as soon as he saw his aunt he rushed at her with the request that she would take him up in the same fashion. She was struck with the superficiality of their childhood; they appeared to have no sense that she had been away and no care that she had been ill. But Lionel made up for this; he greeted her with affectionate jollity, said it was a good job she had come back, and remarked to the children that they would have great larks now that auntie was home again. Ferdy asked if she had been with mummy but didn't wait for an answer, and she observed that they put no question about their mother and made no further allusion to her while they remained in the room. She wondered whether their father had enjoined upon them not to mention her, and reflected that even if he had such a command would not have been efficacious. It added to the ugliness of Selina's flight that even her children didn't miss her, and to the dreariness, somehow, to Laura's sense, of the whole situation that one could neither spend tears on the mother and wife, because she was not worth it, nor sentimentalize about the little boys, because they didn't inspire it. "Well, you do look seedy—I'm bound to say that!" Lionel exclaimed; and he recommended strongly a glass of port, while Ferdy, not seizing this reference, suggested that daddy should take her by the waistband and teach her to "strike out." He represented himself in the act of drowning, but Laura interrupted this entertainment, when the servant answered the bell (Lionel having rung for the port) by requesting that the children should be conveyed to Miss Steet. "Tell her she must never go away again," Lionel said to Geordie, as the butler took him by the hand; but the only touching consequence of this injunction was that the child piped back to his father, over his shoulder, "Well, you mustn't either, you know!"

"You must tell me or I'll kill myself, I give you my word!" Laura said to her brother-in-law, with unnecessary violence, as soon as they had left the room.

"I say, I say," he rejoined, "you *are* a wilful one! What do you want to threaten me for? Don't you know me well enough to know that ain't the way? That's the tone Selina used to take. Surely you don't want to begin and imitate her!" She only sat there, looking at him, while he leaned against the chimney-piece, smoking a short cigar. There was a silence, during which she felt the heat of a certain irrational anger at the thought that a little ignorant, red-faced jockey should have the luck to be in the right as against her flesh and blood. She considered him helplessly, with something in her eyes that had never been there before—something that, apparently, after a moment, made an impression on him. Afterward, however, she saw very well that it was not her threat that had moved him, and even at the moment she had a sense, from the way he looked back at her, that this was in no manner the first time a baffled woman had told him that she would kill herself. He had always been a good fellow to her, but even in her deep trouble it was part of her consciousness that he now lumped her with a mixed group of female figures, a little wavering and dim, who were associated in his thick-fingered memory with "scenes," with importunities and bothers. It is apt to be the disadvantage of women, on occasions of measuring their strength with men, that they

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may perceive that the man has a larger experience and that they themselves are a part of it. It is doubtless as a provision against such emergencies that nature has opened to them operations of the mind that are independent of experience. Laura felt the dishonor of her race the more that her brother-in-law seemed so gay and bright about it; he had an air of positive prosperity, as if his misfortune had turned into that. It came to her that he really liked the idea of the public *éclaircissement*—the fresh occupation, the bustle and importance and celebrity of it. That was sufficiently incredible, but as she was on the wrong side it was also humiliating. Besides, higher spirits always suggest finer wisdom, and such an attribute on Lionel's part was most humiliating of all. "I haven't the least objection at present to telling you what you want to know. I shall have made my little arrangements very soon, and you will be subpœnaed."

"Subpœnaed?" the girl repeated, mechanically.

"You will be called as a witness on my side."

"On your side?"

"Of course you're on my side, ain't you?"

"Can they force me to come?" asked Laura, in answer to this.

"No, they can't force you, if you leave the country."

"That's exactly what I want to do."

"That will be idiotic," said Lionel, "and very bad for your sister. If you don't help me you ought at least to help her."

She sat a moment with her eyes on the ground. "Where is she—where is she?" she then asked.

"They are at Brussels, at the Hôtel de Flandres. They appear to like it very much."

"Are you telling me the truth?"

"Lord, my dear child, *I* don't lie!" Lionel exclaimed. "You'll make an awful mistake if you go to her," he added. "If you have seen her with him how can you speak for her?"

"I won't see her with him."

"That's all very well, but he'll take care of that. Of course if you're ready for perjury——!" Lionel exclaimed.

"I'm ready for anything."

"Well, I've been kind to you, my dear," he continued, smoking, with his chin in the air.

"Certainly you have been kind to me."

"If you want to defend her you had better keep away from her," said Lionel. "Besides for yourself, it won't be the best thing in the world—to be known to have been in it."

"I don't care about myself," the girl returned, musingly.

"Don't you care about the children, that you are so ready to throw them over? For you would, my dear, you know. If you go to Brussels you never come back here—you never touch them again!"

Laura appeared to listen to this last declaration, but she made no reply to it; she only exclaimed, after a moment, with a certain impatience, "Oh, the children will do anyway!" Then she added, passionately, "You won't, Lionel; in mercy's name tell me that you won't!"

"I won't what?"

"Do the awful thing you say."

"Divorce her? The devil I won't!"

"Then why do you speak of the children—if you have no pity for them?"

Lionel stared an instant. "I thought you said yourself that they would do anyway!"

Laura bent her head, resting it on the back of her hand, on the leathern arm of the sofa. So she remained, while Lionel stood smoking; but at last, to leave the room, she got up with an effort that was a physical pain. He came to her, to detain her, with a little good intention that had no felicity for her, trying to take her hand persuasively. "Dear old girl, don't try and behave just as *she* did! If you'll stay quietly here I won't call you, I give you my honor I won't; there! You want to see the doctor—that's the fellow you want to see. And what good will it do you, even if you bring her home in pink paper? Do you candidly suppose I'll ever look at her—except across the court-room?"

"I must, I must, I must!" Laura cried, jerking herself away from him and reaching the door.

"Well then, good-bye," he said, in the sternest tone she had ever heard him use.

She made no answer, she only escaped.

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She locked herself in her room; she remained there an hour. At the end of this time she came out and went to the door of the school-room, where she asked Miss Steet to be so good as to come and speak to her. The governess followed her to her apartment, and there Laura took her partly into her confidence. There were things she wanted to do before going, and she was too weak to act without assistance. She didn't want it from the servants, if only Miss Steet would learn from them whether Mr. Berrington were dining at home. Laura told her that her sister was ill and she was hurrying to join her abroad. It had to be mentioned, that way, that Mrs. Berrington had left the country, though of course there was no spoken recognition between the two women of the reasons for which she had done so. There was only a tacit hypocritical assumption that she was on a visit to friends and that there had been nothing queer about her departure. Laura knew that Miss Steet knew the truth, and the governess knew that she knew it. This young woman lent a hand, very confusedly, to the girl's preparations; she didn't venture to be sympathetic, as that would point too much to badness, but she succeeded perfectly in being dismal. She suggested that Laura was ill herself, but Laura replied that that was no matter when her sister was so much worse. She elicited the fact that Mr. Berrington was dining out—the butler believed with his mother—but she was of no use when it came to finding in the Bradshaw which she brought up from the hall the hour of the night boat for Ostend. Laura found it herself; it was conveniently late, and it was a gain to her that she was very near the Victoria station, where she would take the train for Dover. The governess wanted to go to the station with her, but the girl wouldn't listen to this—she would only allow her to see that she had a cab. Laura let her help her still further; she sent her down to talk to Lady Davenant's maid when that personage arrived in Grosvenor Place to inquire, from her mistress, what in the world had become of poor Miss Wing. The maid intimated, Miss Steet said on her return, that her ladyship would have come herself, only she was too angry. It was a sort of proof of this that she had sent back her young friend's dressing-case and her clothes. Laura also borrowed money from the governess—she had too little in her pocket. The latter brightened up as the preparations advanced; she had never before been concerned in a flurried night-episode, with an unavowed clandestine side; the very imprudence of it (for a sick girl, alone) was romantic, and before Laura had gone down to the cab she began to say that foreign life must be fascinating and to make wistful reflections. She saw that the coast was clear, in the nursery—that the children were asleep, for their aunt to come in. She kissed Ferdy while her companion pressed her lips upon Geordie, and Geordie while Laura hung for a moment over Ferdy. At the door of the cab she tried to make her take more money, and our heroine had an odd sense since that if the vehicle had not rolled away she would have thrust into her hand a keepsake for Captain Crispin.

A quarter of an hour later Laura sat in the corner of a railway-carriage, muffled in her cloak (the July evening was fresh, as it so often is in London—fresh enough to add to her sombre thoughts the suggestion of the wind in the channel), waiting in a vain torment of nervousness for the train to set itself in motion. Her nervousness itself had led her to come too early to the station, and it seemed to her that she had already waited long. A lady and gentleman had taken their place in the carriage (it was not yet the moment for the outward crowd of tourists) and had left their appurtenances there while they strolled up and down the platform. The long English twilight was still in the air, but there was dusk under the grimy arch of the station and Laura flattered herself that the off-corner of the carriage she had chosen was in shadow. This, however, apparently didn't prevent her from being recognized by a gentleman who stopped at the door, looking in, with the movement of a person who was going from carriage to carriage. As soon as he saw her he stepped quickly in, and the next moment Mr. Wendover was seated on the edge of the place beside her, leaning to-

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ward her, speaking to her low, with clasped hands. She fell back in her seat, closing her eyes again. He barred the way out of the compartment.

"I have followed you here—I saw Miss Steet—I want to implore you not to go! Don't, don't! I know what you're doing. Don't go, I beseech you. I saw Lady Davenant, I wanted to ask her to help me, I could bear it no longer. I have thought of you, night and day, these four days. Lady Davenant has told me things, and I entreat you not to go!"

Laura opened her eyes (there was something in his voice, in his pressing nearness) and looked at him a moment: it was the first time she had done so since the first of those detestable moments in the box at Covent Garden. She had never spoken to him of Selina in any but an honorable sense. Now she said, "I'm going to my sister."

"I know it, and I wish unspeakably you would give it up—it isn't good—it's a great mistake. Stay here and let me talk to you."

The girl raised herself, she stood up in the carriage. Mr. Wendover did the same; Laura saw that the lady and gentleman outside were now standing near the door. "What have you to say? It's my own business!" she returned, between her teeth. "Go out, go out, go out!"

"Do you suppose I would speak if I didn't care—do you suppose I would care if I didn't love you?" the young man murmured, close to her face.

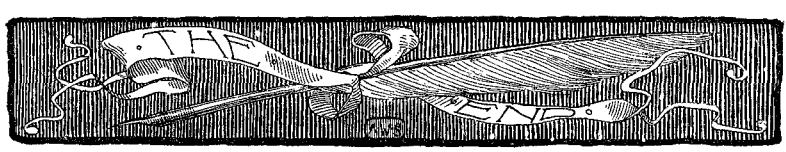
"What is there to care about? Because people will know it and talk? If it's bad it's the right thing for me! If I don't go to her where else shall I go?"

"Come to me, dearest, dearest!" Mr. Wendover went on. "You are ill, you are mad! I love you—I assure you I do!"

She pushed him away with her hands. "If you follow me I will jump off the boat!"

"Take your places, take your places!" cried the guard, on the platform. Mr. Wendover had to slip out, the lady and gentleman were coming in. Laura huddled herself into her corner again and presently the train drew away.

Mr. Wendover did not get into another compartment; he went back that evening to Queen's Gate. He knew how interested his old friend there (as he now considered her) would be to hear what Laura had undertaken (though, as he learned, on entering her drawing-room again, she had already heard of it from her maid), and he felt the necessity to tell her once more how her words of four days before had fructified in his heart, what a strange, ineffaceable impression she had made upon him—to tell her, in short, and to repeat it over and over, that he had taken the most extraordinary fancy——! Lady Davenant was tremendously vexed at the girl's perversity, but she counselled him patience, a long, persistent patience. A week later she heard from Laura Wing, from Antwerp, that she was sailing to America from that port—a letter containing no mention whatever of Selina or of the reception she had found at Brussels. To America Mr. Wendover followed his young compatriot (that at least she had no right to forbid), and there, for the moment, he has had a chance to practise the humble virtue recommended by Lady Davenant. He knows she has no money and that she is staying with some distant relatives in Virginia; a situation that he—perhaps too superficially—figures as unspeakably dreary. He knows further that Lady Davenant has sent her fifty pounds, and he himself has ideas of transmitting funds, not directly to Virginia but by the roundabout road of Queen's Gate. Now, however, that Lionel Berrington's deplorable suit is coming on he reflects with some satisfaction that the Court of Probate and Divorce is far from the banks of the Rappahannock. "Berrington *versus* Berrington and others" is coming on—but these are matters of the present hour.



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## THE LOST FRIEND.

*By Nora Perry.*

Oh, what was the hour and the day,
The moment I lost you?
I thought you were walking my way,
I turned to accost you,

And silence and emptiness met
My word half unspoken;
But I thought, and I said, "I shall get
A word or a token,

"That sometime and somewhere he will
Impatient, to meet me— [wait,
Round the corner, perhaps, at the gate,
Come smiling to greet me."

But never a token or word
Has he sent to me hither,
Nor wherefore he went have I heard,
Nor wherefore nor whither.

Oh, what was the hour and the day,
The moment you left me,
When you went on your separate way,
Oh, friend, and bereft me?

Sometime and somewhere shall we walk,
Clear of earth, in high places?
Sometime and somewhere shall we talk,
With our hearts in our faces?

And see all the meaning writ clear,
The depth and the sweetness,
Apart from this doubt and this fear,
This sad incompleteness?

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## SILVER AND GOLD.

*By Edith M. Thomas.*

Farewell, my little sweetheart,
Now fare you well and free;
I claim from you no promise,
You claim no vows from me.
The reason why?—the reason
Right well we can uphold—
I have too much of silver,
And you've too much of gold!

A puzzle, this, to worldlings,
Whose love to lucre flies,
Who think that gold to silver
Should count as mutual prize!
But I'm not avaricious,
And you're not sordid-souled;
I have too much of silver,
And you've too much of gold.

Upon our heads the reason
Too plainly can be seen:
I am the Winter's bond-slave,
You are the Summer's queen;
Too few the years you number,
Too many I have told;
I have too much of silver,
And you've too much of gold.

You have the rose for token,
I have dry leaf and rime;
I have the sobbing vesper,
You, morning bells at chime.
I would that I were younger,
(And you grew never old)—
Would I had less of silver,
But you no less of gold!

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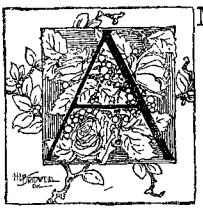
# PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN MEDALS.

*By Gustav Kobbé.*



MERICAN numismatists have an advantage over their brethren of other countries; for the political institutions peculiar to the United States have originated a branch of numismatic art not represented in the numismatics of any other nation. The coinage of foreign countries usually bears the likeness of the rulers of the nation. Had the precedent been followed in the United States it would have made necessary innovations in our coinage at intervals of four or eight years; whereas the so-called Washington cent is the only coin of the United States bearing a Presidential likeness.

Our medallists have sought to make up for the absence from our coinage of portraits of those who have been our chief magistrates, and their work in this direction has resulted in what is known among collectors as the series of Political Medals and Tokens. This consists of such pieces as bear the likeness of any President or Vice-President of the United States or of any of the unsuccessful candidates for those offices. For instance, beginning with the inauguration of Washington, the national government has commemorated the coming in of each Administration by having struck off at the mint large silver medals, called Indian medals because they are presented to the chiefs of certain tribes as pledges of friendship. The mint issues also "Presidential medals" which bear the bust of the successful candidate and the date of his election. Besides the mint medals there are many "Politicals," which have been struck off on the order of societies or individuals or by medallists as business ventures.

A large subdivision of the "Politicals," known as Presidential Campaign Medals, or "Campaigners" for short, we owe to the business enterprise of our medallists. In the second campaign between Jackson and John Quincy Adams the partisans of the former, still smarting under his defeat by Adams four years previous, made a rattling canvass for Old Hickory. The medallists, scenting a chance for a rushing business at the large Jackson meetings held during this campaign, struck off medals bearing his likeness and spirited mottoes or references to his military career, by wearing which his partisans showed their devotion to their hero's cause. Ever since then political canvasses have been periods of great activity for our die-sinkers. An unbroken numismatic record of the Presidential campaigns from that of 1828 to those of our own time has been preserved to us through the enthusiasm of several collectors, foremost among them Mr. Robert Hewitt, formerly an officer of the American Numismatic and Archæological Society of New York, which also has many valuable "Campaigners" in its cabinet. The series of Presidential Campaign Medals is unique. It was not fashioned mechanically and unemotionally in the mint like our own and foreign coinage. The medals bear evidence of having been struck off in the heat and passion of the hour. The political excitement with which the air quivered, the very shouts of contending partisans seem to have passed into the metal through the burin as it graved line after line of some striking design or letter after letter of some ringing campaign cry which in one terse sentence reflected the spirit of the canvass.

The campaign medal of earliest date (1824) is not a genuine "Campaigner" but a John Quincy Adams "Presidential," through which a hole has been punched. Its battered condition is evidence that it was worn. The theory of the Numismatic Society, to whose cabinet it belongs, is that some partisan of Adams in the campaign of 1828 punched the hole through it and wore it, so that Jackson's supporters should not have the monopoly of outward manifestations of their inward political faith.

The Jacksonian series is not limited

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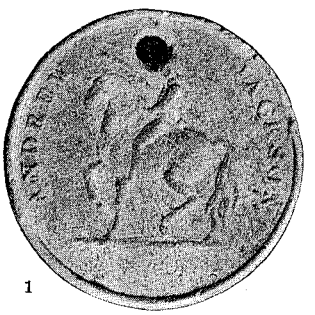
to this. Numerous medals were struck in honor of Old Hickory (1, 2, 3). That, even in a republic, whose institutions

are distinctly and emphatically civil, military prowess excites popular admiration and throws a glamour around a public man beside which the halo of statesmanship grows dim, is shown by the fact that the most popular medallic design with Jackson's partisans was a representation of the battle of New Orleans, his chief military exploit. On such pieces as did not bear it it was usually at least referred to. Thus, on the reverse of a large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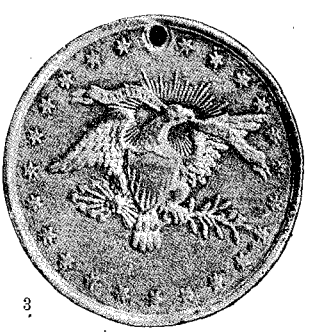
Jackson Campaign Medals, 1824—'28—'32.*

medal of white-metal—a metal resembling pewter and much used by medallists—there is, enclosed in a wreath of oak and laurel, the following inscription: "General Jackson, the gallant and successful defender of New Orleans and candidate for the Presidency of the United States of America, 1828." In fact, his renown as a soldier seems to have entirely obscured his political reputation; for there is no medallic evidence that he was supported as the exponent of any special policy, since the Jackson medals of this campaign contain no reference to the candidate's utterances on the political questions of the time or to his position toward them. His supporters seem to have relied solely upon his military renown as a charm; and they were not mistaken in its powers. For Old Hickory's candidacy was so popular that tradespeople issued brass medallets (numismatically known as tokens), usually bearing on their obverse a bust of Jackson and on the reverse, in compliment to him, a profile of Washington, and the name and business of the firm in conspicuous lettering. Thus the hero of New Orleans, in company with the Father of his Country, "boomed" hardware, military goods, oysters, and drugs; and even a mixture for soothing shrieking infants was advertised on the reverse of a military bust of the irascible old warrior from Tennessee.

The military character of the Jackson medals of 1828 makes the political character of those of the following campaign the more marked. The battle of New Orleans disappears from the medals and in its place we find evidence of genuine political warfare. The metallic circles surround such mottoes as "The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* The illustrations are from pieces in the cabinets of Robert Hewitt, William Poillon, and the American Numismatic and Archæological Society of New York.



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Bank must perish!" and "The Union must and shall be preserved!" These refer of course to Jackson's opposition to the rechartering of the United States Bank and to his determined resistance to the South Carolina Nullifiers—positions he held as firmly as he did the ramparts of cotton bales at New Orleans. As the medallists, in order that their productions might meet with a ready sale, have always adopted those designs and mottoes with which the political atmosphere was charged, the Jackson medals of the period referred to prove that political pluck can also excite popular enthusiasm; and that while Jackson went into the White House in 1828 on what may in a double sense be termed glittering generalities, he owed his re-election to the strain of political "must" which was developed in his character by the crisis which confronted him during his first term.

4

5

6

Medals of the Campaign of 1836.

The campaign of 1836 was a five-cornered fight. The opponents of Jackson's financial policy assumed the name of Whigs. The Democrats nominated Van Buren, an ardent partisan of Jackson, who was elected. The electoral votes of the opposition were distributed among Harrison, 73, Hugh L. White, 26, Daniel Webster, 14, and Willie P. Mangum, 11. The most interesting medal of this campaign is a brass Webster piece of medium size, on the reverse of which is an old woman riding on a broom-stick and wielding a crutch (5). With this design goes the inscription: "We all have our hobbies." It might be supposed that the medal was a relic of the days when the advocates of female suffrage put forth their first tentative efforts, were it not for a profile of the "great expounder" on the reverse. The medal was evidently struck in honor of Webster, though it is difficult to construe the curious design as complimentary. Jackson had been the first "man of the people" to occupy the Presidential chair, and in the campaign of 1836 the Democratic party was extolled by its orators as the party of the "people," and the farmer's vote was flattered by Van Buren's partisans. There is striking evidence of this policy on two of the most important Van Buren medals of this year. On the reverse of one of these—a large white-metal piece—a plough and other agricultural implements are conspicuously grouped in front of a temple of Liberty (4); and the reverse of the other shows a man ploughing and the inscription: "The Democracy who can justly appreciate Liberty and Equality" (6).

Four years later Van Buren and Harrison again met in the political arena. This canvass was one of the most exciting in our history. Every expedient was resorted to by politicians of both parties to play upon popular feeling, and the whole country was aroused The Whigs conducted what has come down to us as "the shouting campaign." The Democrats having sneered at Harrison for living in a log cabin with nothing but hard cider to drink, his partisans raised the cry for the "log cabin and hard cider candi-

7

Medal Commemorating the Organization of the Liberty Party, 1838.

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8, obv.

8, rev.

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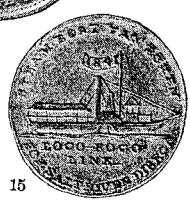
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Harrison and Van Buren Medals of the Campaign of 1840.

date." This touched the popular imagination, and people fairly went wild with enthusiasm—and hard cider; for from the barrel which the candidate proclaimed he was ready to tap for any one who entered his cabin, cider seemed to flow all over the country. Log cabins and barrels were features at nearly all the Harrison meetings, and were also borne in the large processions organized by Harrison's supporters,—the first political processions in our history—on which occasions the barrels were usually found to be more persuasive orators than the speakers. The Harrison medals (8, obv. and rev., 13) faithfully record the popularity of the barrel, for the medallists even suspended their regard for perspective, and in their representations of Harrison's primitive home made the barrel so conspicuous an object in the surrounding landscape that beside it the mountains dwindle to mounds and the trees to bushes.

As the Harrison canvass progressed, it grew so exciting that in one Massachusetts town, for instance, a church was turned over to Harrison's partisans. They built a log cabin on wheels and drew it to the church with eighty yoke of oxen, young girls on horseback, each representing a State, riding in advance bearing green boughs and banners and strewing the road with flowers, while the whole procession shouted:

"For Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
With them we will beat little Van,
Van, Van is a used-up man."

"Tippecanoe" was a watchword among Harrison's adherents, who thus made capital out of his military exploits as well as out of the simplicity of his daily walk.

There is striking numismatic evidence of the excitement which prevailed during this campaign in the circumstance that the medallic series bearing upon it is much larger numerically than any relating to any of the previous

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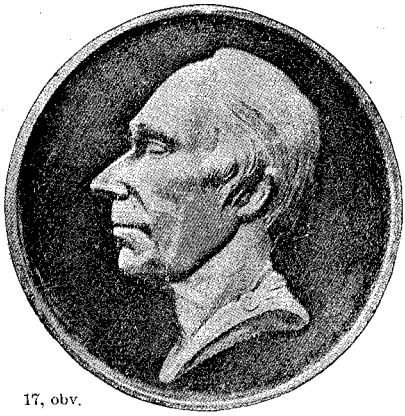
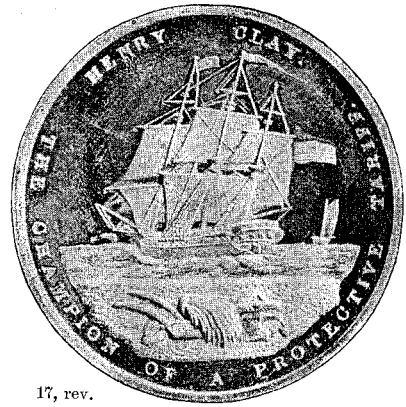


17, obv.




17, rev.

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23

Clay and Polk Medals of 1844.

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contests; while the character of Harrison's canvass as a shouting campaign is shown by the inscriptions on the Harrison medals. Patriotic mottoes and extracts from public utterances of the candidate are not to be found. Instead of these we have, with the log-cabin and hard-cider designs referred to, mere catch-words, which seem to have been caught up by the medallists as they fell from the lips of heated partisans. Certainly no stroke of statesmanship is recalled by the exclamation "Go it, Tip! Come it, Tyler," found on one of the Harrison medals (9); nor any indication of the candidate's policy conveyed by the cries "Tippecanoe and Tyler too!"—"The Log Cabin Candidate, the People's Choice" (13), which are conspicuous on others of the series. Political sentiments are as much wanting as they were in the first set of Jackson medals. Then, too, there is medallic evidence that the Whigs trumped the political trick with the very card—military success—which the Democrats had played successfully in 1828, for they gave impetus to Harrison's candidacy by dwelling upon his victory at Tippecanoe.

24

Campaign of 1848.

25

26

One medallist managed to combine on the reverse of a small piece the symbols of Harrison's military glory and agricultural virtue with a humorous fling at the adversary. The design shows a pair of scales, one of which is branded "Loco," the other "Wigs," the latter, though it lacks one letter, outweighing the former. Beneath are the cabin and the barrel, a cannon, a pyramid of balls, and in the distance a file of soldiers, one of whom bears a standard. The contemptuous "Loco Foco" is again applied to Harrison's opponent in a rare little brass medal, issued by a medallist who evidently had a keen sense of humor. The design represents a steamboat flying a flag inscribed "1841," while the inscription tells us that the vessel is the "Steamboat Van Buren, for Salt River direct. Loco Foco Line" (15). One medallist in the excitement of the campaign forgot his grammar and flooded the community with this announcement on metal: "Honesty and Integrity will meet its just Reward!"

27

28

Scott and Pierce Medals of 1852.

29

Buchanan Medal of 1856.

It seems to have occurred to political managers about this time that the "young man" might be turned into a

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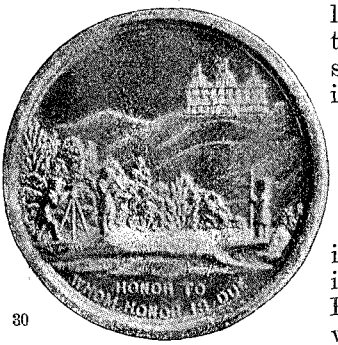
useful factor in political campaigns, for we have a numismatic record of "The Young Men's Harrison's Convention, May 4, 1840." There was evidently a leaven of humor in this gathering, for the medallic memento has, besides the inevitable log cabin, the inscription: "To let, Possession given in 1841." Perhaps we are justified in concluding from this sally of wit that in the first "Young Men's" Convention there was not, as in many of the Young Men's conventions of to-day, a large contingent of bald pates and gray heads.



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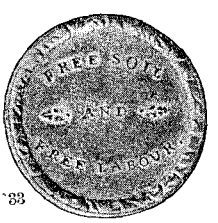
Van Buren's followers stood upon higher ground than Harrison's, and made their campaign one of principle. Financial distress had come down to their leader as a legacy of Jackson's attacks upon the United States Bank. The crash came early in Van Buren's term. Two hundred and fifty business houses in New York suspended before he had been in office a month, and the losses in New Orleans aggregated during two days $27,000,000. Van Buren's statesmanship was during his entire administration directed toward the relief of this financial distress, his favorite measure being the establishment of an independent treasury for the custody of the public funds. This measure, which received the sanction of Congress in 1840, was the rallying cry of his partisans. Most of the Van Buren medals for this campaign contain references to his financial policy. The reverse of one shows a safe guarded by a watch-dog, and the inscription: "Sub-Treasury and Democracy" (11). The Democrats appealed from popular clamor to the intelligence of the country. "The sober second thoughts of the People are O. K." says the inscription on one medal (14). Conspicuous in the design on the reverse of this medal is a safe, the inscription reading: "The Independent Sub-Treasury. The Choice of the People." Though Van Buren was defeated, time has vindicated his policy, for the independent treasury system is still in force. Thus the medals relating to the campaign of 1840 show the policies of the Democrats and their opponents to have been exactly the reverse of their respective policies in the campaign of 1828. The Democratic Jackson medals of 1828 bore no references to political questions, but sought to fire popular imagination by commemorating his military prowess, while the supporters of John Quincy Adams conducted their campaign on strict political lines; most of the Whig Harrison medals of 1840 are of the shouting kind, while the Democratic Van Buren medals defended that statesman's financial policy. In each instance the military candidate was successful. After all, human nature is much the same all the world over, and

31

32

Fremont Medals of 1856.



33

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34

35

36

37

Know Nothing Medals of 1856 (34, 35, 36).

Lincoln Medals of 1860 (37, 38, 40, 43).

38

Bell (39), Douglas (41), and Breckinridge (42), Medals of 1860.

39

McClellan (44 obv. and rev.) and Frémont and Cochrane (45) Medals of 1864.

40

41

42

43

44, obv.

44, rev.

45

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often in a republic as in a monarchy the man on horseback draws all eyes from the man afoot. Adams and Van Buren did not, as did Jackson and Harrison, appear upon political campaign medals in regimentals and astride a prancing steed. Am I exaggerating in saying that in the series of political campaign medals our historians have ready to hand a philosophy of history wrought in metal?

46

47

Campaign of 1868.

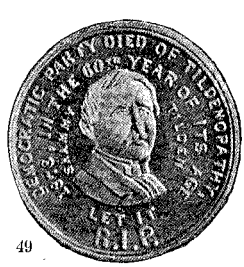
Into this campaign the slavery question entered for the first time as a disturbing element. On this question the two great parties had effected a truce through the Missouri Compromise. But when Garrison began at Boston in 1831 the issue of the *Liberator*, the abolition of slavery became the principle of a party which was as determined as it was small. The great majority of this band separated from Garrison when he began to advocate the dissolution of the Union, and it organized about 1838 the Liberty Party, which in 1840 and again in 1844 nominated for the Presidency James G. Birney, who in 1834, while residing in Kentucky, had shown his devotion to the cause by liberating his own slaves, some twenty in number. While there is no Birney medal, there is a medium-sized bronze piece, dated 1838, which in the light of subsequent events has a deep significance. It evidently commemorates the organizing of the Liberty Party. On the obverse is a female slave kneeling and holding up her shackled arms, her hands clasped beseechingly. "Am I not a woman and a sister?" is her pathetic appeal (7). This design and inscription seem to have been graven in bitter mockery of the reverse of the medal, upon which we read: "United States of America" and "Liberty." A glance at this medal tells us that it differs as thoroughly from the other political medals so far examined as the purpose and methods of the anti-slavery agitators differed from those of the other political parties of those days. There is no clap-trap appeal to excited partisanship—nothing to bring an assemblage to its feet or to awaken a responsive cheer. The tears of the shackled woman fall rather upon the fruitful soil of humanity from which spring up pity and a deep sense of a wrong to be righted. The pathos, the cruelty of slavery, and its mockery of the principles upon which our government is founded stand out in bold relief from this little circle of metal. The medallist seems to have worked with the grim earnestness of the leaders of the movement. The agitation was not a mere political flash-in-the-pan. With the evidence this medal affords of the lofty spirit in which the anti-slavery movement was inaugurated, can we wonder that although two great parties never dared face the question, it grew in importance until it overshadowed every

48

Greeley Medal of 1872.

50

Garfield Medal of 1880.


49

Caricature Tilden Medal of 1872.

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other issue and had to be settled by an appeal from speech and parchment to blood and iron?

The campaign between Polk and Clay in 1844 produced a fine crop of medals (p. 336). Clay's adherents appear to have conducted the canvass with the bravado of people who are sure of success. Clay's personal popularity is attested by the number of medals bearing his effigy, the unusual size of several, and the fact that two are of silver, being, with the exception of one Lincoln piece, the only silver campaign medals known which circulated among the people. One of these silver Clay medals (17, obv. and rev.) shows on its obverse a superb profile of this statesman. There is no inscription. The profile in bold relief tells more eloquently than any words the aggressive personality of the candidate. On the reverse is a large ship standing out to sea with flying flags and pennants, while a smaller ship and a steamer are also conspicuous. Under this design, on a mottled ground, are emblems of agriculture. The inscription: "Henry Clay, the Champion of a Protective Tariff," could, with the substitution of Blaine's name, have been adopted as a campaign cry by the latter's partisans in the canvass of 1884.

The beneficent effects of a protective tariff are alluringly set forth in the design on the reverse of the other silver Clay medal (16), which shows factories in full operation, there being one even on a distant headland past which a ship is sailing. Favorite inscriptions with Clay's partisans were: "Equal and full protection to American Industry!" "Protection to the Working Classes!" (18) "Protection to American Industry!"—mottoes whose echoes reverberated through the Blaine canvass. The first appears on the reverse of a large white-metal piece with an elaborate design emblematic of Clay's statesmanship, diplomacy, and Americanism. The second is interesting as the first record of an appeal to the labor vote. Clay was an earnest advocate of the War of 1812, and had long before its declaration urged retaliation upon England for her unlawful impressment of American seamen. This feature of his career is referred to in the inscription: "The Flag we wear at our masthead should be the Credentials of our Seamen," on the reverse of a medal (19) commemorating the "Young Men's Convention, Baltimore, May, 1844." Of course his "American System"—a combination of protection and internal improvements, is frequently referred to. How near Clay stood to the people is shown by what may be called the colloquial design on the reverse of a small Clay medal (20). It shows a raccoon up a tree "making a nose" at his pursuers. The inscription reads: "The same old Coon, O. K!" Other characteristic Clay inscriptions are: "Henry Clay will carry the Day!" "The Man of the People, the Star of the West!" "A Halo shines as Bright as Day around the Head of Henry Clay!" and "Harry of the West!" Clay's partisans were so boastful of success that by a medallic anachronism his election and inauguration were recorded. The obverse of this medal bears the candidate's bust and "Henry Clay elected President A.D. 1844." The reverse (21), referring to Clay's struggles early in life, shows a boy riding toward a mill and the inscription: "The Millboy of the Slashes inaugurated March 4th, 1845."

Polk's adherents entirely ignored the tariff question, and the Polk medals refer almost exclusively to the annexation of Texas. Polk came from the State of Andrew Jackson, and his partisans, according to numismatic testimony, seem to have taken advantage of this point and to have shouted for "Young Hickory." "Enlarge the Boundaries of Freedom, press onward Young Hickory!" (22). "Young Hickory, Dallas and Victory!" are examples of the inscriptions on Polk medals. The Texas question is more specifically referred to in a design of a "lone star" with a "T" in its centre. It is noteworthy that the appearance of Dallas's portrait on some of the Polk medals marks the debut of the Vice-Presidential likeness in the series (23).

When the Whig and Democratic conventions met in 1848, the Mexican War had been fought and the question whether or not slavery should be prohibited in the newly acquired territory had assumed prominence; but, as heretofore, these parties dodged the issue.



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As a result there was a defection from both, the seceders uniting as the Free Soil party and nominating Van Buren. His action in running and drawing enough votes from Cass, the regular Democratic nominee, to elect General Taylor, the Whig candidate, has of late years, and especially by those who inaugurated the Butler movement in the last campaign, been referred to as the first important "bolt" in our political history. The most interesting medal of this campaign is a battered cent (24), upon the obverse of which (the Liberty head) some one struck with a roughly cut die: "Vote the Land Free!" A hole punched through the coin and its battered condition prove that it was actually "worn in battle."

The few Cass medals are not of special interest (26). Among the Taylor series is one the reverse of which shows a stand of arms, a tablet in the centre bearing the famous command: "A little more grape, Capt. Bragg" (25). The trophy is surmounted by an eagle; the inscription reads: "I ask no favors, I shrink from no responsibility." The obverse of another medal informs us that "General Taylor never surrenders."

In the election of 1852 Pierce and Scott were opponents. Judging from the medals of this campaign it was a dull canvass. They are few in number and of no special interest. There is but one Pierce medal (28). It refers to him as the "Statesman and Soldier." A Scott medal bears on its reverse the scene of Scott wounded at Lundy's Lane (27).

Before the campaign of 1856 opened the slavery question had overspread the political horizon like a threatening storm-cloud. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the struggle in Kansas, and other phases of the issue led to the fusion of the anti-slavery Whigs and Democrats with the Free-soilers as the Republican Party. This party nominated Frémont, who made an aggressive canvass. With this California pioneer as their leader, the Republican party swept over the political field like a fresh breeze from the mountains. Evidence of the enthusiasm with which the opponents of slavery entered this campaign is found in the series of Frémont medals, one of them being the largest political campaign piece known. It is of white-metal. The obverse shows a fine portrait of Frémont (32). On the reverse is a wreath enclosing these inscriptions: "The Rocky Mountains echo back Frémont." "The People's choice for 1856." "Constitutional Freedom." Beneath the wreath is a scroll with "Free" in the middle and "men" and "soil" at either end. The reverse of another interesting Frémont medal represents a surveying party surveying a mountain on top of which is the White House (30). On a third medal (31) he is called "Jessie's Choice," a reference to his marriage with Jessie Benton, daughter of the Missouri statesman.

The Buchanan medals are few in number, but among them is one which stands out conspicuously from the series for both cleverness of design and elegance of execution. It is a large white-metal piece, showing on its obverse a buck leaping over a cannon (29). This is the first and only instance of a rebus in the series.

Those Whigs, especially at the South, who were opposed to anti-slavery measures revived about this time the American or Know-Nothing party and nominated Fillmore (35). A medal (36) of the older "Native American" party had in 1844 called upon Americans to "beware of foreign influence," and a similar motto appeared in this campaign. The anti-Catholic tendencies of this party are evidenced by the emblems of Papacy on the reverse of one of these medals. The obverse of the other Know-Nothing medal (34) shows a man bearing an American flag with three rents. The inscription reads: "Our Flag trampled upon."

The anti-slavery party took a giant stride during Buchanan's administration. The enthusiasm of its members after the nomination of Lincoln is shown in the number of Lincoln medals,—about 200—which is second in the series of American political medals only to that of the Washington medals. The most interesting pieces of the Lincoln series are those worn by the "Wide-a-Wakes," believed to be the first uniformed body of voters to take part in political processions. The obverse of one of these medals shows a member of this organization wearing the characteristic

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wide-awake hat, and bears the inscription "I am ready." Another, worn by the Hartford Wide-a-Wakes, shows on its obverse (40) one of them in full uniform carrying a lantern, and on the reverse another bearing a torch. The Lincoln silver medal referred to in the description of the Clay pieces proclaims the principle of "Free Territory for a free People." Medals relating Lincoln's struggles in early life seem to have been popular—there are a number referring to him as the "great Rail-splitter of the West" (38) or the "Rail-splitter of 1830" (43), with designs enclosing the inscription in a rail-fence or showing a wood-scene with Lincoln engaged in splitting rails. Hamlin's name is on one medal combined with Lincoln's as follows: "Abra-Ham Lin-Coln." Characteristic inscriptions in the Lincoln series are: "Honest Abe of the West." "Honest old Abe." "No more Slave Territory." "Free Homes for Free Men." On those issued during his second Presidential campaign we read: "If I am re-elected President, Slavery must be abolished with the re-union of States." "Freedom to all men, Union."

The "rail-splitter of 1830" was the party-splitter of 1860. For on the question involved in his candidacy the Democratic party split, one faction nominating Stephen A. Douglas (41), the other, Breckinridge (42), who represented the extreme Southern pro-slavery views; while the American Party rechristened itself the Constitutional Union party and nominated John Bell (39). Campaign medals were worn by the partisans of all these candidates.

Lincoln was opposed in 1864, besides by McClellan (44 obv. and rev.), by a section of his own party which nominated Frémont and Cochrane, who, however, withdrew in the autumn. One medal (45), with a military profile of Frémont and "Free Speech, Free Press, Frémont" on its obverse and a battle scene with Frémont bearing a flag on the reverse, is a serious memento of this ridiculous episode. A characteristic McClellan piece is oval shaped and was evidently attached to a pin. It shows McClellan on horseback, and bears the inscription: "Little Mac for President. Spades are Trumps."

With the Lincoln medals the series ceases to be noteworthy. The medals issued during subsequent campaigns are neither so varied nor so interesting in design as those struck off during the Lincoln or previous canvasses. The only reason that can be assigned for this is the change in methods political. Party organization has been so developed, party discipline is so effective that an army of voters can be marshalled at short notice, so that now a canvass is a succession of vast processions. Facilities of transportation also enable the voters in rural districts to unite in large bodies for imposing demonstrations. As a result small cheap medals bearing as a rule merely the profile of the Presidential and Vice Presidential candidates are struck off in large numbers.

Of the numerous Grant medals (46) in the Political series but few are political campaign medals, and none of these is of special interest; and the same may be said of the Seymour (47) and Greeley (48) medals. Among the Tilden medals were several caricatures (49).

There are only two interesting medals from the Garfield-Hancock campaign, one showing the former on a mule on the tow-path and "Canal boy 1845; President 1881" (50), the other, imitated from the "Salt River" Harrison medal, showing a steamboat with "329," the number on which Garfield's opponents rang the changes so persistently, on the paddle-box, and the inscription: "Good for a free passage on the steamer Hancock, Capt. English, Nov. 2, 1880, for Salt River direct, Chinese Line."

In our days the newspapers record almost every detail of a political canvass, and any future historian desiring to enter into the spirit in which our canvasses are conducted—their issues, literature, rhetoric, and acrimony—would find it reflected in our daily journals. But to any one who wishes to become conversant with the political methods of the times before the press had obtained its present status as a newsgatherer, the series of political campaign medals is most helpful. For each rim encircles a bit of history, and the series as a whole forms a record in metal of our national politics.

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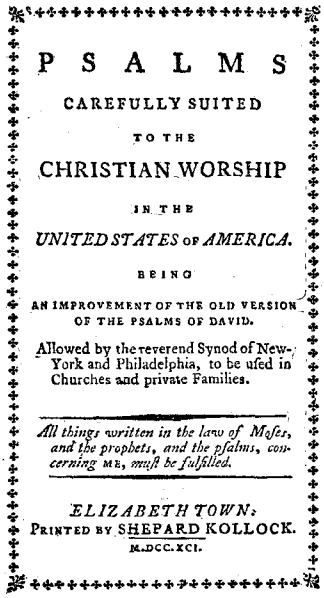
# A SECOND-HAND STORY.

*By H. C. Bunner.*

I HAVE a small book, and a small story, that I bought, the two together, for fifteen cents. He thought, I suppose, that he was selling the book alone; and I must admit that it was but a shabby sort of book. You will hardly find it in the catalogues. It is not a first edition. It is not a tall copy—it is a squat little volume, in truth. It bears a modest *imprimatur*.

The title page reads thus:



PSALMS

CAREFULLY SUITED

TO THE

CHRISTIAN WORSHIP

IN THE

*UNITED STATES* OF *AMERICA.*

BEING

AN IMPROVEMENT OF THE OLD VERSION OF THE PSALMS OF DAVID.

Allowed by the reverend Synod of New-York and Philadelphia, to be used in Churches and private Families.

*All things written in the law of Moses, and the prophets, and the psalms, concerning* ME, *must be fulfilled.*

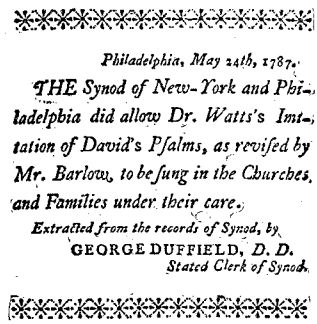
*ELIZABETH TOWN:*
PRINTED BY SHEPARD KOLLOCK.
M.DCC.XCI.

"Oh, I don't know," said the bookseller, as I leaned over the "second-hand counter," and held it up to him. "Fifteen cents, if you want it. Now, *here's* something you ought to see——"

But I did not care to see it. I took my fifteen cents' worth away, and asked myself in what Elizabethtown it was printed; what manner of man Shepard Kollock might have been; but most, what human being owned this little book, handled it, read it, sang from it—belonged to it, in short, as we all belong to our books.

I am told that to the man who has determined to hand his conscience over to the keeping of an established church this much liberty of personal choice is conceded: that he may elect to which one of the established churches he will make delivery. Of this initial liberty of personal choice I shall take advantage in my search after truth. To discover the true history of this volume, I must accept certain premises, and draw conclusions therefrom. If the conclusions are wrong, the premises are clearly to blame, and I am not.

Now, I find, on the second page behind the title, this official commission of the book:



*Philadelphia, May 24th, 1787.*

*THE Synod of New-York and Philadelphia did allow Dr. Watts's Imitation of David's Psalms, as revised by Mr. Barlow, to be sung in the Churches and Families under their care.*

*Extracted from the records of Synod, by*
GEORGE DUFFIELD, *D. D.*
*Stated Clerk of Synod.*

Hence we may set out with the almost certain knowledge that this copy of Mr. Barlow's revision was owned in Pennsylvania, in New York, or in New Jersey, tucked away between them. If the owner were a Pennsylvanian, why did the book not drift, in the end, to Philadelphia instead of to New York?—there are book-shops in Philadelphia, I think. I found it in New York, yet I hardly think it was first sold there. Dr. Watts must have been tongueless among the Dutch churches in 1791, and he could hardly have been made welcome among the modish Church-of-England sinners in Trinity or St. John's. It was in New Jersey, then, that she lived—for I have decided that this book was owned by a woman and that her name was Prudence—in New Jersey, perhaps on some rich lowland along the calm Passaic.

I have a fancy that I know the place.

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It is a small town, set between the river and the softly rising hills that slope and fall and slope and fall to the feet of the Orange Mountains. Half-way up the long main street lies a little triangle of green, bounded by posts and chains, that is called "the square." The church stands on the highest side, a solid building of reddish-brown stone, with plain rectangular windows, that look blankly out from their many panes of pale-green flint glass. It has a squat wooden spire, painted white—a white that has been softened and made pleasant to the eye by the ministrations of the weather. Directly opposite the church is a large Square house of brick, with stone about the doors and windows, and with a little white-painted Grecian portico—on that the paint is ever white and new, defying the kindly hand of time. That is the Squire's house, and that is where Prudence lives.

There are trees all around the square, and trees in it—chestnuts and graceful beeches and young oaks—trees that seem to bring something of the wood into the heart of the town. You will not see the great drooping arbors of the New England elms, set at regular intervals, massive, shapely and urban. These are children of the forest, not afraid to venture into the little town and to scatter themselves about her grassy streets.

Their boughs that wave in the sunlight, are almost the only things that move, early of a summer Sunday morning. The front-doors are closed that of a week-day open wide their broad upper halves. There are no people in the streets. Everybody is within doors, making ready for church. Even the dogs refrain from running about the highways and byways on the aimless errands which dogs affect; they lie in the sun on the doorsteps and wait the appearance of that human world of which they are but an humble auxiliary. Perhaps Prudence, pinning her neckerchief before her dressing-glass, gives a look through her window—hers is the little room over the front door—the window with the fanlight at the top—and smiles to see the sunshine and the billowing leaves flickering red and green; but she is the only woman in the town who has a thought to give to anything save the great business of Sunday morning tiring.

At last the old sexton stalks across the square, and opens the church doors with his huge iron key. Out of the sunlight he vanishes into the black hollow of the vestibule; there is silence for a moment, then the husky whirr of the rope over the wooden wheel on high, and the bell clangs out brazen and loud, and the startled birds rise for a second above the tree-tops, and Sunday life begins.

You will not see Prudence until all the townspeople and the farmers from the country round about are seated in the pews—not until the Dominie appears at the side door of the church. Then the broad portal of the Squire's house springs open and the Squire marches forth, looking larger than ever in his Sunday black. There is a sombre grandeur about the very silk stockings on his sturdy old legs. Behind him comes Cæsar—black Cæsar—his wool as white as the Squire's powdered wig. Cæsar has his kit in his hand; he plays the first fiddle in the choir, and thereby enjoys a proud eminence above all the other negroes in the neighborhood. Moreover, he has been a free man since the first Squire died.

Prudence walks by her father's side. The white neckerchief is folded over her breast; her dress is gray; her eyes are gray and dovelike. She holds her hymn-book and a spray of caraway in one hand; the other lifts her clinging skirt. The Squire looks straight ahead as he walks, and Cæsar looks straight at the Squire's back. But Prudence's soft eyes wander a little. Perhaps she is not sorry that the Squire walks slowly; that she has these few moments under the trees and among the birds before the great bare hollow of the church swallows her up for the two long hours of service.

As Prudence sits in her pew to-day—the front pew to the left of the aisle as you face the Dominie—she is conscious that there is among the worshippers a concentration of furtive attention upon the pew behind her—the one where old Jan Onderdonck used to sit until he went to finish his mortal slumbers in the graveyard. She does not wonder

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who may be there; she is too good a girl for that. But she cannot help remembering that she will know when church is out. And now she rises to sing in the hymn, and—she must have been wondering, in spite of herself, or why is there such a guilty start and thrill under the white neckerchief when she hears the strong baritone voice rise resonant behind her? The little brown hymn-book trembles in her hands; she knows she is a wicked girl, and yet—perhaps it is part of her wickedness that she cannot feel properly unhappy. Nay, she knows there is a jubilant lilt in her voice as it joins the strange voice and sings:

"Happy the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest."

Her father turned half around where he stood, as a pillar of the church turning on its base, and gazed at the stranger. Prudence could not turn; she could only glance shyly at her father. He had his Sunday face on, and she knew that he would not relax a muscle of it until he had shaken hands with the Dominie in the porch.

I do not know what else Prudence sang that day out of the brown hymn-book. Perhaps it was "*The Shortness and Misery of Life*," or "*The World's Three Chief Temptations*," or "*Corrupt Nature from Adam*," or "*The Song of Zacharias, and the Message of John the Baptist;*" but I do know that, as she was going out of church, Prudence did something she had never done since, ten years before, her father put her dead mother's hymn-book into her small hand and told her it was hers. She left it lying on the seat behind her. It did not lie there long; she was not two steps down the aisle before the tall, broad-shouldered young man in the pew behind had presented it to her with a low bow. She took it with a frightened courtesy, and went down the aisle, her heart beating hard. Indeed, now, there was no doubt about it. She was sinful, perverse, and wholly unregenerate to the last degree. She wondered if iniquity so possessed other girls. And just in that moment when he bowed she had noticed that he had fine eyes, and that he wore his black clothes with an air of distinction. Of what use was it to go to church at all, if such sinfulness was ingrained in her?

. . . . . .

The disturbed dust was settling down on the pulpit cushion once more. The Dominie and the Squire stood in front of the church. The Dominie was powdering himself with snuff, as he always did after a hard sermon, and waiting for his regular invitation to dinner. The Squire, however, was not as prompt as usual to-day. His eyes followed a broad-shouldered figure in black clothes of foreign cut, that strolled idly through the square.

"Dr. Kuypers," he finally demanded, "who is that young man?"

"That," said the Dominie, as he put his snuff-box in his pocket, "is Rick Onderdonck, or, I might better say, Master Richard Onderdonck, the son of our old friend Jan Onderdonck, now at rest. He has been these four years in Germany, where he has learnt a pretty deal of Latin, I must say for him."

The Squire shook his head.

"A godless country for a boy," he said. "I hope he got no worse than Latin there."

"Nay, nay," said the Dominie, indulgently; "I find him a good youth, and uncorrupted. He came home but yesterday, and stays with me till his father's house shall be aired. He will work the old farm, he says, and I trust his Latin may do him no harm."

Dr. Kuypers and the Squire bowed with solemn courtesy. "I shall be honored with your company at dinner, and with that of Mr. Onderdonk." Then he dropped to a simple week-day tone: "Four years, Dominie, four years, is it, since you and I and Jan Onderdonk sat at dinner together? Yes, bring the lad."

And Prudence, during this conversation, stood at her father's elbow and said nothing at all, as was decorous in a young girl.

Dr. Kuypers was a terrible man in the pulpit, and a kind-hearted and merry man out of it. The Sunday dinners in the great brick house were always the brighter for his coming; and if this

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dinner seemed to Prudence the brightest she had ever known, the credit must have been due to Dr. Kuypers, for young Mr. Onderdonck was certainly most quiet and modest, and contented himself for the most part with giving fitting and well-considered answers to the questions of the elder gentlemen as to his studies and the state of Europe.

The dinner came to an end long before Prudence wished it. And yet, at the end, there was a new and delightful experience for her, which she fled to her room to dream over.

She was only nineteen; she sat at the head of the table, but it was only as she had sat since she was a little girl, just learning to pour her father's coffee, and she had always been a little girl to the Squire and the Dominie. But today, when she rose from her seat, Mr. Onderdonck rose too, and hurried to open the door for her, and bowed low as she went out—and, O, wondrous day! —as if this were not joy enough, she saw over her shoulder that her father and the Dominie rose too, and stood until the door had closed behind her.

Mr. Rick Onderdonck was modest even after Mistress Prudence had left the room. I think that the deference of young men toward their elders will not die out in this world while old men have fair daughters. Mr. Onderdonck took his portion of post-prandial schnapps, and patiently let the Squire and the Dominie whet their rusty Latin on his brand-new learning.

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Of course, Prudence married Rick Onderdonck. That was written from the beginning. Why should it not be so? What had the Squire to say against the pretensions of young Rick Onderdonck, heriter of all the square miles of green upland that had once belonged to old Jan, owner of seventy slaves, a virtuous and a comely man, with very pretty manners in the presence of his elders? Why, nothing. He might, indeed, have said that the house would be lonelier than he had thought without Prudence silently flitting here and there; but it was not the Squire's way to give such reasons as that; and so the young people were betrothed early in the spring that followed that first winter when the neighborhood remarked that Rick Onderdonck had taken to going to the Squire's house more than his father ever did.

I don't think the hymn-book saw much of their courtship, although, to be sure, Mr. Onderdonk probably went to church quite regularly during that period of probation. But she sang in the pew in front and he in the pew behind her, and the most that the hymn-book could know of what either of them felt was that her fingers tightened on its smooth cover whenever she heard his voice.

But she probably confided some thought of her heart to the little book that had been her mother's when she came to pack up her "things" a day or two before the wedding—I mean her personal belongings—the trifles dear to her heart.

For days the ox-carts had creaked and groaned up the rough hill roads to the Onderdonck farm-house, leaving great loads of tables, and chairs, and wardrobes, and chests of drawers, and corded boxes that held hundreds of yards of sweet-clover scented linen, and dresses made by modish seamstresses in New York, and even liberal gifts from the Squire's store of family silver. But besides such things as these, there is always the pitiful little kit that a girl makes up when she leaves the old home-roof and takes ship on the great sea of wifehood.

This was truly a kit, done up in the red bandanna handkerchief that old Susan, her nurse (Cæsar's wife, in her lifetime), had given her long ago. For that matter, all the poor treasures had been given to her. There was this little hymn-book, first of all, and the gold chain and locket with her mother's miniature. Prudence sometimes looked at her mother's portrait and wondered if those gentle blue eyes had not looked frightened when the Squire proposed to marry them. Then there were the emery-bag and scissors she had got at school, for working the neatest sampler, and there was the sampler to speak for itself. There was the ivory ship that Ezra Saunders had carved for her—Ezra, the dry, shrivelled old cobbler, from some strange, far place in New England, who

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had followed the sea in his younger days, and whose dark back room in the cabin by the river-side was hung with sharks' teeth and sword-fish spears, and ingeniously-carved stay-bones, with a smell of sandal-wood about them all, wrapping north and south and east and west in one atmosphere of spicy oriental mystery. There, too, was her collection of trinkets—an enamelled brooch, a tall tortoise-shell comb, a garnet ring or two, and such modest odds and ends as served her for jewelry. And all of these she did up in the red bandanna handkerchief, with a guilty feeling, as though she were deserting her girlish life after an ungrateful fashion, and may be the brown book was sensible of some poor unformulated prayers for the strange future.

And so it came about—for the contents of the handkerchief went up to her new home the day before the wedding—that the hymn-book was not in church when she was married. If it had been, I think it would have lain open at page 271, as old Cæsar's bow slid softly over the strings, and the congregation sang:

"Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine,
Thy children round thy board,
Each, like a plant of honor, shine,
And learn to fear the Lord."

. . . . . .

So now we have the brown hymn-book at home in the Onderdonck homestead, a long, low building, the lower story of red stone, the upper of wood. It stood high up on the hills, and looked down over grassy slopes of meadow land across the tops of the trees in the town, to the clear, shining line of the river, that ran in pleasant curves as far as the eye could follow it.

It is here that Prudence begins and ends her life. For the best of life begins where she began in the old farm-house, and what end the world saw she made there.

There life's new joys and life's new troubles began: the new joy of two living one life together; and then the great and awful trouble of child-birth—the worst, forgotten, however, as she lay in Grandmother Onderdonck's four-posted bed and heard the sharp, small, querulous wailing from the next room. I think that was of a Saturday morning in May, and I am sure that on the Sunday she sent Rick to church to receive the congratulations of the neighborhood, and lay in her bed the while, and perhaps turned over a page or two of the hymn-book, finding a comfort in its terror-fraught pages which our generation might seek in vain. Then old Mother Sturt, who brought all the town's babies into the world, took the book away from her, for fear it might hurt her dear eyes; and she lay there and hummed the familiar airs under her breath, and if the tune was sweet to her memory it mattered little though the words ran:

"Should'st thou condemn my soul to hell,
And crush my flesh to dust,
Heav'n would approve thy vengeance well,
And earth must own it just."

The time went slowly, lying there in the white waste of the four-poster bed; but it came to an end in time, and there was a day when she went up the church aisle on her husband's arm, just after the sermon, and Dominie Kuypers sprinkled water on the head of the infant, conceived in sin and born in iniquity, and totally unconscious of it, while the choir sang:

"Thus Lydia sanctified her house,
When she received the word;
Thus the believing jailer gave
His household to the Lord."

There were other children after that boy, and Prudence found her days well filled up with the little duties of a woman's life—those little duties which would distress women less could they but see the grand total and estimate the value of it. Prudence must have had some blessed comprehension of the worth of a woman's work who does her duty as wife and mother, for I can see her going about her daily tasks with a sweet and placid face, and lifting tender welcoming eyes to her husband as he comes home at sunset from some far corner of the farm—those sweet gray eyes that were content, only a little while ago, with the light of the sun on the trees and the gay face of the summer-clad world.

It was a serious face, sometimes, that met her look, for Rick was a man who

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took on his broad shoulders some share of the world's burdens beyond his necessary stint. They had a troublous time when they made up their minds to let their slaves work out their freedom. It was some years before Rick regained his popularity among the neighbors; he had practically manumitted his entire holding of slaves, and although such an act might have been forgiven to mere benevolence, it was a crime against the community when it was dictated by principle. Rick had a sad scene with the old Squire, who all but cursed him for his foreign atheistical notions; and even good Dominie Kuypers looked gravely disappointed. They did not, in fact, fully restore Rick to favor until it became clear beyond a doubt that the farm was paying better under a system of free labor than it had ever paid while it supported a horde of irresponsible slaves. When that fact was proved beyond a doubt, the most notoriously mean man in the county ordered his slaves to work out their freedom at the highest market price; and, after that, the curse was taken off Rick and Prudence.

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The shutters of the old farm-house are closed. The broad spread of fields is empty of all but waving grain and nodding corn. The farm-hands stand about the kitchen door, looking strange in their Sunday clothes of black. At the front door stands young Jan Onderdonck, a shapely boy of eighteen, looking out on the world with that white, blank face which the first sight of death among his own puts on a boy. He meets the neighbors as they drive up to the gate in swaying carryalls or lumbering wagons, and goes silently before them to the door. They go in, out of the clear, summer sunshine, leaving the slope of long, unmown grass, the beds of bright flowers, the tremulous green beeches behind them, into the dim, cool front sitting-room, and range themselves along the wall. Friend bows to friend, in a constrained fashion, and here and there are hushed interchanges of speech. "She is taking it hard, poor soul," they say; "but so quiet and still, the doctor was frightened for her."

Across the hall he lies, in the room opened only for company. The air is close; the shutters will not let the scent of the rose-bushes enter. His calm face looks up to the cracked, whitewashed ceiling of the plain old house that was his home a few hours ago. How calm it is! How calm, to leave behind such a void, so much and so unconquerable grief! Yet, would we have the shadow and impress of our sorrow on his face? Good man, good husband, good father, he is gone. And this poor face that lies here to tell us of him, let us be thankful that it smiles calmly as our poor bewildered eyes look at it for the last time.

The darkest room in all the dim, closed house is where Prudence sits, on the floor above. There is a child at each side of her, and when her hands are not clasped trembling in her lap, they move to touch the soft, tear-wet faces. And now the eldest son comes softly into the room and slips his arm about her, and a quick tremor shakes her, and she hears the voice of the old minister, standing upon the stairs, midway between the dead and the living half of one existence, speaking the words that part husband and wife upon this earth. There is a silence, and then the voices of the singers come with a far-away sound from the rooms below. One of the children, with a child's poor, helpless effort to serve, slips the book into her hands. She cannot open it; she could not see the page; she does not need it. She knows the words; only two lines come new to her ears—"Nor should we wish the hours more slow, to keep us from our love."

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It has been dropping light showers all the afternoon; showers that have caught the first swaths of the cut grass. Then there has been the brief glow of a high-hung rainbow, and the warm sun has come to rest a few minutes on the long heaps of grass, and to distil from them an exquisite attar of new-mown hay. The sun is behind the hills now; the front of the old farm-house where Prudence is sitting in shade. She looks across her flower-beds, down the long slope to where, beyond town and trees, there is still a warm light on the winding Passaic, that goes, presently, creeping up the further hills, and last of all resting on the white houses of a little settlement that perched on those hills—



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how many years ago? Prudence forgets: many years ago, yet long since the one date from which she reckons all her days. Rick never saw it. The woods were there when he died.

For thirty years Prudence has seen the sun rise and set since he died. Thirty summers she has tendered the garden he dug for her in their honeymoon. The house he left empty is still home to her, to his children, and to his children's children. The fires have long gone out in the house where she was born; she looks now over the smokeless chimney; but his home is still as he would wish to find it were he coming home this evening across the sweet fields.

Prudence, sitting there, sees his grandson coming homeward now. She knows the broad shoulders and the springy gait. She has always called the boy Richard, though everyone else calls him Rick. She knows, too, the girlish figure by his side; she knows that he will go past the gate and through the woods to the Van Vorst farm. Yes, on he goes, bending his tall head to talk with Mary Van Vorst.

Prudence's face is sweet and her eyes are patient; but who shall blame her if the longing of her heart springs up and knows not day or years? What days or years shall touch that immortal youth? Has the summer grown old? Has the green of the world grown dull, and the gold of the sun grown dim? He walked with her then, and the hay smelt as it smells to-day; the twilight air grew tender and misty about them, the murmur of woodland life made the cool darkness shrill, and the young stars came out in the vague blue of the sky.

What has grown old? What is changed in her heart that it should not cry out for love and joy? Why may she not feel his strong arm about her shoulders, hear his voice in her ears? Why may she not look up now and see his face bent over hers, love speaking to love in their eyes.

A small brown book slips from her hand and falls upon the ground; but she does not need the printed page. She knows the hymn by heart. The bassoon and the fiddle play softly in the choir of the old church; she hears them faintly, for her heart is fluttering; her hands are cold, there is a mist of tears in her eyes as she looks up into her husband's face, standing before the altar.

It must have been on some evening such as this that the little book dropped from Prudence's hands for the last time. For unless it fell there, and lay among the flowers, and the flowers were untended after her death, so that some stranger picked it up and took it away as a thing of no account, I cannot tell why her children let their mother's book find its way to a second-hand bookshop. I am glad that in the end it did not fall into the hands of some one who might not have known her story.

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# FIRST HARVESTS.

*By F. J. Stimson.*

## CHAPTER XXVII.

ARTHUR HAS A LITTLE DINNER.

ARTHUR was thinking of getting up a little dinner for some of his most worthy friends and most valuable acquaintances, and he was sitting in the reading-room of his favorite club, trying to make up his list. There was a reception at the Livingstones that afternoon, and he purposed going; but this deuce of a list took much more time than one would suppose possible. He threw impatiently into the waste-paper basket the third tentative sketch which had proved impossible, and looked at his watch. The cards said half-past three—"to meet Miss Holyoke"—it was indeed the first time Gracie was to appear out of her deep mourning.

Arthur looked at his watch. It was after three already. He had thought of going early, before the people came;

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however, he would make one attempt more, and meantime ring and order the cab.

John Haviland—he must come of course—he was the man he really esteemed most, of all the men he knew. But Birmingham did not like Haviland—and Arthur could not possibly do without the earl—well, so much the worse for his lordship; they could be put at opposite ends of the table. So Haviland went in. Then there was Van Kull and Charlie Townley; there had been some trouble, about a woman, between these two men, and they were not upon the best of terms. But then Arthur particularly wanted Van Kull; his presence at a stag-party was sure to give it just the cachet that it needed, and Charlie was by no means so popular, among the men. But then, he could not be forever deferring to his friends; he would tell Charlie who was coming, and if he didn't like it, he could stay away. And after all, the dinner was but an impromptu affair, gotten up for that very evening; at least, the invitations were to be sent out then, though Arthur had schemed about it for several days; and they might not half of them be disengaged. He had spoken to Birmingham already; he was going out West on the morrow, but had promised to come. Caryl Wemyss—there was another man. Him, at least, he would cut; for he disliked him thoroughly. But, after all, Wemyss was a great card; he affected to look down on young men, and it would be quite a social triumph for him to get him. (It is difficult perhaps for us, who have seen this celebrated personage from the inside, to realize what a figure-head he had made himself in that portion of American society which has aspirations beyond the ocean.) Yet it would give him the keenest pleasure to leave this man out for once, more so than to put in all the others; for he knew that Wemyss would like to go. Which was the greatest pleasure—ambition or revenge?

A servant came up just here, and whispered that Mr. Holyoke's cab was ready. "Tell him to wait," said Arthur, impatiently; and he admitted Mr. Wemyss, with a sigh, to his list. Who next? There was Lucie Gower, of course; every one liked Lucie; and Arthur wrote the name, this time with a sigh of relief. Then there was Lionel Derwent. He himself liked him very much.—But confound it, no; Van Kull and Birmingham would leave the room if that self-assertive, carelessly-dressed radical were of the party. Who else was there? Mr. Tamms? Arthur was anxious enough to get on in his business, and had even thought of his angular employer at first. But it really would not do; that was a trifle too much of the shop; he could ask him alone some time, to Coney Island. The list would do as it was: the earl, Wemyss, Van Kull, Gower, Townley, and Haviland.

He looked at his watch again; it was after four, and little Gussie Mortimer, that dried-up old beau, would be sure to be there by this time; he always went first, to get his fine work in with the very youngest girls, while the coast was clear. There was no use seeing Gracie with Gussie Mortimer. He might as well write the notes and get them off; some of the men he could see at the Livingstones, and Birmingham he was sure of, as that gentleman had lately been accepting his hospitality at the Hill-and-Dale Club, and he had asked him yesterday.

But Jimmy De Witt came in just then, and began to talk; it was nice to be clapped on the shoulder by him, for he was very rich, in the right of his wife, and given to entertaining. An enviable fellow, popular, a great athlete, with a rich and pretty wife, who did not look much to his comings in and goings out, having far too good a time herself for that. It will be seen that Arthur's ideas had changed a little from his poetry days; but what would you have? He had been studying *les moyens de parvenir* since then. New York life is not a lyric, nor yet an epic, or we had not called this book a satire. Before he knew it, Arthur had asked him to dinner also, and Tony Duval; and then remembered that the latter always cut John Haviland. But everything seemed to go wrong that afternoon; the very de'il was in it. Derwent came in too, and asked him if he was not going to the Livingstones. Arthur answered irritably; and felt glad he had not invited

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him. He should go, he said, if he got time. So, that we may not miss the kettledrum ourselves, perhaps we had better accompany Derwent.

For Gracie has long been wondering why Arthur has not come; she has looked forward to her "coming out" chiefly that she might see our hero every day once more. Derwent goes to her at once. "I have just left a friend of yours lamenting that he cannot get here sooner," says he. "Holyoke was positively savage that he was kept so long down town." It was a white lie, I know; yet few men would have been at the pains to tell it. And Gracie smiles once more; and the burly, blond-bearded man stays by her, like some comforting, protecting power. But he seems destined to annoy his friends that afternoon; for Charlie Townley finds him near by, too, and with quite other feelings. Charlie was there early enough, you may be sure; and he is sitting with pretty Mamie Livingstone on a sofa just behind them. And Birmingham, I fear, is cursing Derwent too; such a knack have fanatics of making themselves disagreeable! For every time he makes a pretty compliment to Miss Farnum—and pretty compliments are slow and heavy things for our peer of the realm to struggle with—it seems as if his beautiful companion caught Derwent's eye. And the beauty is, even to the Briton's eye, a bit unconscious of his fine speeches; and looks about her as if she too were looking for some other swain. Only Mrs. Gower and Wemyss seem to have escaped; but they are sitting by a certain screen in the tea-room and fancy themselves unseen; so they are, indeed, save by the eyes of some old dowagers—the same who had called upon her the day of the drive—barbed by a touch of malice to a keener sight than even "that damned adventurer's," as Birmingham calls him. But Daisy De Witt is there, in a gorgeous dress her novel matronhood permits her, perfectly happy yet; and Kill Van Kull, her partner, manages to get his amusement out of all the world and everywheres.

Then Derwent takes his seat by Mamie, calmly turning Charlie's flank. So the Wall Street knight has to retreat; and Derwent flirts most desperately, so that her little head—heart—what shall I say? is tickled. And it is very late when Arthur comes, and he finds that Gracie has gone up-stairs with a headache; so that he is angrier than ever.

But the dinner that night is a great success. Everybody came—except Van Kull, which is, indeed, a little of a disappointment—and the wines and cooking are most excellent. A great success, that is, until Wemyss, most unfortunately, began to talk of American families. Some one said something about Kitty Farnum, and what a fine woman she was, and what a pity it was that her people were so ordinary. "Pooh!" says his lordship, "all your Yankee families are just alike."

"Without impugning Birmingham's knowledge of American families," says Wemyss, thinking of his own, "I think I may submit that there are differences. Take Mrs. Gower, for instance, Mrs. Levison-Gower, I mean—I think that is a family name not unknown in England, and blood shows itself in every line of her face, and, in every motion of her figure, breeding." Wemyss never forgets his polished periods, even in the heat of argument. "Or take," he goes on, "Miss Holyoke, whom we saw to-day, she is perhaps even a better example of what I mean. She has not perhaps much style; she is countrified, if you like—but she comes of the best old Massachusetts stock, and I submit there is no older blood in the England of to-day than hers."

"Oh come, now, I say," says his lordship, "you don't mean to set up that little filly against us? That's the sort of thing our governesses are in England."

It is a little hard for Arthur to sit by and hear this; but he remembers that Birmingham is the guest of the evening and keeps silent. But Haviland takes it up. "If that is true, Lord Birmingham, I congratulate you upon your early breeding; and am only sorry that its lessons are so soon forgotten."

"I think, sir, you should remember the lady is a cousin of our host," adds Lucie Gower, pluckily.

"Damn it, man," cries Birmingham, "we all think so in England. Do you suppose the Prince cares a curse for

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your shop-keeping distinctions? As much as I do for Jess the farrier's daughter and Nell the draper's wife in my county town. He only takes up one Yankee woman after another because they're easier than the women that he's used to. That's why your Buffalo Bills get to the Queen's levees as well as your poker Schencks—we might as well marry a Chicago pork man's pretty daughter as any Yankee Boston professor's—if she's got the money and the looks."

"And damn it, sir," cries little Lucie Gower, "I tell you that if you had spoken but just now of my wife as you did of poor Miss Holyoke, I'd have shied this bottle at your head."

Gower looks fierce, as he stands up, grasping his decanter; and Charlie Townley interposes to pour oil on troubled waters. "Sit down, Lucie," says he, "I've no doubt all our ancestors were no better than they should be; Lord Birmingham's own included." With which American reflection, and something in the ludicrousness of Gower's gentle nickname, the altercation passes for the time. Birmingham, being a bit of a coward, is brought to apologize; "and perhaps," adds Charlie, "Lord B. has just been touched upon a tender point." All laugh at this, save Birmingham, who blushes red and angrily. But John has said nothing, and is twirling his moustache grimly.

Meantime the wine circulates again; and the earl, who has already taken too much, takes a little more. And every man has had some little irritation on that unfortunate day; poor Arthur, who expected so much from his little dinner! For Arthur has been thinking now of Gracie, and there is some uneasy feeling on his mind he does not seek to analyze. Though, indeed, it was by her wish that they had never been engaged.

No small talk seems to be quite ready; and Birmingham goes on. "Of course, it's all very well for you fellows to talk," says he, as if he meant to be amicable, "and I'm sorry that I said what I did. But you must all know well enough that it's ridiculous for Americans to talk of family. Why, the country was settled by the very scum and refuse of old England; and all your ancestors were either thieves, or slaves, or prostitutes and domestic servants shipped out here by the carload——"

He stammers a moment; for John Haviland, eying him calmly, as one might eye some servant seeking for a place, rises, folds his napkin with great deliberation, and stalks out of the room. Gower follows him, assuring the Englishman first, with great particularity, that "he is a confounded blackguard and knows where he may find him." With which grandiloquent speech, a little out of date perhaps, the other five are left to continue their instructive conversation. Arthur is a little pale, but Charlie Townley, when they have fairly left the room, breaks into a roar of laughter, and Tony Duval seems to think it all good fun; his grandfather, a French barber, had married a Paris grisette, and both had come to America to make their fortunes.

"That's like 'em all," says the bellicose Briton, "they court our company, just like the snobs at home, and then are vexed if we don't treat them as our equals. And all the fuss about a Kitty Farnum! I mean to take her back with me, but damme if I've yet decided to marry her first!"

"You will oblige me first by taking your name off this club; or as I put you down, I'll save you the trouble by doing that myself. Perhaps I had better pay your bill for you too, lest you should forget it, as you did that hundred I lent you last year. And I will write to Mrs. Farnum and the ladies to whom I have introduced you, and apologize to them for the disgrace of bringing you," says Arthur. "Waiter, you need give this gentleman no more wine; he has had too much already." Arthur speaks in a loud tone, so that all the other men in the dining-room have heard; and then he too stalks away. "Oh, dammit, no, don't do that," begins Birmingham, in answer to the last of Arthur's threats but one; but our hero is already beyond his hearing.

Charlie is still laughing, but now he finds his breath again. "Never mind, old fellow, you were drunk," he says, consolingly. "It'll be all right, to-morrow." Birmingham is red and puffing like a turkey-cock: and at the same time strug-

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gling with some clumsy speeches of repentance.

"Upon my word," says Wemyss, who has been most uncomfortable throughout this scene, "there has been no such time since the declaration of independence."

"The fact is," adds Charlie, soothingly, "you touched them both on a tender point; that fellow Haviland I suspect of being a rejected suitor for Kitty F. herself; and Arthur, I know, has had a soft spot for his cousin since he was a calf."

But by this time Birmingham is going maudlin; his drunkenness has come on him so quick that Wemyss and Townley have much ado to get him home to bed. He is full of fulsome expressions of regret; and ends with blubbering that he is sorry for what he did.

The next morning, he woke up late, and with a headache, in his room at the hotel that he had found it pleasant (and economical) to abandon for so long; and came down-stairs to find a portmanteau containing all his clothes that he had left at the Hill-and-Dale. With it, but without a letter, were his receipted bills from both the clubs.

Birmingham was very repentant. Late in the afternoon he took a walk with Wemyss, and entered timidly the Coldstream Club, where Townley—good-naturedly—had put him down again. He passed two or three ladies driving on Fifth Avenue who bowed to him no less cordially than before; and in the club some men came up and spoke to him. He began to fancy that the thing was being hushed up; it is so pleasant to hush up disagreeable things, and we Americans do like to be on good terms with every one, lest some one say we are not good fellows. But the earl was mortally ashamed of the evening's occurrences; and finally he mustered up courage, with many brandy-and-sodas, to sit down and compose to Arthur a letter of repentant, almost grovelling apology.

Having done this, he felt that he had done all America could well demand. Judge then of his indignation, when, on the morrow, the letter was returned to him unopened.

It was the first time his lordship had ever had a letter sent back to him unopened; and he curses Arthur for a cad up to this day. But what he most feared was that some one should bear tales of his behavior to Miss Farnum. For he had thrice asked her to marry him, already.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### CAPTAIN DERWENT SEALS HIS FATE.

The autumn winds began; winds that in the country bring red leaves, and ripening nuts, and smells of cider, and the crisp white frost; and in the city come with clouds of pungent dust of streets, and sticks and straws, and make one's daily walk and ride a nuisance, not a pleasure. But all the world, or all the world that Arthur saw, was busied with its dresses and with its future entertainments, and with rejoicings over future marriages, and now and here perhaps regrets, and longer days for women, and sterner work for men. For the beauty of our modern view of life is that it bids no man be content who stays in that position where our simple fathers used to say a wise providence had placed him. Not even our primers have this lesson now; but tell us, with A who is the architect of his own fortunes, how we all may rise in life. We are brought to make light of lessons, too—all lessons, from the first and second down—and the small boy has formed the taste of the nation and dictates its likings not only on the fourth of July; let us have our fun, and jest at all the school-marms and the moral tales. For the school-room's mimic can make faces long years before the first scholar understands. Terrible indeed must have been the elders of a generation ago, that we kick our heels so high at having gotten loose from them.

So the race of life began again; and Charlie Townley on the home stretch, but laboring heavily. Old Mr. Townley came to the office seldomer than ever, this year; but Tamms was there, as regular as the clockwork beat upon a bomb of dynamite. His wiry red mustache was bitten close above his upper lip, and his discreet eyelids more inflamed than ever. And Charlie knew that all their Allegheny Central stock was still held in the office; and the strike seemed

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no nearer to a settlement than ever. "These labor troubles have played the devil with the market," he would say to Charlie; "and public confidence is entirely lost." Tamms depended much on public confidence. And Deacon Remington's brokers would go into the board and sell their ten thousand shares, day after day, as punctually as doom. "They must have borrowed lots of stock," suggested the younger and the smarter Townley. "Can't we squeeze them?" But wary Tamms would shake his head. A "corner" was a risky boomerang—suchlike manœuvres he was too old a bird to try.

The firm had acquired a new customer that fall; no less a personage than Lionel Derwent. This unaccountable person sold or bought his hundred shares a day, and spent half his time in the office, and pored over the ticker like any other speculator. "So much for your reformers of the world," said young Townley to Arthur; and Arthur would have thought it strange, but that he was so rapidly learning the lesson of the world; and its first lesson is, as he fancied, that all men are alike; a lesson you will hear nowhere so frequently inculcated as in Washington and Wall Street, though we have humbly expressed our own opinion upon this theme before.

Tamms said that Mr. Derwent was a damned nuisance; but he made himself most agreeable to old Mr. Townley, and would hold the old gentleman in converse by the hour whenever he happened to meet him in the office. Derwent seemed still to take great interest in Arthur too; but Charlie found him even a greater bore than Tamms. For he was also a continual visitor at the Livingstones; and Charlie worried over it. "Where a man's treasure is, there shall his heart be also."

Charlie was growing very nervous about the state of things down town; and it would be a little too bad to have the prize snatched from him in the moment of fruition. He had had a devilish good time in his life for the last ten years; since in fact he had got out of leading strings; and then he had looked about him with a judicious eye, and carefully selected the rich girl who seemed, on the whole, the best adapted to make him comfortable; and he meant to continue to have a good time for many years to come, please the pigs. A conservative estimate (and Townley knew something of the state of the coffers) placed the Livingstone fortune at a million and a half; there was no entangling family, and both Mamie's parents were very old.

So he sent her flowers for every evening's amusement, whether it were concert, ball, or dinner; and called there twice a week; his flowers never came with a card, but always had a sort of trademark of their own. Good judges said that Charlie Townley was compromising himself. Not only this, but all the most recherché little parties that so experienced a fashionable could invent; just the sort of thing that made Mamie's young friends open their eyes, with envy: club dinners, and private dances at the country clubs, and seats upon the smartest coaches and in the most unquestioned opera-boxes; and these not mere "bud" parties, but with Mrs. Malgam, Daisy De Witt, or Mrs. Gower herself as guests. Thus Townley wooed her millions with his own scarce dollars and the aid of his acquaintance and his worldly wisdom. And Gracie found that Mamie was infatuated.

Something impelled her to make no secret of her troubles to John Haviland; and Haviland had taken Derwent into council. And that audacious gentleman had seriously proposed, first, kidnapping; taking him off for a cruise in a yacht; a month's delay, he said, was all they needed. Then he suggested that they might get him publicly drunk. The enthusiast was no stickler for the commonplace, at best; Derwent was a man of Oriental methods, obvious and frank. But Townley had, unfortunately, no small vices; it would be quite impossible to get him drunk. And Derwent cursed "the bourgeois squeamishness for human life" that prevented, as he said, "an honest duel, while making dull misery of all one's days, and vulgar trash of the nineteenth century's soul."

People began to wonder why Derwent stayed on in New York. It was true he was very attentive to Mamie Livingstone; but it was scarcely possible that

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the lionized Derwent had met his fate at last in a boarding-school miss. Mamie, herself, however, began to think such was the case; and was duly flattered by it. Gracie had many a time told her that a lady need never allow a gentleman to propose to her whom she purposes rejecting;—but, dear me, that was all the zest of a girl's life—before she was married. She made one or two fitful efforts to discourage him, but the big man would not be discouraged. And really who could have the hardness of heart, even sober Gracie, to forbid a girl her very first offer? And such an interesting one too; she was so anxious to see how he would do it. And Mamie blushed with pleasure when he came to see her.

But all this was rage and desperation to our friend young Townley. He seriously thought of forcing the issue then and there; but he did not quite yet dare. Yet he certainly must do something soon; no one knew better than Charlie Townley that he certainly must do something soon. The strikers down in Pennsylvania were said to be starving; but sooner or later starving men will make a hole in even Tamms's pockets.

Suppose they had a panic. They could not possibly carry the great railroad, and the margins, and the Starbuck Oil, through a serious trade disturbance. So long as the strikers contented themselves with trying to burn up railway iron and killing an obscure policeman or two—railway iron was cheap enough—in fact, they made it—and a policeman or two could be replaced. But a big, dramatic bit of rapine that would strike terror to the investing public, the comfortable bourgeois, the lambs who sat at home in their carpet-slippers and looked at chromos of old English farmyards—and Remington's big pile stood no longer ready to support them when things got bad; in fact, he suspected that that obsolete old Christian would like nothing better than to make the public run.

Still, Townley did not dare to ask her at her house. You are at a woman's mercy, there; she may ring the bell; she may even call her mother; you cannot choose your place, the stage-setting that most becomes you, arrange your lights, and select your own *dramatis personæ*. Charlie Townley was much like any other man, in the garish afternoon, and by the domestic fireside; in fact there was a certain quite intelligent look in Mamie's pretty eyes at times which Townley found it hard to face. Yet he was perfectly certain that he had fascinated her. How did he know? Well, he had kissed her. Townley's maxim was to kiss a woman first and win her afterwards; at the worst, you got but a rebuff for an audacity not in all eyes unadmirable; while, if you formally proposed, and were rejected, you had your value lowered in the eyes of all the world.

He resolved that it must be on his own ground and very late at night, and in the midst of a very gay assemblage. He got up a country party of his own, matronized by Mrs. Malgam; and had meant to settle matters while exhibiting this other pretty woman submissive at his feet. But Mrs. Malgam also had another string to her bow; and the other string was Derwent, whom Townley had to ask: "a damned clumsy Englishman," said he to her, "who has a cursed knack at getting in the wrong place at the wrong time."—"In the right time, you mean," laughed Mrs. Malgam; she knew Townley's game well enough; but did not conceive it possible that he could mean to marry yet. And this belief was indeed so general that it came to Mamie's ears; and she began to doubt it, too, and was ten times more in love with him than ever.

So Townley made up his mind that his only perfectly certain chance was the Duval ball; and this did not come off for some weeks yet.

For the whole Duval *gens* was about to celebrate its reception among the immortals and Miss Daisy's happy marriage, by giving a grand ball, the grandest ball that e'er was known, in our republican simplicity. Two thousand invitations had been sent out, addressed to every one who did not care to go, and to nobody who did. Two smaller packets of tickets had been sent, one to Boston and one to Philadelphia, addressed to Mrs. Weston and Mrs. Rittenhouse respectively, to be distributed by these ladies, where they would do the most

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good, as they knew best; and old Antoine Duval felt that he had safely bought his social distinction at last, as he had bought his membership in clubs from obliged business friends and the legislation for his railroads from Congress and the Legislature of his native State.

Meantime, Townley's visits grow more frequent; but no more so than Derwent's; and poor Mamie is quite puzzled and troubled between the two. All her maiden's dreams are yet of Townley, and gilded with his social splendor; but she secretly bought a a copy of Derwent's "Travels in the Desert" and read it on the sly. She was surprised to find the book was all about the East End of London; and a friend told her that if she had wanted his real adventures, she should have read "The Treasures of the King." Yet she is sure she does not care for him, and indeed will tell him so, if she shall ever have the chance.

She has the chance, and very soon—some three days before the great Duval ball. But it is hard for a maiden at such times to be very speedy with her tongue; particularly when the man is a very strong one, whom she is very much afraid of, and yet holds in some reverence; and who has a marvellous blue fire in his two deep eyes. Still, Mamie does refuse him; and he only seems to plead the more; as if the refusal were the one thing needed to put new heart into him. And he takes her trembling hand—there is a magnetism in his own brown and steady one that is not to be resisted—and begs at least for some respite—three months' consideration—a month's, at least—and there is something strangely thrilling in hearing a brave man talk to you of his love, his love, for you, just you, and not some outside person—and Mamie knows not how, but somehow, strangely, finds herself in tears. And then, as he draws still closer to her, the door opens and Gracie comes in.

She starts back, of course, but it is too late, and the man has sprung to his feet, and she is still sillily blushing and crying. What is it that makes Mr. Derwent's face turn, as he stands there, so strangely white? His voice is strong enough after a second, though, and he speaks almost instantly.

"I beg you, do not go, Miss Holyoke. You have seen quite too much to have any doubt; nor need there be embarrassment about so plain a thing. I know that—that your kind heart loves your cous—loves Miss Livingstone—more than all the world, and you will surely tell her what is best. As—as you must have fancied, I have asked her to marry me. Unhappily, I have not seemed worthy to her; and I only beg her now for some delay." Yet there was a curious dead level about Derwent's voice, as if he dare not trust himself on more than one key; and Gracie's quiet eyes turn on his with some wonder. There is a silence broken only by Mamie's sobbing. She had no idea such fun would prove so little mirthful, for she knew very well that she did not care for Lionel Derwent, who was old enough to be her father, and yet, as it seemed, he really loved her.

Derwent cut the matter short at last. "I must spare you any more to-day, Miss Livingstone. Forgive me, Miss Holyoke. I will call for your answer in a week, Miss Livingstone—surely, you will grant me that delay?" And he strode out of the room, hat and cane in hand, valiantly, and yet his eyes did not meet Gracie's.

As he entered the hall the servant opened the front door and let Charlie Townley in. Derwent nodded slightly. "H' are you," said the other, as they passed.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### ARTHUR IS MADE HAPPY.

JOHN HAVILAND, too, was working very hard that fall. He was not perhaps so happy even as Charles Townley, if this is any reason for hard work. And have I not said that we all work in New York? We work to drive away that bugbear of young Americans—discontent; much as Flossie Gower and her set work to drive away that other bugbear of Americans who have, surely, no cause for discontent—ennui.

But it was for neither of these two great things that John had ever worked; nor did he now work quite as usual. He strode down and up his town, breasting the December snows, and would have

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said that he was just as usual; and have half believed it, but for that strange choking that took him, by times, deep down in the throat. And yet, through his moist eyes, the earth looked fairer, and his life a deeper thing.

How dare I speak of John's life, day by day? How he goes to his office, and reads his review, and writes his speech, and looks to his other labors, and walks home alone and late? Such humdrum coloring, and so same throughout; it would be a deadly thing to read about; and as for living—is it their horror of such a life as his that set Kill Van Kull and Townley to life's pleasures and Flossie Gower and Caryl Wemyss to seek life's vanities? Surely; and the reader too has justified them; for is he—or she, more likely—not tired already of all this moralizing?

But he must suffer me one moment more.

For to John himself, his life had never been either sad or dull; nor was he sad now, despite his heart was wrung. The word *sadness* would not well suit the Sidneys and the Falklands, nor even such of us who know that life is a thing that we must either throw away or sacrifice, not cherish and enjoy; for "he who loves life overmuch shall die the dog's death, utterly." Is it sad, when some fair corner-stone is mortised to the temple? A Sidney's life is always used.

Yet had John one deeper sorrow, admitted hardly to himself. And this I hardly dare to say, lest it be scouted. For this thing was nothing other than an absence of belief in God. Not disbelief, but nonbelief; and it was a cause not of sadness, but of sorrow; quite a different thing, believe me; for the latter thing is manly.

This mattered not one iota to his action. Whatever lack of sight his mind might make him see; of one thing he was sure: that somewhere, everywhere, in the universe there was conflict. And is not that enough? Does the subaltern who finds himself he knows not where, nor with what general, in command of his little squad of troops some foggy day or night; the narrow saddened field, so full of dead and dying, is all he sees; no emperor, nor king, nor fort, nor even flag, but only some enemy he sees, and this, alas! more clearly; does he cry for leadership, or play at hazards with the man beside him, or lay him down to death? What does he, with his sense of battle in the world about, and the distant cannon sounds, and smoke that hides? He stays where he is, and fights.

*Servus servorum Dei*—perhaps, is all the title such a man may claim; yet Popes of Rome, acknowledged as vicegerents of Heaven, have worn it proudly. Servant of the servants of God. The battle sky is canopied with smoke; yet on the brows of some near leaders is the shine of heaven; and these he follows. There are not yet so many that the one need be ashamed; but shall take his orders humbly from his poet or priest. And some fair souls still seem to see directly, as do women often. Servants of God are these; as such, twice blest. And Gracie Holyoke was one of them.

Haviland adored her. This was his sorrow; yet a sorrow he would not have been without. He fancied she was pledged to Arthur: he almost knew that Arthur had her heart. That was why he saw so much of Arthur, from the very first; this fair-haired, blue-eyed fellow, who stood so near him in the ranks. John had seen another friend, another young man like him, fail and fall; a man who succeeded in the world, and failed with life; a suicide, whose memory was with him yet. But Arthur had a truer guide; and John had hoped for his and Gracie's happiness.

So John was sorrowful; and he was troubled too with things of honor. Is honor, then, a false light too, when so many men must stand by it alone? I trow not; not wholly so, at least. So John had had this added trouble: whether he should tell Gracie of his love. And he had settled with himself, now, that he would; and in plain words; and had resolved that he would do so, too, at Mr. Duval's ball; such earnest things may balls be, after all. He had small hope, but only great resolve. Man has no right to hope, he read; no right to happiness, and hence to hope of happiness;—and consoled himself.

Novels should end well, they tell us; does then the novel of life end well?

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Life, that is so novel to each one, so old to fate. Let us hasten back to those with whom the novel may end well: to fortunate Caryl Wemyss, and favored Flossie, and worldly-wise Charlie, and to Arthur Holyoke.

He had made his way. He had bettered his position. He was popular, and his life was full of pleasure. If he had not written a great poem, he had done things that the world would prize more highly. He saw his way, at least, to substantial success, as Charlie Townley had seen it before him; John Haviland still tried to be his friend, but he liked Charlie better now. Was not Faust glad on that first morning when he saw the world once more, and left the devil to his God to fight—*permitte divis cetera?*

Take this one bright December day for instance; he rises in his comfortable bachelor apartment; his head still full of dreams of bright eyes from the night before; for it is his fortune to be petted by women. He has a few hours so-called work, to be sure; but the work is among Millions, which it is pleasant to think may yet be his some day.

He left early in the afternoon and took his drive in his own pretty cart, glad to see and be seen by all he called his friends. Then he went to dine with a millionaire, Mrs. Malgam, and Mamie Livingstone; in the evening to the opera, and to the first great subscription ball. He was a manager of the last, and wears his honors with much grace; and he has the offer of a partnership in a rich young firm.

Late in that afternoon sat Gracie in her room. We have not seen so much of Gracie, lately, as I, for one, should like: she does not do much in these pages, perhaps. When women have the nobler lives they ask for now, our heroine shall perchance do more; now she merely lifts the men about her to their higher selves. She is a power wrought out most in other lives. I own I am unable to describe her; I cannot print the fragrance of a lily on these pages; those who have seen the lily do not need it. Perhaps, if Helen, Heloise, are the women that Flossie Gower, clever Flossie Gower, in these days of women's rights still envies most, I may have still some maiden readers—my courteous greeting go to them—who think the nobler Helens and the purer Cleopatras may yet not have too small a part in life, and dream their sweet heart-dreams of Una and Elaine.

In her bedroom, then (for our hand is on the door-knob and we must enter now)—sat Gracie, through this afternoon. Mamie has been in, from time to time, and had close talks with her; and she has promised Gracie she will keep her word with Derwent, and wait, although she is sure she cannot care for him. But now she is gone, to dress for Arthur's dinner, and Gracie sits alone.

The house is silent; and she knows the old people are down below, and she must go and read to them. But the vault of heaven has been unfathomably blue, that day; and she has been looking into it, over the crowded city walls. And now the air has faded to the lilac winter twilight, and all men are going, tired, to their homes. But she is idle; and idle hours she finds so hard to fill! She took a book she loved, and read; but gradually the dark came, and the book fell from her hand; and now her hands are on her face, and her soft eyes closed, and she is crying, silently.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### THE DUVAL BALL.

The new year has come; and all the world has been celebrating, with children's dances and with children's dinners and with a multiplicity of costly toys, the birth of Christ. Grown-up people who have been good-natured have assisted, and helped their boys play with candles and with evergreen as they helped them play with fire-crackers on the fourth of July, that other great feast or holy-day our calendar still keeps. Grown people who have not been good-natured have kept to their clubs, mostly, men to men; and the women have snatched the chance to get a week of resting and a little early sleep. For now the children's play is over; and the winter's balls are to begin in earnest, a serious business, as we have said.

On the evening of December thirty-first, young Townley was invited to dine with his partner, Mr. Phineas Tamms,

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in Brooklyn. He never liked these dinners; but yet he learned too much from them to stay away. A voyage to Brooklyn combined all the discomforts of a trip to Europe, without the excitement and rewards—as he said at his favorite Columbian Club, where he stopped to take a modest tonic on his way down town. "I wish I were going," said one of the circle, who dallied a little in stocks, "and had your chance of getting points." For these dinners of Tamms, the great street leader, were known as meetings where many schemes were laid, and information gleaned, as Tamms unbended after dinner, worth many thousands for each syllable, in gold.

"Yes," said old Mr. Townley, wagging his gray head sagely, "my partner is a very able young man—a very able young man indeed." He was taking nothing; but it was his usual hour to be at the club; and the New Year's time inclined the old gentleman to kindliness for all the world; so he had left his private and particular seat by the window and joined the group of younger fellows, to see how "his Boys" (as he called all young men he knew) were getting along. As such, he was liked by them; and treated with but the faintest tinge of patronage his age made necessary.

"What do you think of the market, Mr. Townley?" said one of them with a manner of much deference. "We have had a long spell of sag, and the public are not in it."

"Ha, ha," chuckled Mr. Townley, delightedly, rubbing his hands. "Townley & Son have seen a longer spell than this. The public will come in it fast enough when we pull the market through. Wait till after the holidays, my boys—I say no more; but wait till after the holidays. As I was saying to my old friend Livingstone, just now, a panic never comes on a long falling market. There was fifty-seven—and thirty-eight—he did not remember thirty-eight—Charles Townley & Son held up the banks, not they us, in those days—" and the old man went off, chuckling, and joined his old friend Livingstone, the oldest member of the club, after himself, in the corner window that was sacred to them.

Jimmy De Witt looked after the retreating figure sadly. "What a pity the old man does not know anything," said he. "He would not lie about it, if he could."

Charlie left the club, and drew his fur overcoat tightly about his chest, as the biting wind swept, from river to river, through Twenty-third Street. He was not surprised his senior partner was not going to the dinner, and only wished he did not have to go himself. Day after to-morrow was the Duval ball; and he wished to keep himself fresh for that. Was he not going to put his fate to the test, and win or lose the girl he meant to marry? And New Year's day would be all work for him; for Tamms had bespoken his most private services; and he had some reason to look upon the balance-sheet with apprehension.

Nor was his peace of mind restored by Tamms's dinner. No ladies were allowed at Tamms's dinners, and only one well tried and proven waiter. Tamms sate at the head of his table, and until the coffee was brought, said nothing; or if he did speak, talked of church matters or of the weather. But when the coffee and cigars appeared (for cigars and coffee were almost his only food, and he was never known to drink wine at a business dinner) Tamms's rusty iron jaw would open and the slow words drop out gingerly, one by one, over the stiff curtain of his beard, while all the knights of his round table craned their ears to hear them.

But Townley noticed some very curious things about this dinner. In the first place, the guests were all young men, and rich men; but not men of much experience or sagacity upon the street. Deacon Remington, who in times past had had his regular seat, was notably absent. And Tamms talked more freely than was his wont, and more steadily throughout the dinner, which last was far more rich than usual and was served by half a dozen hired waiters.

"What do you think of the market?" was again the question a beardless youth asked of Tamms anxiously, to the dismay of all about him. But the beardless youth had just come fresh from California with his father's fourteen millions, bent on becoming a power in the

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street; and had not learned his money-changer's etiquette as yet. But to the surprise of all the rest, Tamms answered quite naturally and fully. "I don't know much about the market," said he, cannily. "I guess perhaps there ain't much in the market, anyhow, of itself——"

"You think it a good sale?" broke in the beardless youth eagerly; while his neighbors kicked him under the table and the ones placed farthest from their host swore at him audibly.

"I ain't sayin' what I think it—at least, not jest now," said Tamms, with dignity. "I s'pose things is kind o' stagnant—unless some feller drops a stone into the pool."

The attention grew breathless; you might have heard a pin drop; though not, perhaps, the flutter of an angel's wing. "There's a good deal of money coming in on the first of January; and I don't know but what things might start up a little, if some stock got kind o' scarce." Tamms spoke these last words with greater precision, and in much better English than the former ones; and his young partner knew that in this accent he was always lying. But all the rest had treasured every syllable of the oracle's words, more carefully than any reporter's note-book could have set them down, while in appearance dallying with their cigarettes and iced champagne. "He means a corner," said every man to himself; "who's he gunning for?"—"He wants them to think he means to corner Allegheny," said young Townley to himself.

"Old man Remington has caused the present break," said a rich young stock-broker with an air of much importance.

"The deacon and I are kind o' out," said Tamms. "The fact is, I'm afraid the deacon may have been selling too many stocks."

"Remington has sold nothing but Allegheny," said every man to himself; and felt that they were well repaid their ferry-trips to Brooklyn. But after this, Mr. Tamms obstinately refused to talk any more stocks, but only Shakespeare and the music-glasses, that is, of Mr. Beecher and the Coney Island races.

Charlie outstayed them all, and then went home alone. "It can't be done," he said to himself; "the Governor knows it and he's desperate. I don't believe that we can borrow fifty thousand more." He was sitting alone in the ladies' room of the ferry-boat, his fur collar pulled well up about his face, smoking one of his own cigars; for Tamms's were too strong. There was only one other passenger upon the boat; a drunken working-man; and he was cursing Townley for a swell. "Confound him, they wouldn't let me smoke there, though it is late at night. But I ain't got no fine cigar, perhaps."

Tamms's fertility of invention was miraculous; but still it seemed to Townley that he was hard pressed now. Their profit on that last summer's operation had been large—on paper; but it was this devilish tightness of money that made things bad.

Suddenly, there was a peal of joyous bells, ringing loud all at once, chimes, church-bells, factories, and schools, from both sides of the river. Townley started nervously, and then remembered with a laugh that it was New Year's day. "What damned rot it is," said he; and then betook himself again to thinking. It seemed as if that merry music brought him new ideas; for he slapped his thigh, and said aloud, "By Jove, I have it."—"What's the swell a-chuckling over now?" said our friend Simpson, looking in the window from outside.

"The deacon must have sold about all the stock there is," Charlie went on to himself; "and if we can only carry ours, and those rich lambs go in to buy—the deacon can't deliver. Why, it's making them do the cornering for us—doesn't cost us a cent—and if we get a little short of money, we can even drop a few shares to them ourselves, and no one be the wiser. Provided only some devilish panic or strike or war of rates does not come in just now," he added, as the boat jarred heavily against the dock.

The bells were silent now, and Charlie, wrapping his fur about him, walked up the snowy and deserted street along the wharves. There was a foul dampness coming from the tired water that still splashed beneath the piles; but the city's faults were charitably covered up in snow. For once in his life, Townley had an instinct of economy, and took no carriage; a fact which Simpson, slouch-

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ing along behind him, had noticed. There was no horse-car waiting, so he walked briskly up a narrow cross-street into the city, still smoking his cigar. "Damn him," thought Simpson, "I wonder how much he's got? I'd scrag him for a hundred." Simpson has been unlucky lately, with his pools, even as has Mr. Tamms.

But Charlie is still thinking; of Mamie Livingstone and of the ball to-morrow night. The evening's talk has had one consequence, not wholly material, at least; it has won for little Mamie the cavalier she loves. Townley feels now that all his future hangs upon this slender thread: curse it, he may have waited too long. He has had a dozen chances to marry girls before this; Daisy Duval, herself, who gives the ball to-morrow night—

He is stopped by a man at the corner of the street. "Got a light, boss?"

The voice is rude and husky, and the man has been drinking. Charlie looks at him good-naturedly, and throws open his fur-lined coat; and as he does so, the man notices that he too looks pale and worried.

"Certainly," says Charlie. "Take a cigar, won't you—for the first of the year?"

The man accepts it, shame-facedly; and shambles hurriedly off, not waiting for his light.

"Poor devil, I suppose he wants to smoke it in a warmer place than this," says Charlie; and pulls his furs close about him and hurries safely home.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### THE DUVAL BALL, CONTINUED.

The evening of the great ball has come, at last; all the preparations have been made to the very last touch; the thousand orchids have arrived, that are to fade away their costly blooms in this one evening's pleasure; brought from forests of the Amazon, where, perhaps, they saw no brighter colors and heard no louder chattering, of bird or biped, than they will to-night. And the fifty imported footmen have arrived also, and cased their faultless calves in white silk stockings: and old Antoine is sitting in his private "library," smoking, with his ashcup upon the billiard-table that is the chief furniture of that apartment; and his daughter Mrs. De Witt, still sleeping in her dressing-room, or trying to; but her sleep is troubled with her gorgeous dreams.

But what are we to do? For it is only eight o'olock; just after dinner-time, and we cannot think of going yet. We have four long hours before us; where shall we go to spend the evening? We cannot call upon our friends; no one of them will be at home to-night. Gracie, to be sure, might be in; for her dress is but a simple one, and takes but little time of her one maid, who then hurries away to be an extra aid to Mamie; and Gracie will dress her hair herself, and she is now reading to her aunt and uncle. In a few moments, she will go up to help Mamie, who is terribly excited, with cheeks all flushed already, and eyes of a feverish brightness. She has such good reason, though, that we can hardly wonder: she has made up her mind that she will take the first opportunity to see Mr. Derwent, and give him his dismissal. Thus may she keep her word, and still be free to say—what shall she say, when she goes off with Mr. Townley, late in the evening, no doubt, to some fragrant nook, just beyond the range of voices, but murmurous with distant music and curtained with rare flowers? What the impulse of the moment bids her, no doubt; —she might refuse him—but it would be so nice to have the greatest ball of the century marked by one such scene. She means to be the leading "bud" at the ball, besides; and cannot spare all of those epochal moments, even for her lover.

John Haviland, too, is in; but he is sitting in his study with a pipe, and hard at work; at least, he is trying to be hard at work, that he may keep his mind at rest. He is on some political subject, writing an argument to serve with them who make laws for us at Albany; but it seems as hard to get them to take their functions seriously as it was with any Charles Stuart; moreover, the subject is a dry one, concerning only the ultimate welfare of indefinite numbers, and there is a small number, lobbyists, who are sure to meet him

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there with arguments *ad homines* and numbers much more definite. So his mind still turns from these abstractions to the girl he loves and whom he thinks that he shall lose forever, this same night. Nevertheless it is right that he shall do it; for he has lost all hope of Arthur, now.

But to Arthur himself, this is a red-letter day. Not only that he looks forward with some of Mamie's eagerness to the great ball, where he is to lead the cotillon—such homage is already paid his eminence and begins so soon to bore—he has more solid cause for his content than that. This day—this second of January—he has severed his subordinate connection with the house of Townley & Tamms, and gone in, as junior partner, with the new firm of Duval & De Witt, who, now that he has capital, naturally wishes to make more. Poor Arthur has little capital, and he has some debts; but he is allowed to put in what he has, and his experience, and may draw five thousand a year as a maximum, from the firm. On this, for the present, he can live quite comfortably; seeking, meanwhile, the other fruits of success, that in due time he may enjoy them, as his own.

It was pleasant to walk by the old shop, which he had entered almost as an office-boy, and see Charlie Townley, his former mentor, sitting there alone; looking a bit troubled, too, as Arthur thought. He had stopped in and smoked a cigar with him the day before; Tamms was not there, and Charlie had seemed distrait, and complained of having had to work all that New Year's day upon the balance-sheet.

It is nine o'clock, now, but we have two or three hours yet to wait. If we have seen all the friends we care about who are invited, suppose we look in on some of our acquaintance who are not? There is James Starbuck, for instance; he is to be found in the little back apartment on Sixth Avenue, where he pretends that his sister still lives, though she does not, and he has not seen her since that day at the race. The name Rose Marie is yet on the door; and James has written many a letter, beseeching, imploring, perhaps. He does not like to supplicate; nor, perhaps, does Jenny like to be sermonized; and her pretty head is now full of envy that she can never go to the great Duval ball, which she has been reading of so much in the papers. And many another pretty girl has read of it in the papers, too, by many a comfortable fireside; though Wemyss perhaps would call it a middle-class one; and learned there were "high people" in this country, too. But James and his friends have been discussing it; and it seems to them an impudent taunt of the monopolist, flaunted in the face of suffering labor; so illogical are they. It happens that this festivity comes just about the end of the first century of actual American independence; and it is very certain, at least, that there have not been so many dollars spent on any jamboree—as Simpson calls it—of all that time before. But surely, the harvest of a century should be greater than a one year's crop in some new and oppressed colony? And the Duval fortune, made from a nation's hair-oil and cosmetics and multiplied, when welded to the mace of capital, in a hundred corporations, has but grown in proportion.

But Starbuck is but telling them that these inert millions represent a greater tyranny than my lord duke of York's; and that the experiment of a republic has been tried for just a hundred years and failed. Starbuck is very bitter tonight and inclined to look upon things from their darkest side.

"Why," says he, "they have gone back like whipped curs to the very outward forms of the tyranny they broke away from."—(Starbuck has been educating himself lately, hoping that he might be fit company for his sister; and he spoke at all times much better English than does Mr. Tamms.) "It is as if they said, 'Yes, we have had our fling, and we broke away from lords and bishops and aristocracies and lords of the soil; and we were all wrong, and now we want again our powdered flunkies and our my lord this and that, and our coats-of-arms, and our daughters want to marry foreign princes, and our wives would like to be fast women of the court again, and our boys hunt foxes and have their poaching laws; and we ourselves would like to rule at Washington? Why, a

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man who owns a railroad is really a bigger, stronger lord than any feudal baron!'"

"That's all very pretty; but we'd like to see a little less talk from you, an'm suthin' done," said Simpson, who had been drinking almost more than usual.

"Shut your mouth," said James. "You'll see something done before you're much older. For one, I'm opposed to scarin' people much, before we're ready to really act and smash everything at once."

"That's damned fine talk, but you ain't boss, you know," sneered Simpson.

"Boss or not, I don't know as I've got any more stomach for one kind of a mastery than another—whether they call 'emselves reds and internationalists, or employers of labor! What do you suppose the G. M. G. wants anyhow? Fireworks—nothin' but fireworks."

"Well, but what's the use o' goin' so far?" said another man, pacifically. "We can take a job where we like—we've liberty, anyhow."

"Liberty!" cried James. "So's a horse his oats. They've got the mines, an' the mills, an' they fix the wages, an' we've got to live in the company's tenements, an' pay the company's rents, an' get up to the whistle, an' wash our daughters' faces when we're bid; and if we don't like it, the company'll import a lot of dirt-eating foreigners; but we've got to pay our rent, just the same. And all that these fellers, who ain't no better than we are, can have a good time and drink champagne at breakfast. I've had enough of republics and democracies; an' I tell you we don't want any kind of 'ocracy but just nothin' at all!"

"H—l!" snarled Simpson, who had listened with impatience to Starbuck's speech. "They ain't no different from what we are; you were a boss yourself until a few weeks ago, and then you sang a different tune." (It was true that Starbuck had lately been discharged, for his complicity in the mining strike.) "You'd like ter be a swell, like the rest of 'em, and your sister's just the same."

Starbuck compressed his pale lips, and his mouth worked violently. "Don't you talk of my sister," said he.

"Naw," said Simpson, "we ain't to talk of your fine sister; and yet we all know that you're livin' here on what she makes outside—Eh?"

For Starbuck had thrown himself upon him with an open knife; and driven the blade well into his side. Simpson fell, and the others, clasping Starbuck by the body, sought to drag him away; but his right arm still was disengaged, clenching the open blade, and with it he was sawing viciously at Simpson's wrist.

Starbuck was the weakest man of all; but when he was at last torn away, the other's cries had ceased, and he was lying huddled in the pool of blood, with a hiccough in his pallid throat.

Starbuck stood looking at him, panting; while the others bent over him, and tried to lift him to the bed. "You'll swing for this night's work, Jem Starbuck," said one.

"I think not," said another. "The first dig didn't go very deep; and these flesh-wounds ain't no account. Get away from here, Jem, before the cops get wind of it."

And they pushed James Starbuck roughly, but with hands still friendly, out into the winter's night.

But it is after eleven o'clock; and we must hurry, if we would be in time for the ball.

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# FUJI: THE SACRED MOUNTAIN.

*By Percival Lowell.*

A BOUNDLESS weary waste of heaving sea!
  An ocean's void full of a vague unrest,
  Whose sullen bosom so unlike earth's breast
Inhuman seems, and not a soul save we
From end to end of its immensity,
  Where each day's sun that rises on our quest
  Passes us by to sink into the west
And only leaves us dreams of what shall be.

A single perfect cone, its peak snow-white
  Throned in mid-air, its base obliterate
In morning mist, first born of day from night,
Fuji, the peerless, dawns upon our sight;
  As there 'twixt sea and sky, in matchless state
The Land of Sunrise greets the sunrise light!



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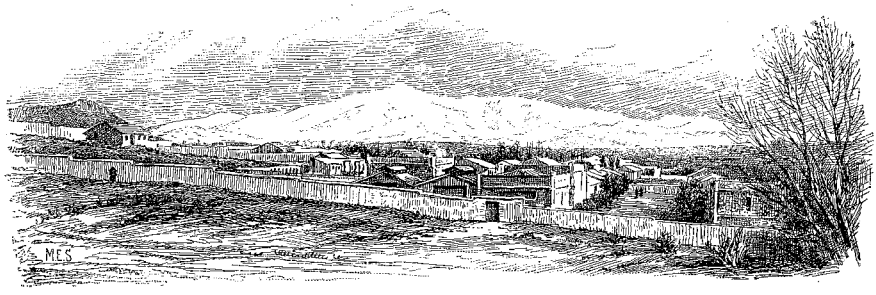

Village in Greece, with Mount Pentelicus in the background.

# THE MODERN GREEKS.

*By Thomas D. Seymour.*

Greek Type, Peasant.

THE ancient Greeks united to form a nation only when they combined in opposition to the Persian Empire. While the Greeks of to-day are distracted by many factions and interests, they are united by their pride in their ancestry and their hatred for the Turk. When these emotions are aroused, Greece has but one mind.

Emulation of their ancestors has been a great stimulus to study for the Greeks of to-day. The new government had hardly been set up at Athens when a university was established on the German model, and with several German professors, in 1837. The university was ready made and fully developed, but few students were prepared to enter it. Since then, Greece has delighted in cherishing schools of every kind, but better provision is still made for the higher education than for the intermediate and lower. Free tuition at the university, and the slight expense of the actual necessaries of life at Athens have induced many poor Greeks to study law, when they should have been preparing for life as farmers or mechanics. This has unsettled politics somewhat, but has not been an unmixed evil. The university is now one of the largest in the world, with more than three thousand students, of whom at least half are from lands beyond the borders of the kingdom. Most of its professors have pursued studies in Germany or France, and many of them are brilliant and learned men. It has received large gifts; its museums and laboratories are endowed by private generosity.

The foundations of female education in Greece were laid by honored missionaries from America, who established themselves at Athens before this city was made the seat of the Greek government. Dr. and Mrs. Hill lived to enjoy the retrospect of half a century of usefulness. Their school educated about two thousand Greek women, many of whom have occupied stations of high rank and influence. Near the university now stands the Arsakion, a seminary well endowed for the higher education of women. The number of Greek women who can read and write is far larger now than it was twenty years ago. Sixty years ago they were as ignorant as most women in other parts of the Turkish empire.

The literature of the Greeks is still ar-

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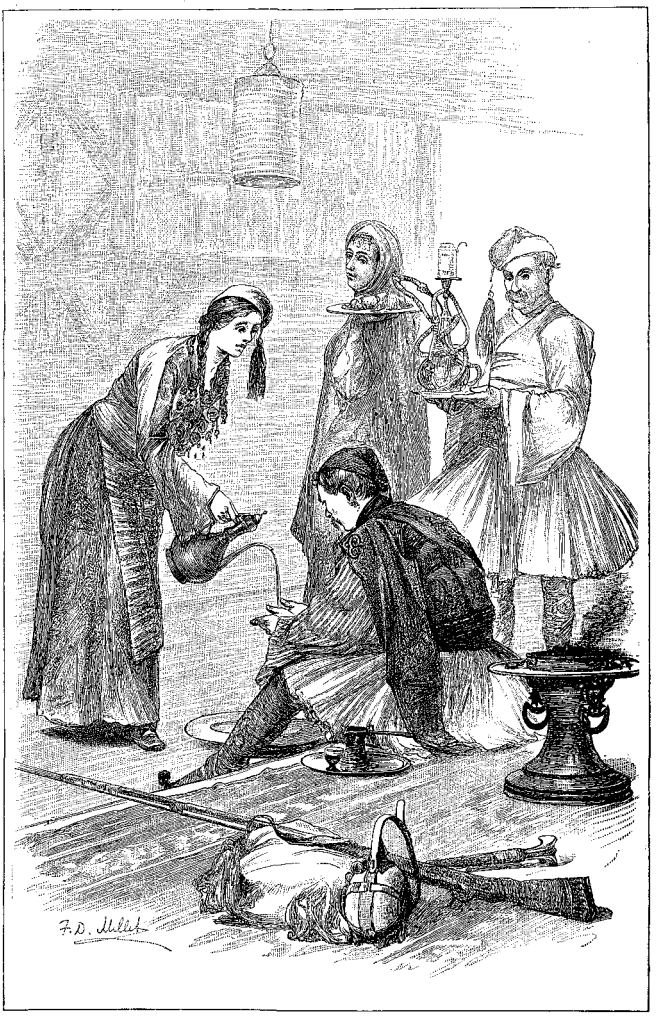
tificial, consisting largely of translations from the ancient Greek, or from modern languages, in the literary idiom. Few and brief works are published in the form of the language which most Greeks speak. The fullest collections of the songs and stories of the people have been made by foreigners. The Greeks have been so busy in founding a nation that they have had no time to develop a national literature or school of art.

With the expulsion of the Turkish tyranny, the Greeks strove to cast forth the Turkish words which had been adopted into the language. With the emulation of their ancestors' deeds, grew the desire to speak as their forefathers had done. Words which had been unused for centuries were brought again into service. Ancient names were revived for districts and towns; the Morea is again Peloponnesus, Kastri is again Delphi. Even official forms have been resuscitated; the legal orations of antiquity and the old lexicographers have been searched, in order to secure the fitting terms for the use of the law courts. The Supreme Court of Greece is the *Areopagus*, and the Senate is the *Boulé*. Names of things which were unknown to the ancients have been translated literally from other modern languages, often forming compounds which would be unintelligible to Plato, who would not suppose that a "spirit-manufactory" could be a distillery. The Greeks hold as a benefactor of their language a newspaper editor who made Greek names for the principal objects at an international exposition. Even "gas," which is itself a made-up word, and which has been



Greek Hospitality.

adopted into all modern languages, including the Greek—the word "gas" is not used by the newspaper writer, but *aërophōtion, air-light*. Curiously enough, the newspapers are the chief supporters of the literary language; they are diligent in their affectation of, and approach to, the classical idiom. The vocabulary and the general outlines of the syntax of the ancient language are used in Athens to-day. But this language is more or

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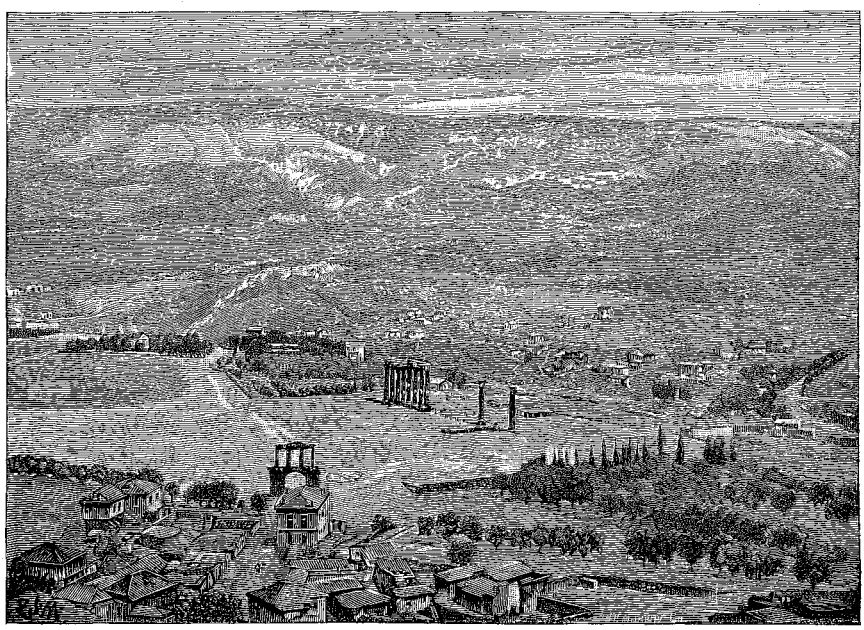
less consciously artificial. The Greek language has never died; some few learned and cultivated men have always spoken the classical idiom, though the



View from the Acropolis looking toward Hymettus, with the Arch of Hadrian and the Columns of Zeus Olympius in the foreground and centre.

speech of the people became more and more corrupt under foreign influences, and by natural process of decay. But at the beginning of this century an attempt was made to revive the general use of Attic Greek. At first a conscious effort was needed, but the newer generation of the better educated families has been familiar from youth with the restored language, and treats it as a vernacular. No unpolitical subject is more burning in Greece now than the question which is the true language of the time. The translations of the New Testament have become more and more classical. As an example of newspaper Greek, the story is told of an Athenian lady who left with a newspaper an advertisement of the loss of her white dog (*aspro skyláki*), which she failed to recognize in the classical terms (*leukon kynarion*) of the newspaper!

Almost all the inhabitants of Greece belong to the "orthodox" Eastern Church, which separated from the Church of the West in the eleventh century. The Patriarch of Constantinople is the nominal head of the Church, but he exercises no governing authority. The kingdom has about forty bishops; the Church recognizes no higher ecclesiastical title, but the bishop of the capital of a province is called an archbishop, by courtesy, and the Bishop of Athens is the Metropolitan. The churches in the country are generally cheerless, and often dilapidated. The Greek priest (pappás) is married, but is not allowed to marry a second time. He is said to be assiduous in the care of his wife, since he knows that he can never have another. He often has a large family and a small income. His fees constitute his salary. He is generally a peasant, and lives like the other peasants—tilling his fields, teaching school, or perhaps keeping a small shop. He has little education. Only in recent years have theological studies prospered at the university. The bishops are promoted from the monks, not from the priests; if by chance the priest attains special distinction, and is made bishop, he is obliged to separate from his wife.

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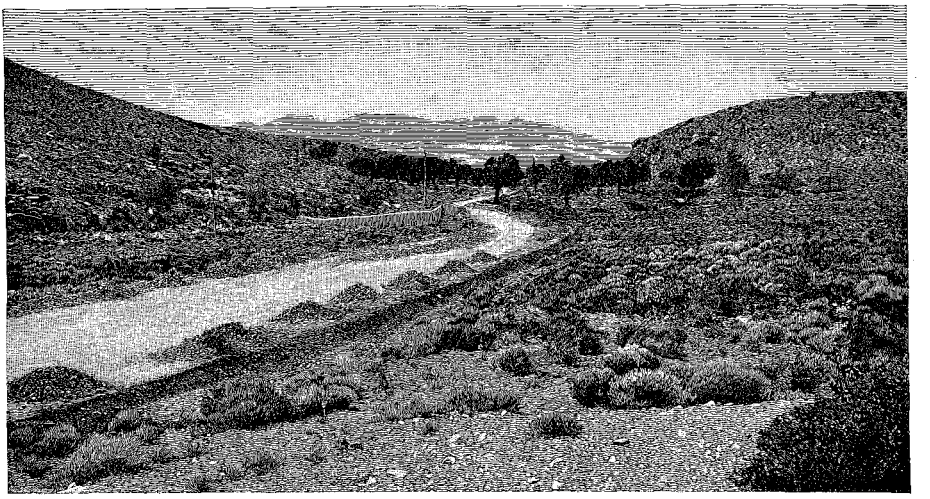
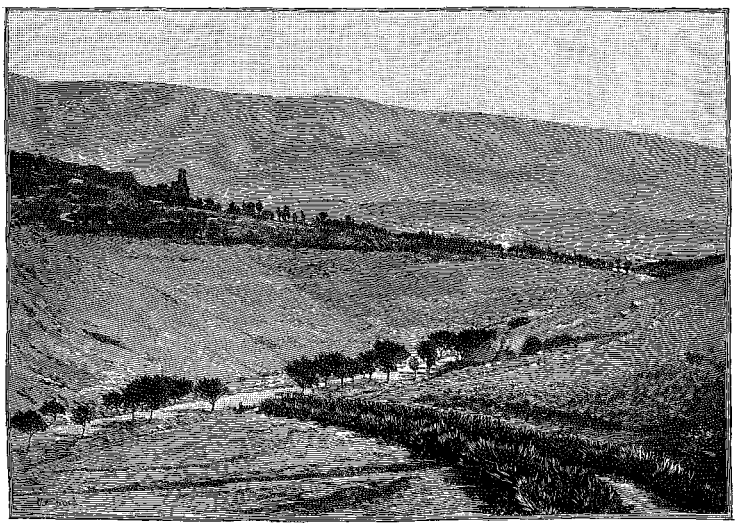


Sacred Way to Eleusis, with Salamis in the distance.

Greece was full of monasteries at the beginning of this century. Four hundred of these were destroyed in the revolution, and their property fell to the government. About one hundred and fifty remain, with four convents for nuns. Monasteries flourished better under Turkish rule than now, and are more prosperous in Greek lands outside of the kingdom. In Greece proper, men of ability and energy have more attractive careers open to them, while the Turks often encouraged the withdrawal of leading men to a life of inactivity. The monastery lands are gradually coming into the hands of the government. The beautiful site of the American School at Athens was granted by the government from the grounds of the convent of the Asomaton (angels). The monks have the reputation of laziness and ignorance. The monasteries are of two different orders: cenobite and idiorhythmic. In the former, the monks assemble at a common table, and live according to a common rule; in the latter, each has his own apartments and lives as he pleases, except as regards attendance on church services. On the slope of Mount Pentelicus, near the marble quarries, is a large and prosperous monastery which is often visited by travellers who desire to ascend the mountain. Near the mountain fortress of Phyle, a



West Slope of Mars' Hill, with Mount Hymettus in the background.

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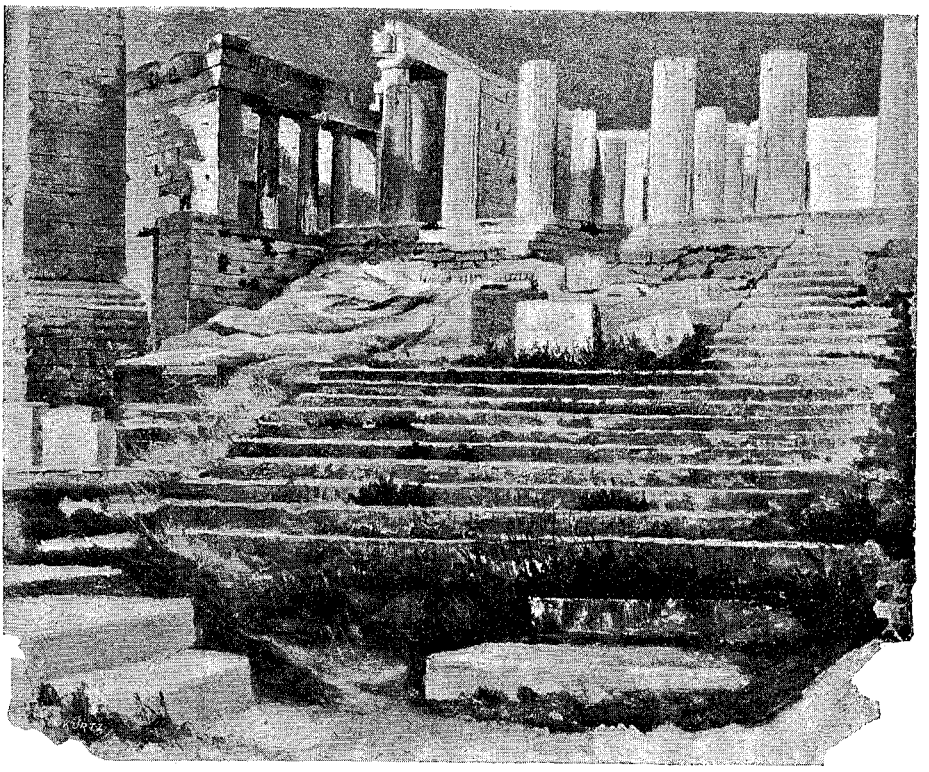

Steps and Propylea of the Acropolis.

few miles to the west, is another monastery of the humblest sort; the door is not high enough for a tall man; the building has rooms for only three or four monks, and everything but the clear, cold water indicates squalor and indifference to comfort and cleanliness.

The most important Greek monasteries are those on Mount Athos, that of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and that on Mount Sinai. These have dependencies, or branches, in Greece.

The Greek religious services are generally held early in the morning, before the heat of the day. After them, the pappás is a prominent figure in the throngs of idlers, prominent because of his long black gown, his tall steeple-hat (without a brim), and his long, untrimmed black hair and whiskers. His office does not assure him special respect. He is far from having the social position accorded to clergymen in Protestant or even in Roman Catholic countries.

Lent is observed very strictly by the Greek Church. To be without flesh food would be no deprivation from usual comfort for most of the people. Not only fish, but also eggs and cheese are forbidden, at least on the strict days of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

After the dreary and exhausting season of Lent, Easter is warmly welcomed. It is the great festival of the Church year. It is the season for family gatherings and for friendly gifts. Houses and boats are painted, and clothing washed, in preparation for the celebration. No family is too poor to have a roast lamb for Easter Sunday, and the streets and squares of the towns are filled with flocks of lambs. The whole air of the city is redolent with their savor on Easter morning. Hungry family groups collect about the fire as the lamb is spitted in the open air, all watching and assisting at the operation.

The Greeks are very religious in some outward observances, and especially quick in their resentment of the insinuation that they are in need of con-

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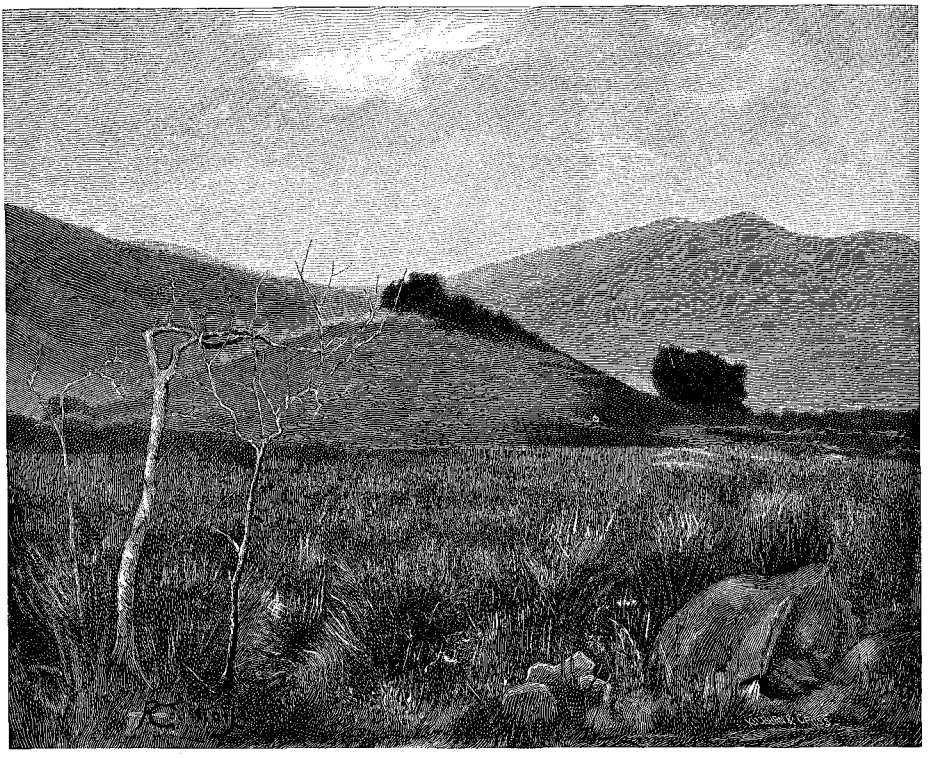

Marathon—the Mound.

version to Protestantism. A Protestant church has become self-supporting in Athens, however, under the unwearied exertions of a missionary who was educated in America.

Many of the remains of ancient Greek art have been removed from their country. The Romans began the spoliation of Greece. Thousands of Greek statues were carried to Rome. In the early years of this century the sculptures from the pediment of the Parthenon at Athens, with most of the frieze, one of the Caryatids of the Erechtheum, and the frieze of the temple of Apollo at Bassæ—all were taken to London. For years Greek art could be studied to better advantage in the British Museum than anywhere else in the world; this remains true of the best period of Greek art. The statues of the temple of Ægina were taken to Munich. These marbles were carried away, by permission of the Turkish authorities, only a few years before the Greeks asserted their independence. Their loss has been a sore trial to the Greeks, who consider as an insult the British gift of *plaster casts* of these treasures. These antiquities are to the Greeks no mere works of art, and illustrations of ancient culture; they are heirlooms —the cherished memorials of their honored ancestors. Greece is still too poor to conduct extensive excavations, but she refuses to allow richer nations to carry away her treasures. She admits others to search for what is hidden beneath her soil, but claims the treasure-trove. A strict law forbids the exportation of antiquities, and the custom-house officials go through the forms of examining the trunks of the traveller as he leaves Greece, searching for vases, inscriptions, and the like. The law is constantly evaded, however. A bronze cuirass may be worn on the person, under an overcoat; packages may be handed up at one side of the ship while the custom-house officers are busy at the other side. Dealers sell large objects and large quantities of other objects, with the agree-

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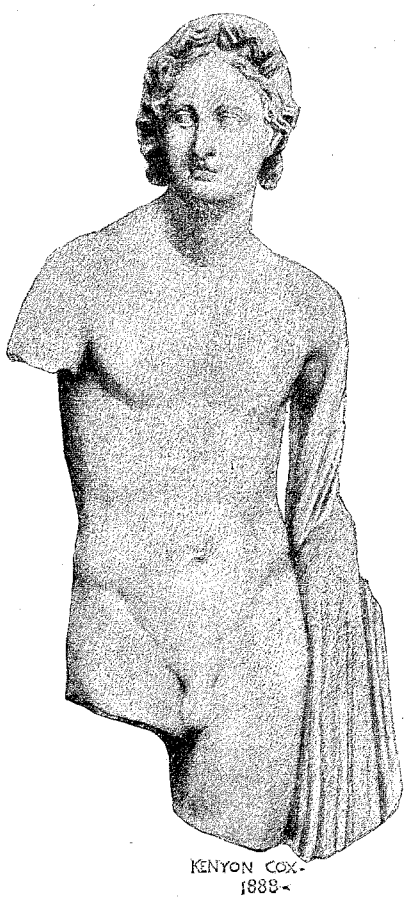
ment to deliver to the purchaser beyond the customs frontier. Large reliefs appear from time to time in the museums of Europe with a vague statement of "Greek workmanship;" after a few months or years, when the course of the transaction can be less easily traced, the museum catalogue states more definitely, "Found in Attica," "From Corinth," or "Spartan."

Excavations in the city of Athens have been difficult, since the modern city is built over the ruins of the old town, but hardly a cellar is dug or a foundation laid without bringing up some fragment of sculpture or of an old inscription. Nearly three years ago the Greek Archæological Society began systematic excavations on the Acropolis. The discoveries have been even unexpectedly interesting. We are in a fair way to know as much of the Acropolis of Pisistratus, in the middle of the sixth century B.C., as we knew before of that of Pericles, a century later.




Dionysus (or Apollo?) found during the Excavations, conducted by the American School, in the Orchestra of the Theatre at Sicyon.

The Acropolis was the seat of the most ancient and hallowed sanctuaries of the Athenians. It is about a fifth of a mile in its greatest length, 400 feet in its greatest breadth, and about 350 feet high. The sides are very steep, except on the west, where only a slight valley separates it from Mars' Hill. The recent excavations show that after the battle of Salamis, 480 B.C., and the withdrawal of the Persian army, the Athenians determined to make their Acropolis the seat of more magnificent temples and statues than ever before. High walls were built, and into them were laid drums of columns, and fragments of the architrave of the temples which Xerxes destroyed. The lower parts of the summit were filled with earth until the level surface was formed which remained for more than 2,300 years. Old statues of Athena or her priestesses, which were mutilated by the soldiers of Xerxes, received honorable burial near the wall; they could not be repaired, nor could they in decency be sent to the lime-kiln. These archaic statues afford more material for the study of the early period of Greek art than any museum of Europe possesses. The foundations of the old temple of Athena have been discovered, and architectural fragments of a temple of porous stone, which must have been built in a very early age. Within the last few weeks, on the northern side of the Acropolis, steps have been found in connection with ruins of what seems to have been a prehistoric palace, like that at Tiryns.

Antiquities found on the Acropolis are preserved in a small museum there; those found at Olympia are in a large local museum. Other works of art discovered in Greece are gathered in the Central Museum at Athens, except objects of inferior importance, and inscriptions. Antiquities in Athens are so abundant as almost to shock the foreign archæologist. The grounds of the Central Museum resemble a country graveyard with its thick set marble slabs. Some of the statues in the muse-

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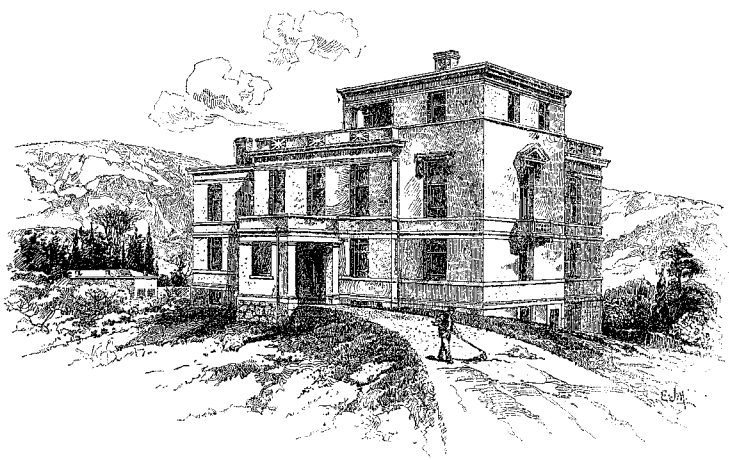
um lie upon the floor like corpses on a battlefield. The material accumulates more rapidly than it can be prepared for exhibition. For lack of room many a dainty bit is left unprotected, exposed to the elements and to tourists' hammers.

In general, however, Athenian antiquities are much better placed than those of Rome; the environment forms a much more suitable frame.

Archæological study has been pursued at Athens with vigor by both Greeks and foreigners. The French were the first to establish a national School of Archæology at Athens, more than forty years ago, in 1846. The Germans founded at Athens, in 1874, a branch of the "German Institute for Archæological Correspondence." German students in Greece do not hold the same relation to the institute that the French students hold to their school: the institute was not established primarily for the sake of the students, but the German students' scholarships were created because of the opportunities afforded by the institute.

The Archæological Institute of America in 1881 appointed a committee on the establishment of an American School of Classical Studies at Athens. In view of the difficulty of raising a sufficient sum to put the school on a permanent footing before the enterprise was shown to be practicable and desirable, the committee secured the co-operation of the most prominent colleges of the country, and the School was opened in October, 1882. The number of colleges associated in this work is now eighteen. The directors have been sent to Athens on an annual appointment, without expense to the school. During each of the last two years, seven American scholars have been enrolled as regular students of the school (a number larger than that of the students in the French or German schools), while others have been admitted to share its privileges. In addition to the studies of the individual members of the school, under the general guidance of the director, the school has conducted excavations at Thoricus and at Sicyon, bringing to light many interesting archæological facts and one valuable statue of Dionysus. A few months ago, it commenced excavations at the foot of the northeast slope of Mount Pentelicus, near the Marathonian plain, uncovering various and important remains of works of art, and among other inscriptions one which proves that this was the site of the ancient Icaria, the birthplace of the Greek drama.

In 1884 the Greek government offered to the school a beautiful and valuable site for a building, on the slope of Mount Lycabettus. Friends of the school contributed $25,000 to erect a suitable building. This building is now completed; it contains apartments for the director and his family, a large library, and several chambers for the members of the school.



The American School. Convent at the left. Mount Hymettus in the background.

The present organization of the school, with an annual director, was recognized from the first as a temporary expedient, with some advantages, but with an over-



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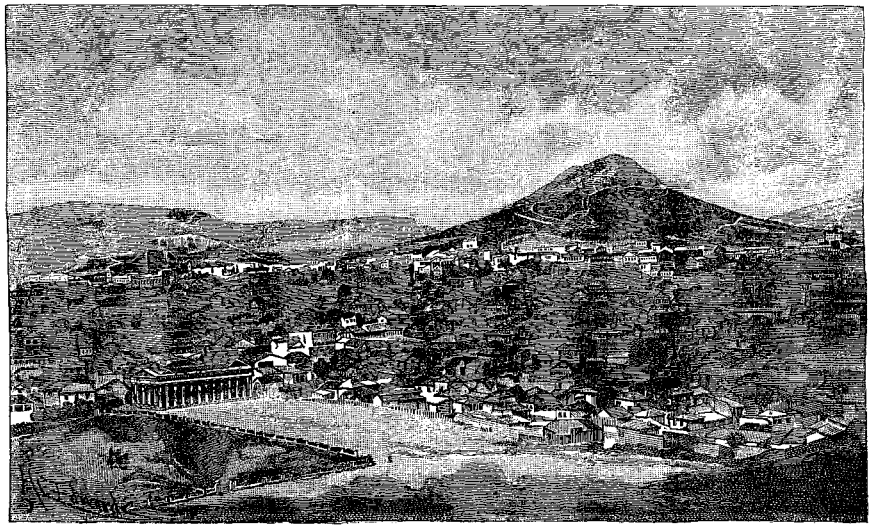
balancing weight of obvious inconveniences. In the autumn of 1886 Dr. Charles Waldstein was invited to become the permanent director of the school.



Athens—Theseum in the left foreground; Mount Lycabettus in the background.

He is recognized as eminently fit for the position: a native of New York City, a former student of Columbia College, a graduate of the University of Heidelberg, at present Reader on Archæology and Keeper of the Fitzwilliam Museum, in Cambridge, England, he unites in himself a large number of important qualifications.

But only a small part of the permanent endowment is secured as yet. While the school has no support from the government, like the similar institutions of France and Germany, it relies on the wise liberality of our men of wealth and culture. Greece seems to be far away, but this enterprise brings ancient Greece to our doors. This contact with the land and air of Greece, this personal study of the monuments and topography, promises a better appreciation of ancient life and history, and thus a better appreciation of the literature of the ancient Greeks.

Greece was under foreign domination for nearly two thousand years. She was conquered by the Romans, 146 B.C.; her cities were destroyed or depopulated. She suffered from repeated invasions. In 1453, the Turks took Constantinople, and soon asserted their power in Greece. Their rule was painful and degrading. The Greeks were "the wretched slaves of a race of rapacious oppressors." The Turkish rule became a European scandal. A reaction was sure to follow, and in the spring of 1821 a number of the Greeks declared the independence of their country and put themselves under the protection of England. Their war for independence lasted about as long as our own, exciting the interest and sympathy of all civilized nations, but especially of America.

In October, 1827, the Turkish fleet was nearly annihilated in the harbor of Navarino (the Pylus of the Homeric Nestor) by English, French, and Russian ships of war. France expelled the Turks from Peloponnesus in the next year. The Powers which had come to the rescue of Greece fixed her frontier in 1829, but left her as a subject of Turkey; the Acropolis of Athens was still in Turkish hands. In 1830 Greece was declared an independent kingdom, under the protection of Great Britain, France, and Russia. The Greeks had no royal family, no hereditary nobility; the aristocratic families of the Byzantine Empire had become extinct; they had no capable

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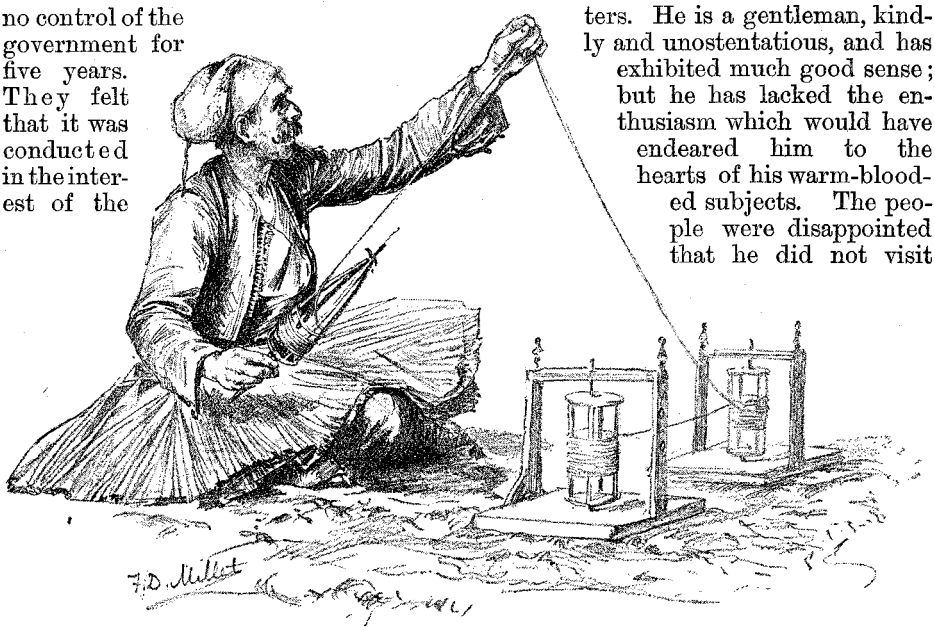
leaders. They began their national life with the heavy burden of the worst political habits, a debt, and a devastated country. They were manifestly unprepared for a republic, and they had no king.

In February, 1832, the throne was offered to Otho of Bavaria (elder brother of the present Prince Regent, Luitpold, of that country), who was at that time a boy not yet seventeen years old. He was declared "King of Greece, by the grace of God." This first kingdom was a kindly but ill-judged attempt to make Greece a small Bavaria. Otho reached his new kingdom early in 1833, accompanied by a Bavarian cabinet and a small army. Bavarians were appointed to stations of high authority and pay. The Greeks had no control of the government for five years. They felt that it was conducted in the interest of the Germans, many of whom were driven out in 1843 by a mild revolution. In 1862 Otho withdrew from the country. The Greeks had lost hope of prosperity under his rule, and he had no son on whom their hopes could rest. Although Otho did not formally abdicate his throne, the Protecting Powers sought another king for the country, and offered the throne to Prince George of Denmark, a brother of the Princess of Wales. He arrived in Greece in the autumn of 1863, a few months before he was eighteen years old. Again the country suffered from the youth and inexperience of its king. In 1867 he married the grand-duchess Olga of Russia (a cousin of the present czar), who was born in 1851. She is called the most amiable woman in Europe, and has interested herself in many schemes for the welfare of the people, in hospitals, and other charities. The queen has six children. The heir-apparent, Constantine, Duke of Sparta, who was born in 1868, is said to have a fine character, without brilliancy of mind. The present constitution of the kingdom was adopted in 1864. The king does not rule; he is content to reign. The responsibility for his acts rests with his ministers. He is a gentleman, kindly and unostentatious, and has exhibited much good sense; but he has lacked the enthusiasm which would have endeared him to the hearts of his warm-blooded subjects. The people were disappointed that he did not visit Thessaly to inspect the troops on the frontier, when war with Turkey seemed imminent. He is thought to be weary of his position, and, more than once rumors have prevailed of his approaching abdication.



Card Spinner.

The Greek parliament has but one chamber. The number of deputies was reduced two years ago from 245 to 150. These are elected for a term of four years, and receive $400 pay for each an-

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nual session. The country is divided into eighteen nomarchies, or provinces.

The administration of the government is in the hands of the cabinet, of which M. Tricoupis, the most statesmanlike Greek of the century, is the president. He is Minister of Finance and War. He was put into power on a platform of reform, high taxation, and reduction of the debt. He is more secure in his position than any previous prime minister of Greece, and Greek political affairs have never been so wisely managed.

The civil service has been as bad as it well could be. Not only every postmaster, but every school-teacher and forester has expected dismissal at the accession of a new ministry. The numerous men who wanted office labored to overthrow the cabinet, with no principles at stake, but moved simply by desire for office. Thus the administration was changed two or three times in a single year, and the most valuable government officials preferred to take places in private business, where their work would be harder and their pay less, but where the situation would be more permanent.

The expenses of the government are about twenty million dollars annually, including interest on the public debt. Heavy taxes and duties are imposed. About one-fourth of the revenue is derived from import duties, which are sufficient to defray the cost of the army of 27,000 men. The public debt amounts to more than one hundred million dollars. This is a load and a grievance. Of the early loans, half a century ago, only a small part actually reached Greece and was used for her benefit.

The frontier fixed for Greece by the Protecting Powers was never satisfactory to her. More Greeks remained outside of her limits than were included in her kingdom. The treaty of Berlin, in 1878, granted to Greece a "rectification of the frontier," giving her Thessaly and Epirus with 500,000 new inhabitants. But Turkey declined to surrender the territory. In 1880 the Berlin Congress met again and determined the new boundaries, after careful study of the mountain ranges, water-courses, and strategic conditions. Turkey again temporized. France and England disagreed as to methods of procedure with Turkey, and did nothing. At last, in 1881, Greece secured only a little more than half of the territory which had been granted to her by the Powers, three years before. She gained Thessaly, but not Epirus.

Constantinople is written on the heart of the Greeks. They desire to be the successors of the sick Turk. This they do not require immediately; but they would like to gain Epirus and Crete, at once. They claim the lands inhabited by Greeks. The better informed among them know that Greece alone is no match for Turkey, whose armies have been trained in war, while no Greek officer has had any experience in actual battle; but they seek for diplomatic combinations which will secure them their end.

Only a few years ago the critics of Greece were fond of saying that she had failed to improve her freedom, and had made but little progress. This criticism is no longer just. The constitutional government of Greece really dates only from 1864, and her king was then not yet twenty years old. Since 1870, the advance has been very rapid. The country now has more miles of railway than it then had of common highway; bridges have been built, harbors have been improved, the canal across the isthmus has been dug, preparations are making to drain marshes. The number of acres of ground devoted to agriculture has largely increased. The population of Athens has doubled. Many Greek families which have long resided out of Greece are now returning to their country, bringing with them both energy and capital. The people are better educated. Extensive archæological excavations have been conducted; the museums have been enriched. The land has been made far more attractive and accessible to foreigners. Brigandage has been put down. The kingdom is ruled by a ministry more prudent and more firmly established than any which have preceded. The land is still suffering from poverty and from bad political habits; but with the frugality and temperance of the people, it must gain wealth, dignity, and authority.

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# A LETTER TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN

## WHO PROPOSES TO EMBRACE THE CAREER OF ART.

*By Robert Louis Stevenson.*

WITH the agreeable frankness of youth, you address me on a point of some practical importance to yourself and (it is even conceivable) of some gravity to the world: Should you or should you not become an artist? It is one which you must decide entirely for yourself; all that I can do is to bring under your notice some of the materials of that decision; and I will begin, as I shall probably conclude also, by assuring you that all depends on the vocation.

To know what you like is the beginning of wisdom and of old age. Youth is wholly experimental. The essence and charm of that unquiet and delightful epoch is ignorance of self as well as ignorance of life. These two unknowns the young man brings together again and again, now in the airiest touch, now with a bitter hug; now with exquisite pleasure, now with cutting pain; but never with indifference, to which he is a total stranger, and never with that near kinsman of indifference, contentment. If he be a youth of dainty senses or a brain easily heated, the interest of this series of experiments grows upon him out of all proportion to the pleasure he receives. It is not beauty that he loves, nor pleasure that he seeks, though he may think so; his design and his sufficient reward is to verify his own existence and taste the variety of human fate. To him, before the razor-edge of curiosity is dulled, all that is not actual living and the hot chase of experience wears a face of a disgusting dryness difficult to recall in later days; or if there be any exception—and here destiny steps in—it is in those moments when, wearied or surfeited of the primary activity of the senses, he calls up before memory the image of transacted pains and pleasures. Thus it is that such an one shies from all cut-and-dry professions, and inclines insensibly toward that career of art which consists only in the tasting and recording of experience.

This, which is not so much a vocation for art as an impatience of all other honest trades, frequently exists alone; and so existing, it will pass gently away in the course of years. Emphatically, it is not to be regarded; it is not a vocation, but a temptation; and when your father the other day so fiercely and (in my view) so properly discouraged your ambition, he was recalling not improbably some similar passage in his own experience. For the temptation is perhaps nearly as common as the vocation is rare. But again we have vocations which are imperfect; we have men whose minds are bound up, not so much in any art, as in the general *ars artium* and common base of all creative work; who will now dip into painting, and now study counterpoint, and anon will be inditing a sonnet: all these with equal interest, all often with genuine knowledge. And of this temper, when it stands alone, I find it difficult to speak; but I should counsel such an one to take to letters, for in literature (which drags with so wide a net) all his information may be found some day useful, and if he should go on as he has begun, and turn at last into the critic, he will have learned to use the necessary tools. Lastly we come to those vocations which are at once decisive and precise; to the men who are born with

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the love of pigments, the passion of drawing, the gift of music, or the impulse to create with words, just as other and perhaps the same men are born with the love of hunting, or the sea, or horses, or the turning-lathe. These are predestined; if a man love the labor of any trade, apart from any question of success or fame, the gods have called him. He may have the general vocation too: he may have a taste for all the arts, and I think he often has; but the mark of his calling is this laborious partiality for one, this inextinguishable zest in its technical successes, and (perhaps above all) a certain candor of mind, to take his very trifling enterprise with a gravity that would befit the cares of empire, and to think the smallest improvement worth accomplishing at any expense of time and industry. The book, the statue, the sonata, must be gone upon with the unreasoning good faith and the unflagging spirit of children at their play. *Is it worth doing?*—when it shall have occurred to any artist to ask himself that question, it is implicitly answered in the negative. It does not occur to the child as he plays at being a pirate on the dining-room sofa, nor to the hunter as he pursues his quarry; and the candor of the one and the ardor of the other should be united in the bosom of the artist.

If you recognize in yourself some such decisive taste, there is no room for hesitation: follow your bent. And observe (lest I should too much discourage you) that the disposition does not usually burn so brightly at the first, or rather not so constantly. Habit and practice sharpen gifts; the necessity of toil grows less disgusting, grows even welcome, in the course of years; a small taste (if it be only genuine) waxes with indulgence into an exclusive passion. Enough, just now, if you can look back over a fair interval, and see that your chosen art has a little more than held its own among the thronging interests of youth. Time will do the rest, if devotion help it; and soon your every thought will be engrossed in that beloved occupation.

But even with devotion, you may remind me, even with unfaltering and delighted industry, many thousand artists spend their lives, if the result be regarded, utterly in vain: A thousand artists, and never one work of art. But the vast mass of mankind are incapable of doing anything reasonably well, art among the rest. The worthless artist would not improbably have been a quite incompetent baker. And the artist, even if he does not amuse the public, amuses himself; so that there will always be one man the happier for his vigils. This is the practical side of art: its inexpugnable fortress for the true practitioner. The direct returns—the wages of the trade—are small, but the indirect—the wages of the life—are incalculably great. No other business offers a man his daily bread upon such joyful terms. The soldier and the explorer have moments of a worthier excitement, but they are purchased by cruel hardships and periods of tedium that beggar language. In the life of the artist there need be no hour without its pleasure. I take the author, with whose career I am best acquainted; and it is true he works in a rebellious material, and that the act of writing is cramped and trying both to the eyes and the temper; but remark him in his study, when matter crowds upon him and words are not wanting—in what a continual series of small successes time flows by; with what a sense of power as of one moving mountains, he marshals his petty characters; with what pleasures both of the ear and eye, he sees his airy structure growing on the page; and how he labors in a craft to which the whole material of his life is tributary, and which opens a door to all his tastes, his loves, his hatreds and his convictions, so that what he writes is only what he longed to utter. He may have enjoyed many things in this big, tragic playground of the world; but what shall he have enjoyed more fully than a morning of successful work? Suppose it ill paid: the wonder is it should be paid at all. Other men pay, and pay dearly, for pleasures less desirable.

Nor will the practice of art afford you pleasure only; it affords besides an admirable training. For the artist works entirely upon honor. The public knows little or nothing of those merits in the quest of which you

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are condemned to spend the bulk of your endeavors. Merits of design, the merit of first-hand energy, the merit of a certain cheap accomplishment which a man of the artistic temper easily acquires—these they can recognize, and these they value. But to those more exquisite refinements of proficiency and finish, which the artist so ardently desires and so keenly feels, for which (in the vigorous words of Balzac) he must toil "like a miner buried in a landslip," for which, day after day, he recasts and revises and rejects—the gross mass of the public must be ever blind. To those lost pains, suppose you attain the highest pitch of merit, posterity may possibly do justice; suppose, as is so probable, you fail by even a hair's breadth of the highest, rest certain they shall never be observed. Under the shadow of this cold thought, alone in his studio, the artist must preserve from day to day his constancy to the ideal. It is this which makes his life noble; it is by this that the practice of his craft strengthens and matures his character; it is for this that even the serious countenance of the great emperor was turned approvingly (if only for a moment) on the followers of Apollo, and that sternly gentle voice bade the artist cherish his art.

And here there fall two warnings to be made. And first, if you are to continue to be a law to yourself, you must beware of the first signs of laziness. This idealism in honesty can only be supported by perpetual effort; the standard is easily lowered, the artist who says "*It will do,*" is on the downward path; three or four pot-boilers are enough at times (above all at wrong times) to falsify a talent, and by the practice of journalism a man runs the risk of becoming wedded to cheap finish. This is the danger on the one side; there is not less upon the other. The consciousness of how much the artist is (and must be) a law to himself, debauches the small heads. Perceiving recondite merits very hard to attain, making or swallowing artistic formulæ, or perhaps falling in love with some particular proficiency of his own, many artists forget the end of all art: to please. It is doubtless tempting to exclaim against the ignorant bourgeois; yet it should not be forgotten, it is he who is to pay us, and that (surely on the face of it) for services that he shall desire to have performed. Here also, if properly considered, there is a question of transcendental honesty. To give the public what they do not want, and yet expect to be supported: we have there a strange pretension, and yet not uncommon, above all with painters. The first duty in this world is for a man to pay his way; when that is quite accomplished, he may plunge into what eccentricity he likes; but emphatically not till then. Till then, he must pay assiduous court to the bourgeois who carries the purse. And if in the course of these capitulations he shall falsify his talent, it can never have been a strong one, and he will have preserved a better thing than talent—character. Or if he be of a mind so independent that he cannot stoop to this necessity, one course is yet open: he can desist from art, and follow some more manly way of life.

I speak of a more manly way of life, it is a point on which I must be frank. To live by a pleasure is not a high calling; it involves patronage, however veiled; it numbers the artist, however ambitious, along with dancing girls and billiard markers. The French have a romantic evasion for one employment, and call its practitioners the Daughters of Joy. The artist is of the same family, he is of the Sons of Joy, chose his trade to please himself, gains his livelihood by pleasing others, and has parted with something of the sterner dignity of man. Journals but a little while ago declaimed against the Tennyson peerage; and this Son of Joy was blamed for condescension when he followed the example of Lord Lawrence and Lord Cairns and Lord Clyde. The poet was more happily inspired; with a better modesty he accepted the high honor; and anonymous journalists have not yet (if I am to believe them) recovered the vicarious disgrace to their profession. When it comes to their turn, these gentlemen can do themselves more justice; and I shall be glad to think of it; for to my barbarian eyesight, even Lord Tennyson looks somewhat out of place in that as-

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sembly. There should be no honors for the artist; he has already, in the practice of his art, more than his share of the rewards of life; the honors are preempted for other trades, more laborious and perhaps more useful.

But the devil in these trades of pleasing is to fail to please. In ordinary occupations, a man offers to do a certain thing or to produce a certain article with a merely conventional accomplishment, a design in which (we may almost say) it is difficult to fail. But the artist steps forth out of the crowd and proposes to delight: an impudent design, in which it is impossible to fail without odious circumstances. The poor Daughter of Joy, carrying her smiles and finery quite unregarded through the crowd, makes a figure which it is impossible to recall without a wounding pity. She is the type of the unsuccessful artist. The actor, the dancer, and the singer must appear like her in person, and drain publicly the cup of failure. But though the rest of us escape this crowning bitterness of the pillory, we all court in essence the same humiliation. We all profess to be able to delight. And how few of us are! We all pledge ourselves to be able to continue to delight. And the day will come to each, and even to the most admired, when the ardor shall have declined and the cunning shall be lost, and he shall sit by his deserted booth ashamed. Then shall he see himself condemned to do work for which he blushes to take payment. Then (as if his lot were not already cruel) he must lie exposed to the gibes of the wreckers of the press, who earn a little bitter bread by the condemnation of trash which they have not read, and the praise of excellence which they cannot understand.

And observe that this seems almost the necessary end at least of writers. *Les Blancs et les Bleus* (for instance) is of an order of merit very different from *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne; Denis Duval* is not written with the pen of *Esmond;* and if any gentleman can bear to spy upon the nakedness of *Castle Dangerous,* his name I think is Ham: let it be enough for the rest of us to read of it (not without tears) in the pages of Lockhart. Thus in old age, when occupation and comfort are most needful, the writer must lay aside at once his pastime and his breadwinner. The painter indeed, if he succeed at all in engaging the attention of the public, gains great sums and can stand to his easel until a great age without dishonorable failure. The writer has the double misfortune to be ill-paid while he can work, and to be incapable of working when he is old. It is thus a way of life which conducts directly to a false position.

For the writer (in spite of notorious examples to the contrary) must look to be ill-paid. Tennyson and Montépin make handsome livelihoods; but we cannot all hope to be Tennyson, and we do not all perhaps desire to be Montépin. If you adopt an art to be your trade, weed your mind at the outset of all desire of money. What you may decently expect, if you have some talent and much industry, is such an income as a clerk will earn with a tenth or perhaps a twentieth of your nervous output. Nor have you the right to look for more; in the wages of the life, not in the wages of the trade, lies your reward; the work is here the wages. It will be seen I have little sympathy with the common lamentations of the artist class. Perhaps they do not remember the hire of the field laborer; or do they think no parallel will lie? Perhaps they have never observed what is the retiring allowance of a field officer; or do they suppose their contributions to the arts of pleasing more important than the services of a colonel? Perhaps they forget on how little Millet was content to live; or do they think, because they have less genius, they stand excused from the display of equal virtues? But upon one point there should be no dubiety: if a man be not frugal, he has no business in the arts. If he be not frugal, he steers directly for that last tragic scene of *le vieux saltimbanque;* if he be not frugal, he will find it hard to continue to be honest. Some day, when the butcher is knocking at the door, he may be tempted, he may be obliged, to turn out and sell a slovenly piece of work. If the obligation shall have arisen through no wantonness of his own, he is even to be commended; for words cannot describe how far more necessary it is that a man

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should support his family, than that he should attain to—or preserve—distinction in the arts. But if the pressure comes through his own fault, he has stolen, and stolen under trust, and stolen (which is the worst of all) in such a way that no law can reach him.

And now you may perhaps ask me, if the debutant artist is to have no thought of money, and if (as is implied) he is to expect no honors from the State, he may not at least look forward to the delights of popularity? Praise, you will tell me, is a savory dish. And in so far as you may mean the countenance of other artists, you would put your finger on one of the most essential and enduring pleasures of the career of art. But in so far as you should have an eye to the commendations of the public or the notice of the newspapers, be sure you would but be cherishing a dream. It is true that in certain esoteric journals the author (for instance) is duly criticised, and that he is often praised a great deal more than he deserves, sometimes for qualities which he prided himself on eschewing, and sometimes by ladies and gentlemen who have denied themselves the privilege of reading his work. But if a man be sensitive to this wild praise, we must suppose him equally alive to that which often accompanies and always follows it—wild ridicule. A man may have done well for years, and then he may fail; he will hear of his failure. Or he may have done well for years, and still do well, but the critics may have tired of praising him, or there may have sprung up some new idol of the instant, some "dust a little gilt," to whom they now prefer to offer sacrifice. I will be very bold and take a modern instance. A little while ago the name of Mr. Howells was in every paper coupled with just laudations. And now it is the pleasure of the same journalists to pursue him daily with ineffective quips. Here is the obverse and the reverse of that empty and ugly thing called popularity. Will any man suppose it worth the gaining? Must not any man perceive that the reward of Mr. Howells lies in the practice of his fine and solid art, not in the perusal of paragraphs which are conceived in a spirit to-day of ignorant worship, and to-morrow of stupid injustice?

## A LETTER TO THE SAME YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

*By Will H. Low.*

I AM glad that in the eager questioning which naturally precedes a decision that may fashion your life for good or for ill, you have chosen to acquaint me with your friend's letter of advice, and that you ask me to add to it what my experience may suggest. On a subject so momentous the homely old adage that "Two heads are better than one," is peculiarly applicable; for in the practice of his art (and independently of success or failure) the artist gains an insight that is largely personal, and the dreariest and least applauded of the *vieux saltimbanques* has yet his point of vantage from which to spy into the fair gardens of the Palace of Art. The view may be obscured, the horizon hazy; but still it is from his own point of view that he beholds the wonders within, of which he will descant with infinite satisfaction to himself, with possible profit to others. For this reason, my ideas, which in some respects differ from those of your friend, may be of value to you; and as he has taken the career with which he is most familiar, and speaks from the stand-point of the author, I, from the same motive, will take that of the painter.

The artist remains to-day almost alone, the embodiment of an idea. The warrior, except upon some miserable question of territory, stands idle. The priest no longer leads a crusade, or by fasting and vigorous penance, serves as a beacon-light for weary seekers after truth. Kings govern by consent of a parliament largely elected from the common people; and "noble lords of high degree" become farmers and ranchmen, confounding themselves with the average man. The artist, who has coexisted with all of these in the heyday of their prosperity, alone remains; and now,

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as in the late instance of Mr. Besant, by the power of his imagination brings into existence the People's Palace; or like Wagner, holds the civilized people of the world in his power, subjugating some, alienating others, but interesting all; or like Millet shows us for the first time, the man of the fields, and with consummate art, the enveloping atmosphere, the light and air of the open country. His task is more difficult, he no longer carols in the gardens of Lorenzo the Magnificent, but serves a hydra-headed master who in this work-a-day world, intent on material gain, too often turns from him to listen to the more enchanting music of the stock telegraph.

But if his task be harder the career is more noble. The artist of to-day, independent of the sovereign pleasure of some petty prince, carries a message of beauty and truth to all comers; the Louvre has ceased to be a lounging place for the jaded courtier; and the South Kensington Museum brings a greater concourse of worshippers to the shrine of Michael Angelo and Donatello than came to them in their lifetime. Nor is it so necessary to consult the good pleasure of the *bourgeois* as your friend would have you believe; for *voyez-vous*, you might in the research of the particular quality in demand wear yourself to the bone, and yet, though happily endowed, fail to attain your object. Of far more importance, it seems to me, is to know yourself, to question your aptitudes, to do what you can do the best; and be sure, if it be worth the doing, your hydra-headed *bourgeois* will turn one of his heads and smile approvingly on you, Corot, though every other eye is fixed and every other mouth gapes admiration on—shall we say Frith? If it be worth doing?—the question which your friend says, and says most truly, you must never ask yourself—it must decide itself; and lest I should confuse you let me call to your mind the history of Jean François Millet.

You have seen undoubtedly examples of the early manner of this painter,—mostly nude figures of nymphs, generally employed, after the engaging habit of the wood-nymph, in bathing, in arranging the hair, in disarming Cupid, or the like. Charming pictures they are, full of color and of great truth of movement, but if Millet had never produced aught else he would never have been *facile princeps*, the first of modern painters. He was past his thirty-fifth year when chance—or shall we call it Fate—took him to Barbizon, where he saw clearly for the first time his life work, and gave us in rapid succession the Gleaners, the Grafting (with its Madonna-like mother) and the Angelus, to name a few among many masterpieces. It is to repeat a story already told to refer to his lack of success at first; but in trying to do what he could best do—in "living up to the level of his best thought"—he ended by subjugating his *bourgeois*.

That the success came too late, that this son of joy ate to the end the bitter bread of Poverty and died in the early morning of his fame and fortune, was an accident, from which I pray that you may be preserved; but to you, as to your friend or to myself, the same privilege is offered as to Millet—the life that you will lead will be its own sufficient reward.

I would not, however, for a moment think of urging you to consider your art before the duties common to us all. There I may safely send you back to what your friend has said so well. You must at the risk of losing your talent (if it be so weak) fulfil your duty as a citizen before you have the right to consider your Art. There are many ways of doing this within the limits of your technical acquirements. Illustration, reproductive etching, and teaching of drawing and painting, are among the many branching paths along which you may gather sustenance; but the graphic arts demand such a technical equipment, that apart from employments directly connected with them I would not advise the artist to venture. I have heard of bank clerks producing creditable water-color sketches in their spare moments, and there is at this time in Paris a landscape painter of considerable eminence who has earned his living as a professor of mathematics, but such cases are rare, and work of a kind akin to your art, which strengthens your *métier* while it gains your bread, is preferable.

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And now supposing that the die is cast and that you are fairly embarked in your career as a painter, let me exhort you to paint for your art in the noblest and highest sense that you can conceive. If you are among the fortunate few who by doing their best work can yet find favor with the general public, so much the better; but if, as is but too probable, your most serious work remains unsold, then turn cheerfully to your breadwinner. You can design honest wall-paper and count with some certainty on doing a given amount which has a market price; you will be honest in reproducing even a poor picture with your etching-needle; you can draw honest illustrations where the subject and even the manner of treatment is imposed upon you. You can teach honestly. But you cannot paint honest pictures if in their production you relent for a moment from an unflinching effort to do your best. Surely it is better to remain outside the ranks, than to join in creating much that cumbers our exhibitions with alleged works of art where this question of artistic honesty is evaded—poor *filles de joie* indeed, perhaps the more to be pitied when their wares are purchased.

It is this faltering in the path of rectitude that belittles the artist, and breeds the belief that his career is less noble than that of the soldier. Certainly it would be hazardous to state, impossible to find belief, that any artist could be the peer of a successful general if we were to seek confirmation of our belief at a period when the memory of the soldier's deeds is yet alive. But only last year Padua saw a strange sight. It was *grande festa* in that city and on the piazza di San Antonio enthusiastic groups clustered around the equestrian statue of the General Erasmo Gattamelata, which was the centre of the celebration. In honor of the general?—Not at all, brave general though he was undoubtedly in his day, and commemorated with a statue by a master of his craft, one Donatello, in whose honor on the fourth centenary of his birth all Padua, all Florence, and a good part of Italy was agog with excitement. Shakespeare against Wellington, Molière for Napoléon, seem on the face of the proposition more plausible; and who knows but what on this side of the Atlantic, with the most of our history yet to be made, some unborn painter, sculptor, or author may in that future keep alive the memory of the captains now living or lately dead, for whom to-day no meed of praise is great enough and before whom no comparison dares lift its head.

> "All passes,—Art alone
> Enduring stays to us;
> The Bust out-lasts the throne—
> The Coin Tiberius."

Here, in the midst of my supposititious case, and my perplexity in the practice of an unfamiliar art, there comes to me a document having such a bearing on this old question that I cannot forbear from translating it. It is a letter addressed to an unknown aspirant for artistic honors, from the late André Gill, the well-known caricaturist, who during the last days of the Second Empire and the troublous times following the establishment of the Republic did most excellent work. Few who were in Paris during these years can have forgotten the telling broadsides of the *Eclipse* and *La Lune Rousse* which bore his signature. The original of the letter can be found in the Paris Figaro bearing the date of the 12th May, 1888.

89 rue Denfert-Rochereau.
30th August, ——.

You are twenty-two years of age and you have a good position; your future is assured. Let me beg of you not to abandon this reality which you hold for a chimerical idea difficult of attainment, and in nearly every case deceptive. I am forty. From my childhood I have loved art and since my school day have followed it with unrelenting ardor. I have suffered for it hunger and humiliation; I have been forced a hundred times to deviate from my chosen path and practise inferior branches of my profession. And it has only been at rare intervals and for brief periods that I have been permitted to return to the pursuit of my ideal. It is barely six years since my pictures have been accepted in the Salon and at the price of what sacrifices! And if chance has

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given me an hour of notoriety in a class of work that is born of the moment and of my necessities, I am none the less wounded in my hopes, which were nigher, while I have been unable thus far to assure myself a life of decent comfort. Every moment of the artist's life should moreover be given to perfect himself in his art if he would attain real excellence. Everyone to-day has talent, but how few can live by its exercise. To do so needs not only energy, unflagging effort, but in addition social relations, good luck, and the means of living and paying for your studies. Remain therefore an amateur. If you find happiness in the exercise of your talent, give to it your hour of leisure, but do not let your life and your future depend upon it. In this way you can have all the little satisfactions of an artist's gratified vanity without encountering the anguish and the disillusions of the career. A man of good social position knowing something of art is easily a person of importance in the circle in which he moves. A poor devil with the hunger of the ideal, solitary, enamoured of his folly and without fortune, seldom escapes the ridicule of the philistine and still more rarely misery and privation. It is in this strain, my dear Sir, that I feel obliged in all sincerity to answer your letter. If, however, it is only a question with you of solving simple technical problems, I put myself quite at your disposition. Come to see me and bring me what you have done.

ANDRÉ GILL.

Here we have a third answer to the question and one which at the first blush controverts much that goes before. But poor Gill, the comedian who would have wished to play Tragedy, nourished along with the "higher hopes" to which he refers, a desire to be part of that *Tout Paris* which goes the pace that kills. He failed in the quality of frugality, living the life of a great city and scattering time, health, and talents to the four winds of Heaven. Here was the flaw in his armor, here we are far from the single-hearted aim of greater men. Millet's quiet home at Barbizon, Delacroix's modest studio in the rue Furstenberg, or Corot's *maisonette* at Ville d'Avray harbored men whose pleasure was in their art, and who so arranged their life that little but their work and the recompense it brought entered into it. I do not doubt (indeed in the case of Millet I know) that their advice to aspiring youth would have taken on another tone than that of Gill. He, poor fellow, sought the temporary success of the Salon, where year after year (despite the solicitation of subjects that were desperate bids for popular recognition) success was denied him until his career found its logical conclusion. One day his friends found him in his studio, happy at last. Honor, Fame, Riches were all his. They took him thence to a mad-house. Fate, at the end, was kind; for with the *folie des grandeurs* with which he was afflicted he was happy in his belief that the prize long sought was his at length—*il était arrivé*.

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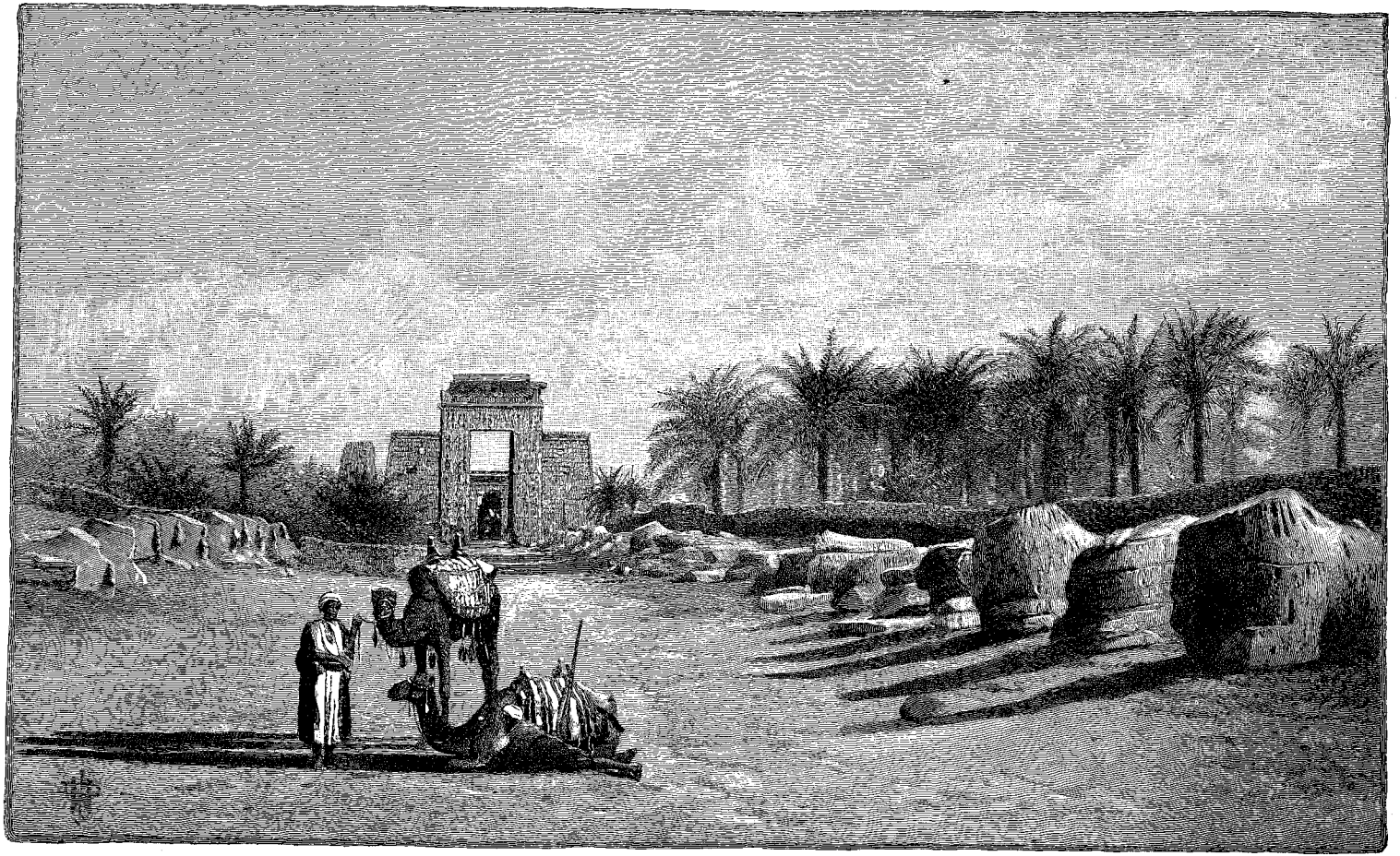

THE AVENUE OF SPHINXES—KARNAK.

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